

twentieth century usher in a spirit which will make men
"more pleased to raise the wretched than to rise."

Personal greatness counts for but little here and nothing
Yonder, where men are judged by the good they have tried
to do.

Lowell expresses this sentiment in one of his beautiful
little poems, where he says of St. Michael :

"Stood the tall Archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying."

"In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belshazzar's feast,
Gems, the lightning of the east.
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast, few,
Martyr-ash, arena sand,
Of St. Francis' chord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs,
Broken hearts that brake for nian.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While Earth's splendor and renown
Mounted light as thistle down."

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