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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

OUR LIMITATIONS

If you take, an object having two points two or three inches apart-two fingers of the hand held apart will do in the absence of anything else-and place it so that both points press against the flesh in the middle of the back, you will only be conscious of being touched in one place. As the object is drawn around the body, the fact that two points touch it will become noticeable. Sometimes it feels as if the points were being separated. With the ends of the fingers points that are fairly close together can be distinguished, and with the tip of the tongue yet smaller spaces can be detected. Yet we all know that these are limitations in the power of the sense of touch in this direction. The limitaion of our eyesight, we do not mean as to distance, but as to things within the range of vision, are very restricted. There are myriads of objects around that the unaided eye cannot detect, and in regard to color, very many people are extraordinarily defective, and possibly all people are to some ex-tent. As to our hearing, the variations of power are almost infinite. Some persons, of normal hearing can detect sounds that others cannot distinguish; others can distinguish between tones with a facility hat is marvelous. Thus there are persons who can tells at once by the sound the key in which a chord on a piano is struck. Taste and smell are so limited in eir scope that they seem little more than rudimentary. Every one of us is conscious that in employing his five senses he is working with exceedingly inefficient tools. There are some things to see which we have to employ powerful glasses. There are vibrations in the atmosphere to detect which we have to devise special apparatus. All students of the problems of sound are convinced that there are many sounds which are either too low or too high to be detected by the ear. That we are encompassed with a universe lying just outside the scope of our senses is absolutely certain. What the extent and even what the nature of that universe may be is un-

Within the past few years some extraordinary investigations have been in progress in many parts of the world into what are called psychic phenomena, to distinguish them from what we know as physical phenomena. To many people such experiments seem uncanny, and to not a few impious. They warn us against searching into the hidden things of God, or they tell us that these manifestations, for which no acceptable solution has yet been determined upon, are the result of satanic influences. It is necessary to mention that in connection with such matters there is always a great deal of fraud. Perhaps it is safe to make up our minds that all persons, who profess to deal with the occult, and make a living by it, are largely, if not wholly, fraudulent. It may be that they possess a certain amount of power to distinguish things lying just beyond the limitations of the senses of the ordinary run of mankind, but when money-making is the object for which such powers are employed, the temptation to practice deceit is nearly always too great to be resisted. Investigations have been made, and are being continued, which seem to prove that certain persons are capable of accomplishing things through the exercise, of powers which the majority of mankind are unable to employ, although it is possible that the possession of them may be general. Unless we refuse to believe the word of men and women, who have made a reputation in science or are well known in other directions, the movement of objects at a distance from the "medium," and under circumstances from which all chance of collusion, fraud or the use tinguish things lying just beyond the limitations of from which all chance of collusion, fraud or the use of concealed apparatus has been eliminated, is possible. Of course, hundreds of people have seen these things done, and have been assured that there was nothing deceptive in connection with them, so that they themselves are convinced of their possibility; but people, who have not had the opportunity of observing such incidents, very naturally refuse to believe that those relating them are not either deceiving or deceived. Without going into particulars, it may be stated briefly that certain laboratory experigators concerned in them that the movement of objects under the circumstances mentioned above is

That is as far as it is necessary for the purposes of this article to go. How the movement is caused remains undisclosed, although it must be added that the investigators are not prepared to admit that it is caused by what is ordinarily known as "spiritual" agencies. They do not say that it is not so caused. but they seem inclined to the opinion that it is not, but is only due to the exercise on the part of the "medium" of powers appurtenant to herself, and possibly possessed by every one, although only a very few of us are aware of such possession and fewer still are able to make use of it. One obstacle to the investigation of this domain of inquiry is the dislike. amounting in many cases to absolute fear, of attempting to employ powers of which many people are quite conscious. Not infrequently one hears people say that they know they could do "mediumistic" things, but for some reason or other they will not. It is possible that this consciousness of power indicates less limitations on the part of those that have it than are general. Another obstacle to fhe proper investigation of this field is that it is hardly thought quite the correct thing to have exceptional powers in this direction. We do not think any the less of persons because they can swim, or because they can tell to the finest nicety whether or not two instruments are in tune, or because they have an exquisite sense of touch, or because they can tell the date of your claret by a little sip. We admire such gifts; but let us intimate that such and such a person possesses "mediumistic" powers, and we are certainly not given to expressing our admiration. In most cases our expressions will be in the other direction Hence it has come about that the accumulation of reliable data is very small. Then some people have jumped to the conclusion that such things are due to the operation of disembodied spirits, and, o course, we are all afraid of ghosts, or, if we are not, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that respectable spirits can find no better employment for their time than tapping on tables or moving furniture. All these things operate as a check upon investigation. If we would take the view of such matters as has been suggested above, namely, that they are simply demonstrations of the existence of a sphere of inquiry lying just outside of our normally developed senses, investigation would be carried on much more successfully than it now is, and we might achieve results that would be of great value to mankind The commonest mistake of humanity is that it knows everything that is knowable. Our fathers thought so, and so did our grandfathers, and so on, back to the time, if there was ever such a time, when our remote ancestors squatted on their haunches in caves and rubbed sticks together to make a fire. Those old fellows would have stoned a man to death ith prehistorie brickbats if he had had the hardihood say that he had put something on a stick, which would make a blaze the moment it was scratched against the leather covering, which served the place of trousers in those far-off times. Our physical limitations are narrow, and they are narrowed yet further by our ignorance and superstitions,

MAKERS OF HISTORY

- XVII. During the Third Century certain tribes appeared on the northern borders of Gaul, and began to make incursions into the country, demanding of the Roman governors the right to settle upon the land. Substantially nothing is known with certainty of their former history. They are first mentioned in literature in a soldier song, sung by the Roman troops as they were starting out on an expedition against Persia. The lines may be freely translated:

"We have time and again slain a thousand Sarma-

tians and a thousand Franks; We go to seek a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand Persians."

Caesar does not mention them in his Commentaries, although in one of his expeditions he penetrated the region where they were living two and a half centuries later, nor does Tacitus. The inference seems to be that the several tribes, known collectively as Franks, or free men, were a part of the host which migrated across Europe about the beginning of the Christian Era. They were a fine, stalwart, warlike race, and by degrees they occupied the greater part of Gaul, which derived its present name, France, from them. They continued as distinct tribes until towards the close of the Fifth Century, when Clovis, king of the Salic Franks, succeeded in asserting his emacy over the others, and established the first royal line of Frankish kings, known in history as the Merovingian dynasty, after the reputed grandfather of Clovis, of whom very little is known except his name. This was about A. D. 500. The Merovingian dynasty lasted for nearly two hundred years, but there was scarcely a king among them worthy of the name, the dynasty being known as "the Sluggard Kings." The real rulers of the Frankish kingdom during this period were the Mayors of the Palace, who exercised authority in the name of the reigning sovereign. Of these the greatest was Charles Martel, to whom brief reference was made in the last preceding article. Charles was succeeded in office by his son Pepin, known as "the Short," a man of rare executive ability and unbounded ambition. Having concentrated all the power of the government in his own hands, he sent a message to the Pope to the effect that the man who was the real king ought to bear the title, and on the Pope assenting to this not unreasonable proposition, Pepin deposed the titular king and proclaimed himself sovereign in his stead. When Pepin died, he left two sons, Charles and Carloman, and divided his empire between them. The brothers quarrelled; Carloman was slain in battle and Charles became sole ruler of the Franks. His name has come down to us as Charlemagne. He became king of the Franks in 771, carried on an almost constant series of campaigns, extended his sway over all of what is now France, Belgium, Holland, Saxony, Switzerland, and a great part of Spain and Italy. He was crowned by the Pope as Charles Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, in A.D. 800. He died in A.D. 814. His campaigns exceeded fifty in number, and in all of them he was victorious. As an administrator he was successful. As a patron of literature he occupies the most prominent place attained by any European monerol in several acceptance. monarch in several centuries before and after his time. It is obviously impossible to give even a brief outline of his career, which is one of extreme interest. Personally he appears to have been a man whose characteristics were far in advance of his day. He seems to have been inspired rather by an impelling sense of duty than by a desire to gratify his ambi-

Around the name of Charlemagne there cluster romances innumerable. Indeed, it is nearly impossible to separate the false from the true, to decide what is history and what mere tradition. He profoundly impressed his day and generation. For example, one of the monks of St. Gall, wrote a sort of lography of Charles about A.D. 800. It is quite possible that he may have known the king personally. He professes to give descriptions of actual events, and to quote the words of those who spoke of the King. Charlemagne invaded Italy previous to his coronation as Emperor, and was opposed by the King of the Lombards. A Danish soldier, Ogier, or Ogger, had deserted from the Frankish army and take refuge with the Lombardian King. The monk describes the approach of the army of Charles to the capital of Lombardy, and represents the King as standing with Ogier upon a high tower, scanning the horizon for signs of the advancing foe. The count is too long to be reproduced here, but it tells how one division after another came into view, each more powerful than the others, but although the King of Lombardy supposed that Charles must be in each one of them as it came into view, so tremendously formidable did they all appear, Ogier told him that nothing so meagre would suit the majesty of Charlemagne, and after the third division had appeared, and the King was unable to conceive how anything more formidable could be imagined, Ogier said: "When ye shall behold the crops shaking with fear in the fields, and the gloomy Po and Ticino overflowing the walls of the city, their waves blackened with steel, then may we think that blackened with steel, then and the mighty war-Charles is coming. When at last the mighty warrior came, so terrible was the appearance force that courage left the hearts of the Lombardians. The monk thus describes him: "That man of steel, with his head incased in steel, his hands garnished with gauntlets of steel, his heart of steel, and his left hand armed with a lance of steel, which he held aloft in the air, for as to his right hand, he kept it continually upon his invincible sword. thighs were encased in steel, his boots were of steel, his buckler of steel, his horse was of the strength and color of steel." Around a man, whom his contemporaries would thus describe, it was inevitable nat succeeding generations should weave many traditions, and that his name and his deeds should form the basis for countless songs and stories, told by the troubadors in baronial halls or around the

Charlemagne's empire did not long survive He had united peoples who were antagonistic, and they soon fell apart. His place in history seems to that of one who was able to bring some sort of order out of the chaos that followed the destruction of the Roman Empire. The institutions which he established were not permanent, but they made possible the setting up of the feudal system, which held Europe in subjection for so many years. He also did much to promote the supremacy of Christianity over the western part of that continent. It cannot be said of him that he inaugurated a new epoch in history, but rather that he arrested the process of disintegration, and while he did not succeed in lifting up his nation to the high plane upon which he argued to place it the research was that the which he aspired to place it, the reason was that the barbarism of the Teutonic tribes was such as to make such a thing impossible in a single lifetime. We shall see in a later article how this was accomp and note some of the institutions in which the influence of Charlemagne has been perpetuated to our

Our Unclaimed Responsibilities

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF ARTISTS -

In creating the world, God has made a place of infinite and versatile loveliness, that appeals to all of our senses, all of our emotions. And the face of Nature wears the thousand and one expressions, and changes with the same subtle and charming inconstancy as does the face of a lovely woman. In this West of ours, this paradise upon earth, we can appreciate the lavish variety of Nature's charm to greater extent than those who have not known the limitlessness of loveliness and grandeur as we it portrayed for us here, in living pictures, the more vital, the more soul-stirring, because they are as fresh and perfect, and as much the unmarred work of God, as they were when they felt the touch of the Master-hand in those ages long past, when the mountains that are our inspiration and benediction first had their birth. Who has not known the sweet sadness of rain-wrapt hills and fog-hung valleys, when the sea-sweet wind blew wet upon our faces, and the tall trees mourned together? Who has not felt at such times, old, subtly-sad, yet wholly tender memories stir them, memories that brought with them the gentle aftermath of some soul-purifying sorrow? Who has not looked upon the sea from the loftiness of some rocky height, when the moonlight flooded the water and the sentinel hills beyond, and lay upon velvety valley and quiet forest like some holy spell, some sacred thing, a blessing from God ho some white purity of tangibility? Who has not been lifted then from out the confines of the body, from beyond the confines of the mind, to a realization of something that is away and above the limits of human understanding, to a glimmer of some knowledge so great, so vast, so God-inspired, as to be word-frameless-a glimpse of Truth so beyond our grasping and retaining, that it serves not so much to enlighten us, as to give us a brief glimpse of some height, some spiritual state to which we may aspire some day, to which we might aspire now, were our endeavor great enough? And knowing this, have we not felt the great worth of life, the value of all our striving, the perfection that must come at last? When the loving sunlight fills the wide, green springtime meadows with the challenging gold of count less buttercups, when the orchard trees are decked in bloom so lovely as to rival the very clouds of sunrise-time, when every field is like a miniature sea of living green, where the grain has burst through the soil in a riot of profusion; and when, the sunlight gone, and the long, tragrant spring-time twilight about us, we have felt the very throbbing of those silent, vital forces, which, under the guidance of the great Creator, work for the creation and the recreation of the things of Nature, what have our thoughts been then? Does not God, through Nature, speak to us of the infinite possibilities of our own human endeavor, until we realize that we being made "in the likeness of God" and yet "a little lower than the angels," possess a power that is well nigh limitless, capable, if we so desire, of producing that which may be as beautiful and perfect in the eye of God as the blemishless works of Nature? The winds of autumn, irresponsibly glad with the untions. There is no doubt that he accepted the title of Emperor unwillingly, it having been almost forced upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished a secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the Pope, who wished the secure the upon him by the pope had the upon him by the pope him the upon him by the pope had the upon him by the upon him by the upon him by the greatest warrior in Christendom as the protector of rents that leap with mad delight over moss-hung rocks, between beds of fairylike, feathery fern; our less rivers. Where in the mountain fastnesses lakes lie deep and calm and placidly reflectful, we are in duced to quiet thoughtfulness and a sober contemplation that is conductve to a philosophy the like of which beautified and gladdened those longago teachers and prophets of God who drew their

> inspiration from solitary communion with Nature. So in the example of His handiwork about us, God shows to us the infinite variety of our own potentialities. By contemplation of the varied aspects of many-sided Nature, we are aided to a better and more appreciative understanding of our selves, and our ability to derive enlightenm spiration and happiness from our surroundings. Nay, more; we see that we bear to this very Nature a close resemblance, and it is this fact more than any other, that makes us to a certain extent acquiesce in the old Pantheistic creed of our oneness with all the other works of God. We realize the height and breadth of our characters and the many and various sources through which we can be appealed to for our happiness and betterment. We realize that the power lies in many of us to produce, to a certain extent, upon our fellow-men the same effect that Na-ture produces. It is with us to enlighten, to inspire and to give unlimited joy to our kind so long as we accept Nature as our teacher, and strive to make our efforts productive of a no less perfect result than that to which Nature attains.

The World is, the better and the wiser and, as a consequence, the happier, for those gifted and in-defatigable men and women who have produced from Nature, with the help of God, pictures so beautiful as to thrill us with the very their earnestness of realism, their thought-produ subject matter. The music of the old masters and all the lovely songs and melodies by modern composers no less serve God's purpose in benefiting and blessno less serve God's purpose in beneating and plessing. The conscientious cultivation of all the arts has had an influence for incalculable good upon the whole of mankind. Such an influence must last just so long as the artists make painstaking endeavor their keynote. All work must be good and roductive of good results when honest industry is behind it. This is true no less of one's art than it is of one's profession, one's handicraft or one's usiness. Each artist must be his own judge, then, as to just how far he is doing his duty in the cultivation of whatever talent has been bestowed upon him. We are told that legitimate drama and opera are

giving place almost entirely to vaudeville, and while there may be a great deal said for this lighter kind of amusement, it is a question whether it is not holding too large a place, and whether its effect upon the public mind is altogether for good. There is another matter about whose effect for evil there can be no question, and that is the prevalence of "cheap shows," shows to which any one may be admitted for a dime, shows to which nursemaids take their young charges to spend a hot, close and unprofitable for a direction, shows which schoolgiris can attend, and do attend, and are, to quote the words of one mother, "kept out of mischief for a whole afternoon for ten cents." It would be hard to estimate just the extent of the mischief done by such unwholesome forms of amusement. Like the cheap novel, they have an incomputably pernicious effect upon what should be most carefully guarded from all contamination, the moral nature of the growing child.

There is probably nothing more beautiful or more soul-inspiring in all Nature than the effect upon "the baby" was half empty that he paid for it. there may be a great deal said for this lighter h

The same of the sa

the listener of a lovely song, artistically sung, by a glorious voice, and by a "glorious" voice is meant one that in reality stirs the feelings and lifts the thoughts to such an extent that those who listen inctively glorify God. There are such songs and there are such singers, and no less than the moon-light that spiritualizes and makes lovely the earth, no less than the glad springtime sun that causes the orchards to bloom in an ecstacy of beauty, they make a listening world rejoice, and become glad and young, and full of hope and trust. With whatever talents we possess we may produce the same blessed pesult in a certain degree, some of us greater, some of us less. We have seen how Nature rouses and inspires us, or brings us delight in making our hearts young and irresponsibly joyous. So God means us to grow and broaden into a perfect understanding of His countless blessings by appreciation and cultivation of all our faculties. But we cannot do this, we never can understand real blessings at all, whether they be conferred upon us by Nature or by our own kind, if we satiate ourselves with a cheap or vulgar substitute, which we like to call "harmless amusement." A thing must be good or bad producing, and we can tell for ourselves just how much good or how much bad we derive from our favorite form of recreation or amusement or whatever we choose to call it. There can be no bad result from the contemplation of real works of art, in picture or sculpture or architecture. There can be nothing but an inspiring effect produced by all real must And honest, harmless wit and drollery will find a quick response in the mirthful element of everyone's nature, which is one of the blessed qualities the happy cultivation of which carries a young heart with them whether we live to middle-age or to hundred years. Whatever our talents, if we give of our best, taking tireless and perfect Nature as our guide, we must benefit mankind and glorify God in

THE STORY TELLER

When little Miss Helen learned that moving day was near she asked for a trunk in which to pack her

"But what have you to pack?" asked her aunt.
"Why," replied the child in surprise, "my Teddy bear and other useful things."

The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After the explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like a cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand.
"What is it?" asked the teacher "A calt" was the "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

A meek-looking little man with a large pasteboard box climbed on the car. As he did so he bumped slightly into a sleepy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of sidewhiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled: "This is no freight car, is it?" "Nope," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it ain't any cattle car either, is it?"

mer, was a suburban lady whose house one summer, was quite overrun with moths. A tramp told her that, in return for a square meal, he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp, he devoured it, then he said: "All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth-filled clothes and carpets and things on a line and beat 'em with a stick. Good-by to yer moths then?" "Will that kill them?" asked the lady. "Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

Her Majesty is very fond of visiting the tenants at Sandringham, and some time ago she had an amusing conversation with a poor old woman who was busy darning stockings. Thinking to put the old lady at her ease, the Queen said. "I am sure you cannot heel a pair of stockings as quickly as I can." a pair of stockings as quickly as I can."

"Oh, so the King wears stockings, do 'e?" asked the dame in surprise. "Only you an' me, mum, who mends stockings, knows what terrible bad 'oles men do make in their 'eels."

Mrs. Carrie Nation, arrested in Pittsburg, said that she had been arrested thirty-three times. "I try to do good," she told a reporter. "In trying to do good I take life hard. Some folks, most folks, in fact, take it easy—as easy as the new hired girl wanted to take her new place. 'Everything goes by clockwork here,' the mistress said to this girl. 'By clockwork, mind you. You get up at 6, you dine at 12, and you go to bed at 10.' 'Well- if that's all,' said the girl, with a smile, 'I think I can mahage it.'"

Dr. Macnamara, M. P., has the Irishman's quick turn of the tongue, which at times stands him in good stead politically. At a recent election meeting he was tackled by a woman, who inquired: "Are you in favor of repealing the blasphemy laws?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I'm a golfer!"
"Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another.

"Every woman should have either a vote or a voter," said Dr. Macnamara, "Which do you prefer?"

Once Sir Henry Irving while playing "Macbeth" in London was somewhat disconcerted by one of the "gallery gods." He had reached the point where Mac-beth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet

board.

"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed Irving in his most tragic tones and with a convulsive shuder sank to the ground, drawing his robe about his face.

Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's all right now, "Enery, 'e's gone!"

Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese ambassador, said modestly at a dinner in Newport: "I am aware that the honors heaped upon me are due to my exalted office, not to my humble self. It is my office, it is not I, that gains and merits your consideration. Yet this is a mortifying truth of a kind that all of us—ambassadors or no—are apt to forget. May such a truth never be recalled to our memory with the harsh shock that came to a Rhode Island farmer who won a blue ribbon at a Woonsocket stock show with a fat hog—a 1250-pound hog.

"Get my name right," he said, excitedly, to the reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who

reporters, with their pencils and yellow paper, who crowded round him at awarding time. 'Get my name right, boys. It's Hiram Y. Doolittle, son of the late General Augustus Anderson Doolittle of St. Joseph, who settled in Rhode Island in the year—'

"'Oh, never mind all that,' the oldest reporter interrupted. 'Give us the pedigree of the hog.'"

WITH THE POETS

A Broken Friendship If this be friendship—that one broken hour (O fragile link in all the loving years!)
Can cast our hearts asunder, Time appears
Frightful indeed, since all our vaunted power,
Wherewith we build high hope like some strong

tower, Crumbles to dust, where earthly passion leers. What of our laughter? Aye, what of our tears That should have only watered Friendship's flower!

If this be friendship, I can never know
Again the magic faith I boasted of;
One deed of mine has crushed the House of Love,
And every stone to its old place must go.
Shame be to our endurance if we killed
The sinews that can help us to rebuild,
—Charles Hanson Towne, in Harper's Bazar

The Wood Call Oh I've been away in the woods for a day, With the scent of the grape-bloom, bewildering, sweet; And the sun through the trees dripped its gold in the Lacing over the moss for my world-weary feet.

The high-hole's sweet note from his golden-strung throat
Splashed and rippled the jewels all liquid along:
He answered the tone of my heart from his own.
A silver baptism of benison song.

There Beauty unfurled the delights of her world; Like a banner soft floating it gleamed on my eyes, From Claytoma that lay like pink stars o'er my way, To the azure that blossomed the ambient skies.

Oh, I've been away in the woods all the day; I have eaten the lotus of dreams, and I know That the wild note that blew where the grape-blossom grew Was the mystical pipe from which Pan used to blow. -Isabel S. Mason, in Lippincott's.

The Man-Child

O wonderful small being that my Love
Made of his dreams before he dreamed of mel
Trembling I bend above
Your terrifying softness, for I see
Something in you that made the stars afraid,
Before their moons were made.
Strong is my soul to struggle with all things;
But with the pressure of your powerless hand.
My soul is like a bird with broken wings
And all my words are written in the sand.

And she who bore you is the sacred vase. That held the wine of Love's high sacrament, The still Madonna to whose bewer was sent. The angel of God's grace.

No other worshipper will come like me,
O Man-child! with such offerings for your sake,
For I know all the secrets of the sea,
And of men's souls that ache;
I know the mystery in women's eyes,
The mute word never said.
The laws that are the wonder of the wise,
And why they smile so strangely who are dead.
—Elsa Baker, in August Smart Set.

THE GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN The gray walls of the garden Hold many and many a bloom A flame of red against the gray Is lightning in the gloom.

The gray walls of the garden Hold grassy walks between Bright beds of yellow blossom Golden against the green.

Leaves woven through and through-Great grape leaves, making shadows-Shine green against the blue,

And O, in the August weather What wonders new are seen! Long beds of azure blossoms Are blue against the green.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold paths of pure delight,
And in the emerald, blooms of pearl
Are white against the night. Richard Watson Gilder in The Atlantic.

There is so much in this great world.

My soul grows sick with looking at the ways
That wind and knot and part to meet again
And part again and knot and wind and fade.

Children of fashion; children of the streets;
Children of fashion hiding hungry hearts,
Children of fashion steeped in sordid thoughts
Children of fashion crying for the light,
Children of fashion careless of the dark,
Children of gutters starving for kind words,
Children of gutters starving for dry bread,
Children of gutters steeped in sordid thoughts,
Children of gutters crying for the light,
Children of gutters crying for the dark.

O God! to see the way this heaving mass
Goes by with smiles and tears (and fewer smiles!)
Laughing and cursing (ay, and cursing more!)
What can one puny mind do in the whirl?
What use one weaking arm to sway the tide?
Ho, stand with arms rock-ribbed! There's a wave
That washes rock to powder. Set your will
In purpose fixed, as is the brain that willed
Fixed in the skull. The sea flings wide a corpse,
And cares not if it rot on putrid sands.

—Kate Thomas in the Independent

-Kate Thomas, in the Independent.

Night by the Sea Night's far, high alters glisten with star-fires dim and ow at their feet I listen to the sea's confessing wall: sighs and must sigh ever, with myriad weary lips, tell its lore of harbors reached, or ne'er returning ships.

The moon, a pale nun wooling pure rest mid night's vast aisles,
Glides through her fires subduing their light with chastening smiles.

The winds play ceaseless anthems, soft, sad or gaily free, Till all the soul's vague yearnings are uttered by the f sea; The surging, urging billows, or sighing, dying foam Speak hercely wide of waging wars, or sweetly sad of The sea-wraiths seek night's cover, and in its silence of mystic meanings hover than suns can e'er explore. The wind pleads with the wandering waves and all my erring hears.

Then lulling low, my spirit laves with penitential tears;

It seems night's high priest calls me—he bends and touches me touches ma, Until my soul sobs all it is—tells all that it would

Till in the hush sea-song, 'neath smile of moon I glow more of God's warm presence than priest can Sadie Bowmen Metoalfe.