

EXCLUSIA

By ARTHUR DAVIES.*

PROLOGUE.

I had met the youth Vulcan before; sometimes with pick and shovel, busily delving; at others, with chisel and mallet fashioning rough stone into cube and square; and many times had I seen him with hammer on anvil, beating the red-hot metal; but it was strange that I, who journey far from the beaten track, should meet him again, at the very top of a pine-clad slope, far away from the city—one moment casting looks of love and peace on the glorious homeland, which stretched beyond the eye-ken to the East; the next moment, his face rigid with apprehension as he shot a glance of fear across the sun-kissed waters of the Pacific—a look which seemed to pass through the Western horizon into the ultimate beyond, as I said to him—"What ails thee, lad?"

He motioned me to the rock beside him and replied—"Last night I had a dream so terrible, so true, that I swear I was awake; and yet—was I awake? For today all appears as yesterday! No Exclusion! No starvation! No angry God!!

Seeing his distress, I held out my hand and said—"Tell me your dream; perchance the telling will lighten the pain of its memory."

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