

ing of those things which belong unto their peace. Yes, and more than the Messiah. Criticism has brought doubts of course. Doubts are inseparable from life. Our very doubts will only drive us closer, like doubting Thomas, to the wounded side of him who died that we might live. He is the King of Love, and ever will remain that ; and therefore he has made the world his own.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mystic frame,
Are but the ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON

BEAUTY

Whence comes the thought of beauty in life's stress?
From Aphrodite gleaming through the foam,
Or Eve awaking in her garden home,
The first fair bud of earthly loveliness?

Or from the ruddy Dawn when all affright
She flies before her fiery lover Day,
Or Evening as the shadows turning grey,
She blushing steals into the arms of Night?

All these are but the models that suggest
Eternal beauty to the poet's soul,
Which images a fairer world unseen ;
The haunt of beauty is his lonely breast,
Where dreams divine are freed from earth's control
And span with gossamer the gulf between.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS