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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE WANDERING IEW

Tuesday, June 9, 1908

Of all the strange stories that have ever been told, none is quite as extraordinary as that of the Wandering Jew. Of course no one believes in such person nowadays, but there were times, and they were not so long ago, when a great many well-informed people regarded his existence as established beyond all question. How old the story is cannot be old with any certainty. It was first told in England in the year 1228, by Roger of Wendover, and an Armenian bishop was given as authority for it. This is the story of the Armenian bishop: When Jesus was leaving the Hall of Pilate, the doorkeeper, whose name was Cartephilus, struck Him upon the neck, saying: "Go on, Jesus; go on faster. Why dost thou linger?" Jesus in reply said gently: "I go, out thou shall remain waiting till I return." olshop said that this wanderer had dined with-him: that he had repented of his sins and been baptized nder the name of Joseph by Ananias, who also baptized Paul. The Jew said that at the time of the Crucifixion he was thirty years of age, and that when he lived to be one hundred, he passed into a trance, from which he emerged a young man of thirty, and so he had spent all the intervening years, and so he would spend them until Jesus should come again and release him. The Jew-was sad of countenance, refused all gifts and was given to relating stories of ancient history, which people thronged around him to hear. There is other evidence showing that seven or eight hundred years ago there was a tradition current of an undying Jew, who had been present at the Crucifixion, although they are not all in accord as to why he was doomed to be a perpetual wanderer. Several appearances of this remarkable personage have been reported, but the first potable one after his interview with the Bishop of Armenia was in 1547, when a man calling himself Ahasuerus appeared at Hamburg, and said that he had been a shoemaker Jerusalem, and that on his way to Calvary Jesus had stopped to rest upon his doorstep, but he had struck Him and told Him to move on, whereupon Jesus said: "I will stand here and rest, but thou shalt go on until the last day." In 1662, a book was published bearing the title, "Strange Report of a Jew who was Born at Jerusalem, who pretends that he was present at the Crucifixion of Christ, reprinted at Leyden." During the Seventeenth Century many pamphlets appeared giving accounts of the presence of the Wanderer in different parts of Europe. He was seen in Moscow, Brussels, Madrid, and in many parts of Germany, according to these publications. In a k called "The Turkish Spy," published in Paris in 1644, the writer says: "One day I conversed with him in several languages, and I found him master of all that I could speak. I conversed with him five or six hours in Arabic." The author of the book looked upon him as an imposter, but he says: "The com-mon people are ready to wership him, and the very fear of the multitude restrains the magistrates offering any violence to this imposter." In the Eighteenth Century a man appeared in England, so Madame Mazarin says, who stated that he had been an officer of rank in Jerusalem, and for an insult given to Jesus had been condemned to wander forever. It was stated that several of the uni-

versity professors were appointed to examine nd that so reasonable and accurate were his state Eighteenth Century several appearances of this contage were repeated in England. One explanaon of the extraordinary legend is that the Wan-erer is John, the Beloved Disciple, of whom Jesus id to Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come, hat is that to thee?" Another account was that he was Joseph of Aramathea, who is alleged to have set off on his wanderings after the Crucifixion, reaching England in the year 65. The tradition has been associated with Judas Iscariot, but principally because it was a Jew named Judas, who is said to have revealed to Helena the place where the True Cross was hidden. It is quite impossible to trace these stories to their origin, even the most plausible of them all, that related by the Armenian bishop, does not pro-

fess to be the earliest record of the Wanderer's ex-An attempt has been made to explain the tradition by classing it with the stories of King Arthur of England, of Yima, the Persian king of the Golden Age, and other more or less mythical personages, and it is a fact that in the mythology of all peoples, even those of the native races of America, there is preserved the story of a deathless hero. We have the same idea of a deathless existence in the Bible account of Enoch and of Elijah. There was current for many centuries a tradition that Moses never died, but really had only fallen asleep, and might awaken, and possibly had frequently, awakened and gone about among the people. As far as we now recall, the last reported appearance of the Wandering Jew was about forty years ago, when the news-

papers' had accounts of his presence in Brussels.

There is a great deal of literature on the sub-ject, and in some of the books the popular beliefs conin all manner of unexpected places and at all manher of unexpected times. His appearance was at one time supposed to bring with it disaster. It was he who brought the Black Death into Europe. He has come as the forerunner of many terrible wars. He has visited every part of the world and lived with every race. He has lain starving upon the deserts; he has plunged into the stormlest seas. He has wa lered in search of death into the depths of the Polar Zone; but his remorseless fate brings him back to life and safety. His sadness is described as unspeakable, for his time is spent in an unutterable longing for death, which he himself knows cannot come until Jesus Himself pronounces him released. It is a very strange story. Of course, there is not the least reason why any reasonable person should the least reason why any reasonable person should believe it, yet tens of thousands have believed it, and they have been confined to no single race or country, or, for that matter, to any age since the beginning of the Christian Era. It might not be difficult to propound a theory how the story may have originated. Doubtless among those who witnessed the Crucifixion there were some who survived a good many years and wandered into distant lands, and it is easy to see how in the early days of Christiantic. easy to see how in the early days of Christianity a story may have been woven around such people, which, afterwards becoming coupled with the familiar myths of deathless individuals, shaped themselves into the legend of the Wandering Jew. This is not very satisfactory, but it is about the best explanation that can be offered. Granting the existence of such a legend, it is not difficult to see that imposters. and monomaniacs might assume or conceive them-selves to be the unhappy mortal, who was unable to

MAKERS OF HISTORY

IX. Among modern nations there are few which can trace an unbroken existence back to the dawn of the historical period, by which is meant that stage in human records of which we have various independent eccounts. In one sense of the term, the inscriptions the most ancient monuments are history, but these are necessarily chiefly personal and incomplete. The Deginning of history, as we generally understand the term, is between twenty-five hundred and three

when Cyrus revolted against his grandfather, who was king of Media, and established an independent nation. According to the Book of Kings, a monuten for one of the earlier Mohammedan caliphs. Persian history goes back several thousand years beyond the date of Cyrus, but it is next to impossible to determine what part of the vast mass of stories that have come down from that time is truth and what We know that Media declared herself independent of Assyria about 700 B.C., and later vanquished her former master, extending her sway to

the borders of India. Cyrus was son of a Persian noble, his mother being Mandane, daughter of Astyages, King of Medo-Persia. It was foretold of him before his birth that he would overthrow Media and become the ruler of all Asia, and his grandfather therefore directed him to be put to death. The servant to whom the task was entrusted gave the lad to a herdsman, and he was brought up with rigor. He early displayed masterful qualities. Chosen a king by his playmates, he caused the son of a prominent noble to be severely beaten, for which he was summoned before the King, who recognized in him his grandson, and forebore inflicting any punishment. As the boy grew up he gathered about him many kindred spirits, and the tyranny of his grandfather furnished an incentive to revolt. He was immediately successful, and having reduced his own immediate realms to order, he entered upon a career of conquest, which extended over nearly all of Western Asia. His greatest achievement was the capture of Babylon, the story of which is told in the Book of Daniel. He was defeated and slain in a battle with the Soythians, in his attempt to subdue what is now known as Western Siberia. It was through the instrumentality of Cyrus that the Jews were allowed to return from the Babylonian captivity. All writers agree in assigning to him qualities of the highest order. He was a great conqueror, but far from merciless, and it is said that the countries, which he subjected, always enjoyed greater prosperity under his rule than they had previously experienced. He does not appear to have been very pronounced in his religious beliefs. Indeed, in one of his own inscriptions he takes credit to himself for restoring to the conquered peoples the gods which they had been accustomed to worship.

Cyrus holds a notable place in history, not only because he founded the Persian monarchy, but because he overthrew Babylon, which was undoubtedly the greatest power in the ancient world. His life epoch-making. He ushered in a new era in human progress. He had many able successors. His son, Cambyses, though bloodthirsty and cruel, was a successful ruler, and added Egypt, Tyre and Island of Cyprus to his dominions. Darius pushed his conquests into Europe, subjugating what is now known as Turkey. The kingdom of Persia at this time extended from India on the east to the Adriatic on the west, and from the African deserts on the south to the wastes of Siberia on the north, But with increase of dominion and wealth came de-generacy, and after two centuries of remarkable Macedon, on whose death it became an independent kingdom, eithough greatly, restricted in area. Its subsequent history is one of varying vicissitudes, It has acknowledged the suzerainty of several con-

querors, among them Genghis and Timur. The char-acter of its peoble became greatly altered by an in-vasion of Arabs in A.D. 636, but with all these changes the nation established by Cyrus nearly twenty-five centuries ago has continued as a political en-

As an illustration of the degree of civilization attained by Persia, reference may be made to Persepolis, its one-time capital. This city was in whole or in part destroyed by Alexander, but its ruins give some idea of its former splendor. The greatest single edifice was the Hall of Xerxes, one of the largest and most magnificent structures the world has ever seen. It covered two and a half acres, the roof having been supported by columns of fluted and having been supported by columns of fluted and polished marble sixty feet in height and sixteen feet in circumference. There are fifteen of these columns yet standing and the workmanship upon them is exceedingly beautiful. This hall, with other majestic buildings, stood upon a series of terraces, the ascent to which was by marble steps, so broad and with so slight a rise that one can ride on horseback to the top. The ruins of Persepolis undedbtedly show that the kingdom founded by Cyrus was well advanced in many of the arts of civilization. They also prove that the population of Western Asia must at that time have been far greater than it now is. time have been far greater than it new is.

EVOLUTION IN RELIGION

A correspondent, writing from San Francisco di-rects attention to several passages in the Old Testa-ment, which seem to warrant the claim that the idea of the Fatherhood of God was not unrecognized be-fore the introduction of Christianity. We see no difficulty in thinking that there may have been fore-shadowings of this idea before it became the central feature of a religion. Indeed, if we concede that there has been such a thing as evolution in religious ught, it seems almost inevitable that such should have been the case. But without discussing this point at length, reference may be made to the evolution of the Christian faith. Now let us be quite clear on this point. That Jesus taught the absolute truth, beyond which there can be no advance, may be freely admitted. Indeed, if He is admitted to have been Divine, there is no alternative to conceding the perfection of His teachings; but this point is not material, for what we know as Christianity is the result of the teachings of men "of like passions with ourselves," during the last nineteen hundred years and more. Sufficient stress is not laid upon the humanity of the Apostles, the early Christian Fathers and their successors down to the last fledgling ec clesiastic. Every one of these individuals reads something of himself into the cardinal doctrines of Christianity as laid down by its Founder. There may be, and there doubtless have been in countless cases all down through the history of the Church, pure souls, who were inspired by the loftlest faith and were able "to lay hold on Christ," even though they may not have been able to solve the ineffable mysof the Divine, but when it has come to the formulation of creeds, and the declaration of dogma, the intellectual weakness of humanity and the in-fluence of environment have had their effect. If Paul and Barnabas were men of like passions with those whom they addressed, if they were subject to the same distractions from a perfect comprehension and practice of the principles to which they were devoted, how much more so may we not suppose later teachers to have been? Dissensions arose among the followers of Christ long before those who had witnessed the Crucifixion had died. The ines of cleavage were upon matters, which we today regard as immaterial, but that they existed shows how far short even the Christians of those days came of realizing fully the principles, which they had espoused and were conscientiously advocat-ing. In later years, when Christianity became affiliated with the politics of the time, when it became are necessarily chiefly personal and incomplete. The beginning of history, as we generally understand the term, is between twenty five hundred and three thousand years ago, and in some parts of the world we find a fairly complete record of events during that period. One of these countries is Persia, which first appears as a distinct political entity in 537 B.C.,

ent from the pure and simple teachings of Jesus of

Now there are some very excellent people who will think that such things as this ought not to be said, because, as they will tell you, they have a tendency to "unsettle people's minds." Bless their dear hearts, if they only realized how much people's minds are already unsettled, if they could only appreciate how earnestly thousands upon thousands of people are asking to be told the truth, they would cease endeavoring to luil them to sleep by monoton ous dronings of things which they do not themselves half believe, and meet the inquiry of the day by frankly admitting that it is necessary for the Christianity of the churches to shake itself free from the shackles of mediaeval ecclesiasticism. There is a process of evolution going on steadily in the Christian faith, as taught by the churches, not away from but towards the teachings of Christ, and if the churches would fulfill the duties which they have churches would fulfil the duties which they have assumed, and undoubtedly are endeavoring earnestly in the majority of cases to discharge, they would recognize that all evolutions, whether they are of the lower forms of animal life to higher forms, or of the materials scattered in earth and all into fruit and flowers, or of human thought, are from God. When this recognition becomes general, when teachers cease to impose human authority upon those who are quite as able to determine concerning spiritual truths as they themselves, and probably very much more so than were the ecclesiastics of a dozen or more centuries ago, who were enshrouded in clouds of ignorance, who knew little or nothing of the Universe of God, and yet claimed to be the spokesmen of its Creator, the sufficiency of the Gospel of Christ for human salvation will be better understood. The evolution of Christianity cannot be stayed. It is advancing. If you listen you can hear the sound of its progress. Sometimes the sound is not pleasing to hear. Sometimes its course is red with blood. But let it be remembered that its Founder said: "I have not come to send peace, but a sword." There is no use in crying out, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace possible. There is no use in preachers telling us to stand fast to church tradition and accept im plicitly what has come down from the Past. We donot do so in anything else, and why should we do so in things which pertain to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind? "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is as sound a rule now as it was nineteen hundred years or so ago. But it does not follow that what was proof to a Nublan monk or an ignorant prelate in Spain must be taken as proof today; it does not follow that what seemed good in the days of Imperial Rome must be taken as good today. Humanity under the benign influence of Jesus, which all the ambitions, ignorance, supersti-

done and errors of nineteen centuries have not been able to obscure, has steadily advanced, and Christianity as taught must advance with it. It is advancing; and if its professed teachers do not advance with it, they will find themselves in the position of men groping amid shadows and miasmas, while the masses of manking are enjoying the clear light whose beauty. light, whose beams of Divine Love, shining forth from Calvary, will one day make the world all brighteneth every man that cometh into the world." May the day be near when all shall see it as it is.

> Love Stories of History (N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE ROMANCE OF MARY TUDOR AND FABIANI

From the Drama "Mary Tudor," by Victor Hugo

Fahiani, the low-born foreigner, the adventurer, the nameless one, had become the favorite of the en. To him had been given Lord Talbot's vast estates. She had created him a peer of England and made him Earl of Clanbrassil. She had invested him with the Order of the Garter, and heaped numerous other honors upon him. In consequence of this. he was a man dreaded and hated by those in authority under him, for in his hands was the power. So enamored had the Queen become that his wishes were her only law. "At Tyburn," said Lord Clinton in conversation with Lord Chandos, 'there seventy new gallows; the funeral pyres are always glowing embers, never ashes; the headsman's axe is sharpened every morning, dull again by night. Every day some once great nobleman is stricken down. Next week Chandes, your time will come, and next month mine. My Lords, my Lords, it is a burning shame, an impious thing, that all these noble English heads should fall to suit the pleasure of an adventurer, sprung from God knows where, and who's not even of this country." Lord Clinton's entiment was the sentiment of all the thinking men of England, and many and deep were the plots laid to fid the country of the curse that was upon it, in the person of the Queen's favorite, Fabino Fabiani. In a shabby house upon the banks of the Thames. inder the shadow of the Tower of London, lived Gilbert, the carver, with his young charge, Jane, an or-phan of whom he had taken care since the time, sixyears before, when a tiny infant, she had been left upon his doorstep. Gilbert and Jane were engaged now and to be married shortly, and Gilbert was a faithful and tender lever, who believed his be-trothed as loving and innocent as he was himself. But Jane had deceived him. A few months before she had fallen a victim to the charms of a young knight, of whose name she had never learned, and whom, as she was aware by now of the wrong he had done her, she loved no longer. This young knight was none other than the Queen's favorite Fabiant, and though he had thought that his meetings with the girl were a secret between her and himself, nevertheless there was one who had been aware from the beginning of Fabiani's visits to Jane. This man, who died at the hands of Fabiani, lived long enough to tell all that he knew to Gilbert, and to give him

papers, which proved Jane to be the missing daughter and heiress of the dead Lord Talbot, whose estates and heiress of the dead Lord Talbot, whose estates had been given by Mary to her favorite.

Gilbert from henceforth had but one thought, to be revenged upon the man who had wronged him and his sweetheart. He gained an audience with the Queen, through the efforts of Simon Renard, the executioner, and he teld her all the infamous story. Mary was loath to believe him, and called upon Jane and Fabiani to prove his statements. Finally she was forced to admit the truth and to agree to Gilbert's demand that Fabiani either be compelled to marry Jane or that the Italian should be put to marry Jane or that the Italian should be put to death, on a trumped-up charge of attempted regicide, so that the people should have no cause to question. But the Queen in return demanded dilbert's life which he unhesitatingly bade her use as she saw fit since death to him would be a blessed release. Accordingly, the Italian, shorn of all his titles and his glory was sent to the Tower in company with the man who had brought about his downfall, for the

man who had brought about his downfall, for the Queen had not offered him the alternative of marriage with Jane.

Meantlime Jane had been reinstated in her place as the daughter of Lord Talbot, but her own safety brought her no happiness. Too late she had awakened to a realization of her love for Gilbert, and she tried by every means in har power to effect his release from the Tower. There she visited him secretly, and there, too, came the Queen in disguise, to see her

one-time favorite Fabiani. Mary's affection for the Italian had proven too strong, and she had regretted her anger and sought now to set him free. In vain did the executioner plead with her, warning her that the people desired and expected his death, and that there would be rioting among the populace and plots among the nobles if she were now to pardon him. The Queen demanded that he be released.

Jane, who had been a hidden listener, suddenly appeared, and to quiet the Queen, and rid herself of Majesty, told her that she held the keys to a secret passageway to the water, and that Fabiani should be released through her instrumentality. Satisfied, Mary left the tower, but Jane did not enter Fabiani's cell; instead she unlocked Gilbert's door, and kneeling at her lover's feet, she told him of her plot to set him free.

Meanwhile, outside the Tower, thousands had gathered. Word had gone abroad that Mary had pardoned Fabiani, and the people, enraged, began to call aloud that he be delivered unto them and taken to execution. Mary was summoned and herself appealed to them from the balcony of the Tower, and was met with cries of "Death to Fabiani! Long live Queen.

The Queen withdrew, and after a brief colloquy with Simon Renard, the latter took her place upon the balcony, and demanded silence in the Qu name. Thereupon he told them that that same night. an hour after curfew, Fabiani, covered with a black veil, gagged with an iron gag, and a torch of vellow wax in his hand, would be conducted by torchlight to the Old City Market, there to be publicly be headed. It was Mary's aim to substitute Gilbert for Fabiani, as the veil would hide all identity.

Hugo keeps us in suspense until the end of the drama. During the last act, while the Queen and Lady Jane watch the ghostly procession, Mary tells the girl that Gilbert's is the veiled figure and that Fabiani has made his escape. Then ensues a pitiful scene between the two women, Jane pleading, imploring; demanding that even now the Queen send a courier with a pardon to set the prisoner free, and Mary, half-distraight, dreading that the executioner may not have obeyed her, but that it is indeed Fa-biant who goes to the scaffold. She calls two jailers; to the first she gives her signet ring, telling him to mount a horse and hasten and overtake the procession, bidding them defer the execution. She com mands the second to go to the Tower and bring to her the prisoner who is there confined.

Meantime the bell continues to toll, telling the

waiting, listening women that the procession is still upon its way. The sudden sound of a cannon shot is the signal that it has reached the place of execution. Mary throws herself upon her knees in an second shot sounds; by this they understand the prisoner is mounting the scaffold. A third—and the vomen know that all is over for either Gilbert or

Suddenly a curtain at the back of the room is drawn open and Simon Renard comes in.
"Madam," he says, in ringing tones to her Majesty, "I have dared to disobey you. I have saved the Queen and England."

Then as he steps aside, another man enters. It is Gilbert the carver, and he and Jane rush into one

THE STORY TELLER

Joseph Richards, the Detroit jockey, complained on his return from Russia of the fail of jockeys' fees. there.

"Of course, they give you reasons for this fall," he said. People always have their reasons. Once a relative of mine went to a fish merchant in Detroit to get some fish, and found that they were selling very high. She complained, and the man said: 'Fish is dear, ma'am; oh, yes, very dear. You see, it's getting so scarce on account of these here aquariums."

A lady took her four-year-old son to the family dentist. He found a small cavity, so the operation began. The burr had no sooner touched the tooth than the child began to scream. At the end of fifteen minutes the mother was deathly pale, whilst the dentist wiped great beads of perspiration from his brow. Tom, however, fairly swaggered across the room: "That didn't hurt," he boasted, with a broad smile. "Then why did you scream so?" cried the exasperated mother. perated mother.
"Because I was afraid it was going to," explained

There is a good stery illustrative of the unapproachable reserve of the elder members of the austere Athenaeum Club, of London. A newly-elected member once cheerly remarked to a senior member that it was a very fine day.

The senior member finished the perusal of his paper. "I think," he said then to the new man, "that you addressed me?"

"Yes," the said there are the said there is the new man, "that you addressed me?"

you addressed me?"

"Yes," the new mar returned with unabated cheeriness, "I said it was a very fine day."

"Ah! well," the elder took time to enunciste, "do not let it occur again." And so saying he returned to the periusal of his pages.

Dorothy. "I am to write a paper for our Home and Hearth Club on the Merry Widow hat. Can you tell me anything of its origin or history? I like to be up-to-date on a wide subject like this."

You have indeed chosen a wide subject, my dear Dorothy. There is nothing more broadching than the study of the Merry Widow headgear. In fact, it is an evolution, beginning with the Sad Spinster turban which was a narrow affair leaving room-for only a few ribbon loops and continuing in the form of the Weary Wife teque, to emerge finally in the glad expanse known to womankind and cursed by mankind as the Merry Widow hat.

Among the older rank of San Franciscans there is a citizen eminent in the world of finance and liberal enough in all large ways, who nevertheless is a little "near" when it comes to trifles. He is ready enough to accept those courtesies which still mark the meetings and greetings of the old-style San Franciscan, but he has rarely been known himself to stand treat. Recently he came upon a crony lottering, as if waiting for somebody, near the entrance to a well-known bar. "Hello, Bob," he said, "what are you doing here?" It was an opportunity long desired and the gentleman addressed made the most of it. "Well, John," he replied, "I'm just waiting for somebody to come along and buy me a drink." "All right," was the reply, "I'll—I'll join you!"

An anecdote concerning the dramatized version of the "Trois Mousquetaires" shows that Dumas knew his public, and could take a point from informal cri-tics.

"Behind one of the scenes," says Dumas fils, "we had seen the helmet of a fireman, who listened to the play very attentively during the first six tableaux. In the middle of the seventh however, the helmet disap-"'Do you see that fireman's helmet?" asked my

father.

"No, it's not there now."

"After the act the author went in search of the fireman (who did not know him), and said:

"Why are you no longer listening to the piece."

"Because that act, didn't interest me as much as "This san!"

WITH THE POETS

Earth's Artists A painter Autumn is, whose brush Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush, Each bush flames underfoot, each tree—A tossing torch—flares high and free, Each plant would all a flower be.

A sculptor Winter is; his hand With ley chisel carves the land; He bares earth's pureness to the light The sudden goddess, hushed and whit

Earth listens; her Musician, Spring, Afar, and timid, thrills his string; The goddess melts—a girl descends; Those stars, her eyes, on his she bends. And deathless hope his luting lends.

But when the girl a woman turns Within her soul all music burns; Her Poet, Summer, sings the Word Her spirit had but inly heard, And life to know Life's joy is stirred. -Charlotte Porter in The Atlantic for May.

The Vagabonds Ye build you houses of your creeds. Or live in those ye never built;

We go the winds' way; no one heeds. We filch our freedom, risk the guilt,

Ye spin you webs of thin belief. To lure the unthinking from without;

No easy Yes we hold in fief, We are the vagabonds of doubt.

Ye fear all force, or show of might, Ye think Restraint is all life's art;

We learn all weathers, day and night; Behold! ours is the better part! Your roofs will fall, your webs be torn For gazing with unseeing eyes;

Our vigil is for thought unborn, We sentinel the great Surmise.—Atlantic Monthly.

Margaritae Sorori A late lark twitters from the quiet skies; And from the west, Where the sun, his day's work ended, Lingers as in content, There falls on the old, grey city An influence luminous and serene,

In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction, Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing? My task accomplished and the long day done, My wages taken, and in my heart Some late lark singlifg.

Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

-W. E. Henley, (1849-1903.)

Only a Rose

Let this but be my guerdon
As we part.
The flower that lies a burden
On your heart.
Only a rose
Its leaves shall close
Over a thought of you too sweet and fair
To lose itself in perfume on the air.

Ere I break My heart with things unspoken

It leaves no pain of memories that cry Their vain reproaches while your joy go

Let this be but my passion
Flung away,
The pretty, changing fashion
Of a day.
Only a rose,
Its petals close
Over a smile you gave. If you forget,
My heaven is that I brought you no regret,
—Lewis Worthington Smith in The Bellman.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in wee;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I dwe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them I live in long-past years. Their virtues love, their faults condemn, Partake their hopes and fears; And from their lessons seek and find Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon My place with them will be, And I with them shall travel on Through all Futurity; Yet leaving here a name, I trust, That will not perish in the dust. -Robert Southey (1774-1848).

Last night the fairy boatman came
To waft me o'er the Slumper Sea.
The firefly lit his lamp of flame,
And all the winds slept peacefully;
And swift and far across the deep
To Dreamland sped the fairy barque
Where the faint lotus flowers of Sleep
Unfold their petals in the dark.

And sweet the dreams in that dim land,
Rare odors float from magic flowers,
Blossoms by softest breezes fanned
Sway lightly in the dusky hours,
And music never heard before.
Steals through the dewy gardens sweet,
And on a dim and shadowed shore
The whispering wavelets softly beat.

There blooms the mystic asphodel,
That rare and wondrous flower, unseen
By mortal eyes, which poets tell
In heaven uplifts its silvery sheen;
And pale, pure illies there unclose
Their blossoms in the fragrant dusk,
And breath of jasmine and of rose
Blends with the orange and the musk.

O, fairyland of rest and sleep.

That lies beyond the gates of Day.

Where youth and love their visions keep.

And pleasure holds its gentle sway.

Your magic music soothes the brain

Worn with the daily stress and strife;

Your lotus-blossoms ease the pain

That comes from all the thorns of life.