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# AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SECTION

#### AGE OF THE EARTH

Many things appear to throw some light upon the probable date of the Glacial Period, but it is not by any means easy to reconcile the conclusions which they seem to warrant. Geology and mythology both contribute their quota of evidence, and the more it is xamined, the more impossible seems the theory that was at one time thought, a prolonged period of cold affected all the habitable parts of the world sinultaneously at a very remote date in the past. The more recent investigations of geologists suggest that there may have been several glacial periods and that none of them was universal. The myths of mankind seem to relate to a great disaster, before which mankind held intercourse with gods and demigods. Some of those myths do not purport to be very ancient. Similarly some of the deductions of geologists make some of the dates of the Glacial Period appear relatively very modern as compared with former estimates. Thus it is estimated that as recently as seven thousand years ago a great ice sheet covered all the central part of Canada and extended down into the Northern States. If this is correct then the Glacial Period was at its height in America at a time when Egypt had reached a high state of civilization and Babylon had history extending over some thousands of years, t was pointed out in one of the papers of the "Makers f History" series that at a date, which cannot be fixed with certainty but may have been twenty or more centuries before Christ there was a great interruption in the development of civilization. This may have been due to a climatic change. Our Coast Indians preserve traditions of a great winter, and so also do some of the Plains Indians. Longfellow has elaborated and localized one of them in Hiawatha and the Glooscap legend of the Micmas seems to relate to such an event. If the theory of a series of Glacial Periods s correct there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the suggestion that seven or eight thousand years ago there may have been a period of prolonged cold over a great portion of the Northern Hemisphere, which caused the Polar ice fields to extend many degrees to the South. The various deluge legends are in keeping with this suggestion, which so far as we know, has not been heretofore advanced, for it seems beyond the range of possibility that these legends and those of the Indians above referred to can date from a period millions of years ago as some writers have thought. This theory would also serve to explain the existence in glacial deposits, of human remains, and fragments of pottery along with the bones of animals that have only become extinct within the historical

One of the favorite means of estimating the rerate of erosion done by Niagara Falls, that is the length of time required for the water to wear out the Gorge. There seems evidence to support the theory that the water of the Niagara river began to fall over the rocks in consequence of the breaking away of a great ice barrier, which permitted the waters of Lake Ontario to fall to their present level. Now as we know the distance from Queenston to the Falls, if we can determine the rate at which the Falls recede, we can, on the supposition that this rate has been approximately uniform, ascertain with something like proximately uniform, ascertain with something like accuracy how long ago the Ice Barrier mentioned gave way. The estimates of the period needed for the work referred to vary exceedingly. Sir Charles Lyell thought that 300,000 years would be required. Dr. Hall New York State geologist, who accompanied Lyell, estimated that 35,000 years would be required; Desor, a French geologist, reached the concuston that the process covered more than 3,000,000 years that the process covered more than 3,000,000 years, Since the observations of Dr. Hall, the New York State geologists have made periodical measurements of the rate of recession of the Horseshoe Fall. These how an average rate of erosion amounting to about two and a half feet a year over forty-five years, and if this is accurate and conditions have been uniform since the work of erosion began, the Ice Barrier broke away about 7,000 years ago, which is well within the storical era as shown by the records of Ancient Egypt and Babylon and by the more or less trust-worthy records of China. Observations as to the rate of recession of the Falls of St. Anthony near St. Paul indicate that a great ice barrier in that vicinity gave way about the same time. There is certainly nothing intrinsically improbable in the suggestion that Indian legends of an Ice Age, ending not more than seven thousand years ago, would have been preserved, and as we know that men had reached a considerable degree of advancement in Africa and Asia at least 10,000 years ago, the claim that men lived in America before the last Glacial Period appears wholly reasonable. Hence also it seems to follow that there may have been a Glacial Period in Europe at no very remote age. If we are compelled by the logic of facts to bring the last Ice Age much nearer our own times than it was at one time universally supposed to be, we strengthen the case of those who claim that geological eras are not so enormously long as has been suggested, and it is not necessary to speak of billions of years in connection with the age of the earth. It is evident that, when so much difficulty and uncertainty attach to the attempt to fix even approximately the date of the last great geoligical change, much greater obstacles present themselves when we endeavor to fix in years the remoteness and duration of other geological epochs. We saw in the preceding article that arguments based on mathematical demonstra bear out the theory that about 150,000,000 years have passed since "earth was without form and void and. darkness was upon the face of the deep." This is a brief period in comparison with what geologists a quarter of a century ago thought they had proved to be the age of the world.

#### SAYINGS OF IYEYASU

A correspondent has very kindly sent a translation of the Precepts of Iyeyasu, as they are preserved in the shrine of the great Shogun at Nihko. Iyeyasu was, as was mentioned in last Sunday's article on the Makers of History, the real founder of the Empire of Japan, although for many centuries before his time the country had an emperor and maintained a distinct

national existence. The precepts are as follows: Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load; let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumblest

Persuade thyself that inconvenience and imperfection are the natural lot of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent neither for despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through.

Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance

Look upon wrath as thine enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee. It will fare ill with thee.

Find fault with thyself rather than others. These precepts are interesting because they give an insight into the Japanese mind, for we may assume that they have played some part in forming the national character of the people to whom they were addressed. It will be noted that they take no account of a Deity or of any human obligations to such a Being. They resemble the teachings of Confucius in this respect, for that great teacher neither affirmed nor denied the existence of a God; he seemed to feel that humanity would accomplish the best results pos-

sible to it by following a course of action that was

derived from human experience alone. While there is much wisdom in the above precepts, they are abis much wisdom in the above precepts, they are absolutely lacking in anything of the nature of what we
call religion. Herein lies one great difference between the Aryan and Turanian peoples. The former
seem to have had from the earliest ages of the conception of a divine order of things. It was not as
pronounced as the Semitic conception, nevertheless
a theistic idea lay at the basis of their sense of personal responsibility. On the other hand the Turan ians do not appear to have entertained the idea of a God to whom mankind owed a duty. It would not be accurate to claim that they had no conception of Delty at all, but it may be said that this conception had little or no influence upon their lives. The great Asiatic warriors, such as Genghiz, Timur, Kublai and others, had perfectly open minds on all religious subjects. They were tolerant of all religious teachings, as China is tolerant today, for the assaults that have from time to time been made upon Christian missionaries are not the outcome of religious antipathy on the part of the government, but are purely local and very often personal in their origin. It is worth investigating how much of what we call modern civilization is due to the existence of a religion which recognizes a God, who is imminent in the affairs of Those who try every thing by the utilitarian test might endeavor to see how it affects this aspect of human development. The wisdom of Confucius and of Iyeyasu was great, but it did not make for progress among those who looked upon it as a sufficient guide. The theistic nations have given the law in these latter days to the non-theistic nations. Their triumphs in all lines of human endeavor make for the uplifting of humanity. Under the non-theistic teaching of Oriental sages a high type of morality has been developed in the case of individuals, but the mass of the people under its influence seem incapable of progress either morally, intellectually or materially. They are much as their ancestors were twenty centuries ago, whereas it can be claimed with certainty that there has been a general uplifting of the masses of the theistic nations. The lesson of the matter appears to be that of itself philosophy is insufficient for the promotion of the welfare of mankind, because there is a side to his nature that is neither physical nor mental, but is wholly spiritual and therefore he must have some impetus which appeals to it, for after all it is

#### MAKERS OF HISTORY

the spirit that is the man.

XXIX. Readers, who have followed this series of papers thus far, have had presented to them an outline of the history of Europe, Asia and Africa from the earliest days of which we have any record down to what may be called the beginning of the modern period. They have seen how the nations of antiquity rose and fell, and-how the foundations were laid of the nations, which today are in control of the greater part of the old world. The story of how the English conquered Britain, the Franks became supreme in France and the Teutons in Germany of how the Russians became paramount in Russia, of how the great Turanian races established empires in Asia and of the manner in which the Semitic races spread over Northern Africa which the Semitic races spread over Northern Africa has briefly been told. We have seen also how the Crusades stimulated human activity and fired human ambition to the accomplishment of greater things than petry wars. It is necessary now to devote a little attention to a more with which was interested with it are many great fames, cannot be attributed to any one individual. The reference is to the Renascence, to adopt the Anglicized form of the word Renaissance. The word means "new birth." John Addington Symonds describes it as "the attainment of self-consmonds describes it as "the attainment of self-consclous freedom by the human spirit manifested in the European races.' For twelve centuries or more after Christ human intelligence stood still. The philosophy of Aristotle was the standard of thought, and in Christian Europe the Holy Scriptures the final test of all truth, material as well as physical. The characteristic feature of Aristotelian philosophy may be said to have been reason without experiment. This great man seems to have covered the whole field of human knowledge as it had developed in Ancient Greece. His reasoning from very imperfect data forced to conclusions, which the discoveries of a much later date confirmed, but except in his treatise on Animals, the scope of his observations was very His followers centuries after his even less observant of natural phenomena than he, and they built up a school of thought, resting chiefly upon fancies, disdaining altogether the slow and tedious process of wresting Nature's secrets from her by the slow processes of experiment. In the seclusion of Monasteries men thought, dreamed and speculated, everything in short except experimented. We read in accounts of the disputations of those days one in which the issue was as to the number of angels, who could dance on the point of a needle, and similar absurdities. Pious men became absorbed in the study of the Holy Scriptures and thought that they discovered in them the final word upon all subjects of human investigation. The story of Galileo's recantation of his theory that the earth moves seems to us today to disclose a profundity of ignorance on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, which is amazing, but until we can place ourselves, as perhaps none of us can, in the view point of the Inquisition, while we may condemn the acts that compelled the recan-tation, we are not in a position to diestion the mo-tives which inspired them. Herein is the weakness of the case of those who refer to that act and others a similar character as proof of a conflict between religion and science. They do not take account of the fact that the thinkers of the Renascence were antagonizing the learning and the religious convictions which were the product of centuries. We are scarcely more tolerant today of the Apostles of a social renascence than were the inquisitors of the Fifteenth Century of the representatives of what was then the

'New Thought." No two writers are quite in accord as to when the scence began, and this is perhaps in some measure due to the fact that all de not agree as to what ought to be embraced in that term. Pasquale Villari says it began with Petrarch, whose poetic genius seemed to catch the first glimpse of the dawn of in-tellectual freedom, and to have reached its colmination in Leonardo da Vinci, artist, engineer and man of affairs, of whom it has been said that he foreshadow-ed the greatest discoveries of science with a prophetic power which seemed supernatural. Petrarch's life extended over the greater part of the Fourteenth Century; Leonardo's covered the closing quarter of the Fifteenth Century and the first half of the Sixteenth. writers attribute this great intellectual revival to the dispersion through more western lands of the scholars who made Constantinople their home and who fled from that city after its capture by the Turks in 1458. Others are inclined to attribute it to the influence of the Crusades, and the enlargement of European ideas in consequence of the contact between the people of Western Europe and Western Asia. But dates are really not very material in this connection, nor for that matter are names. The Renascence was a revolutionary movement in human thought. It found expression in Italy in literature, painting and architecture and, in addition to the names above mentioned, those of Michael Angelo and Titian will suggest themselves. Its influence was felt in the religious world and to it were due such men as Savon-arola, Loyola, Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, Knox, and others. It inspired men with a desire for adventure and that wonderful galaxy of adventurers at the head

of whom were Columbus, Vasco di Gama and the gentlemen adventurers of Queen Bess's reign was the It awakened the spirit of political liberty and all Western Europe felt its reviving touch. It inspir spirit of scientific research and gave the world such names as Copernicus, Galileo and Bruno. It encouraged the spirit of invention and the printing press was given to the world by Gutenburg and Cax ton. All these names, and many others that might mentioned were those of men, who in their several roles played an important part in the making of his-

As we look back to the very extraordinary period in the history of mankind now under consider the thought suggests itself that it is hardly explicable by any of the ordinary causes which govern the actions of men. The awakening was not gradual but sudden. Some of the achievements of the great geniuses who then arose have never been equalled with all the progress the world has since made. It was not local for its influence affected many nations. It was not confined to one line of human activity. There was never before nor has there been since, human history, a period comparable to it. There is little wonder therefore that some writers venture to suggest that the Renascence was in the nature of a new, inspiration to humanity, that the lamp of intellectual freedom was lighted by a spark from the Supreme Source of all knowledge."

#### Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

#### ROBESPIERRE AND SAINT-JUST

Robespierre's name has come down to us with the epithet of "Incorruptible" linked with it. To one who reads of the crimes committed by him, such a comlimentary designation seems decidedly inconsistent; but it is claimed for him that he was never false to his own standards, and abided by whatever principles he held, in spite of any opposition. It is also asserted that he was naturally averse to bloodshed and that his consent to all executions was reluctantly given. However true this may have been in his early life, when we are told, he resigned his position as a member of the criminal court rather than condemn a prisoner to death, it is impossible to believe but that his later years brought with them a callousness to the sufferings of others, and an ambition before which he insisted everything should give way. In disposi-tion he was amiable, and in his private life considerate even to gentleness. There is little doubt but that the sangulnary trend of the times had much to do with the moulding of the dispositions of the leaders of the Revolution, often perhaps, in spite of their efforts to the contrary. In looking back with unprejudiced eyes over the history of those terrible days we can easily perceive the truth of the old adage, "a lit-tle learning is a dangerous thing." The people had become imbued with fragments of the new school of philosophy of which Rousseau, Voltaire, and other philosophers of the century had been the founders. But it is as impossible for an uncultured, unstable intellect to grasp the real tundamental meaning of any philosophy, as it is for the body of a child to undertake the work of a man. So it was that the unhappy French people, led on by those who professed to be themselves followers of the great philosophers and who could glibly quote from them when occasion required, became destroyers without the knowfedge of the power to reconstruct.

The chief associate of Robespierre, during the lat-

ter part of his career was Saint-Just, an ardent revo-lutionist and a man of spotless morals, a man moreover of whom others stood in great awe on account of his great dignity of manner, his habitual reserve and the sincerity of his convictions. He had first come into prominence during the trial of the king, for whose death he voted, making a speech so eloquently de-fending the stand he had taken that it won him instant recognition and fame. Some historians credit Saint-Just with a great influence over Robespierre and hold him responsible for most of the extreme measures sanctioned by the famous Jacobin. We no part in the action against the Girondins, and that he even pleaded on their behalf thus endangering his own safety. It is quite probable that whatever blame has been given Robespierre was very justly merited.
When the famous Robespierre decided to intro-

duce his new philosophy he inaugurated festivals in honor of the Supreme Being. During the days when these were taking place he asked to have the privilege of presiding over the Convention. The privilege was naturally granted. It is just a question whether he did not imagine that the people would prefer to do homage to the tangible rather than the intangible and perceive in himself a substitute worthy of their deepest reverence. However we behold him on the occasion of the first festival seated in a lofty pulpit in a payilion that had been erected in the centre of the Tuilcries. He was clad in a distinguishing costume and decorated with corn and flowers. The grotesqueness of his attire, the inconsistency of the position, did not seem to have any effect upon the assembled crowds. When he spoke to the people they listened to him as to one inspired, as unquestioning of his authority to dictate to them in spiritual matters, as they had been regarding his leadership in affairs of State, when he used the guillotine as the never-failing means to gain his ends. At the base of the platform that supported the pavillon were gigantic sta-tues of pasteboard representing the many sins against virtue. Atheism was in the centre, surrounded by egotism, ambition and discord. A large statue clad in rags was supposed to be symbolical of royalty, clothed with the rags of misery, the rags emblematical of the suffering she had caused to the multitudes. After a short speech, Robespierre descended from the pulpit, and, taking a lighted torch from an attendant, he walked with theatrical bearing toward the pasteboard group, to which he applied the fires. Imme-

diately the inflammable materials ignited, and, as they were consumed, brilliant fireworks burst forth from

the heart of the flame and a collossal statue of Wis-In spite of these religious demonstrations however, the guillotines were never idle in Paris, and executions went on in all the other towns of France. In the Vendee they had conceived a novel plan for executing upon the wholesale. They crowded the prisoners into ships with valves, launched upon the river Loire, and in order to make death doubly sure, they tied the condemned together in pairs by the right hand and foot. The little Vendean charity children were also cast into the river, whose waters soon be-came polluted, even the fish being unfit to eat. In other places whole towns were set in flame and many of the inhabitants driven into the flames. When prisoners were too evidently innocent of the charges made against them, it was quite easy to make other accusations and to produce false witnesses. Twenty-five of the magistrates of the Parliaments of Paris and Toulouse were condemned for taking part in an imaginary conspiracy. M. de Malasherbes, the brave old philosopher, and sometime friend of the unfortunate king, was executed with his daughter. Women and young girls became common victims of the guillotine. The committee of Public Safety, looking about for fresh subjects to satiate their bloodthirstiness de-

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cided that the men who by their scientific explorations and discoveries had brought France into an honorable and prominent place among the countries of Europe, must have in some way connived at the overthrow of the government, and ordered the arrest and execution of many of them. Prominent among them may be mentioned the famous old chemist Lavoisier, who refused the poison offered him surrep-titiously in prison, and said with gentle emphasis that he set no more value upon life than most but disdained to seek death before his time. "It will have no shame for us," he affirmed. "Our true judges are neither the tribunal that will condemn us, nor the populace that will insult us. The madmen who seek to our death would be absolved by our seeking it

On May 10th, the Princess Elizabeth was executed She was fercably separated from the arms of the lit-tle Princess Royal, who was now left quite alone and at the mercy of those set in guard upon her. The child did not even have the companionship of her brother, for the poor little Dauphin on account of his name and rank was allowed to see no one except his

The reading of the history of these terrible months is distressing enough, the recounting of it in detail is well-night impossible. The mind shrinks from the review of such horrible crimes, the hand hesitates to the words that shall describe them. Sixty victims a day was the limit set upon the number of executions. Is it any wonder that the whole nation became demoralized, and that miserable France, given over to the government of criminal madmen, seemed a place forgotten of God?

#### THE STORY TELLER

'I'm sure,' said the interviewer, 'the public would be interested to know the secret of your success.'

'Well, young man,' replied the captain of industry,
'the secret of my success has been my ability to keep

An Irishman enlisted in a Dragoon regiment with the intention of becoming a gallant soldier. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword.

'Now,' he said, 'how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?'
'Bedad,' said Pat, with gleaming eyes, I'd just'
tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming.'

A Scottish farmer one day called the farm lad. 'Here, Tam, gang roon and gi'e the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gi'e the biggest to the coo that gie's the maist milk.' The boy departed to do his bidding, and on his return the farmer asked him if he had done as he was

'Aye, maister,' replied the lad, 'I gied 'em a' cab-bage each, and hung the biggest on the pump-handle.'

A Costermonger, while trundling his apple-laden cart down a London street, was run into by a coach-ing party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, los-ing a wheel, and its ruddy freight being scattered all over the street. The driver of the coach came back to settle for the damage, and expected to come in for a volley of choice cursing.

But the coster looked at his cart, looked at his apples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out:

"Guyner, dere eyen't no word for it!"

"I wish the French had a better grasp on mathematics," said Andrew Mack, the comedian, "When I was in Paris a while ago I told a guide I wanted to learn how to order a glass of beer. He led the way into a cafe; we took a table, and when the waiter came up Mister Guide simply said, 'Deux bocks.' Just like that, you notice—deux bocks, and you pronounce it duh bock! "Just to practice a little and make sure of my French, I called the waiter over and remarked, 'Deux bocks!' Fine work. The man brought our beer im-

bocks! Fine work. The man prought our peer immediately.

"But what do you suppose happened next day? I was alone when I strolled into a cafe, and when the waiter came up I said, 'One beer.' He assured me he didn't comprehend, so I politely requested deux bocks. And what do you think the foolish waiter did? He brought ma two glasses of hear."

Old Aunt Hepsy Garside never had seen a moving picture show before. She gazed in speechless wonder at the magic contrivance by which messenger boys were made to move with breakneck speed, barbers to shave their customers in less than a minute, and heavy policemen to dash along the street at a rate never attained by a living specimen, either on or off duty. It was all real to her. She could not doubt the evidence of her senses. All those things were taking place exactly as depicted. Presently an automobile came in sight in the far background, moving directly toward the audience at the rate of at least a mile a minute. Just as a catastrophe seemed inevitable it swerved aside, passed on and disappeared. Aunt Hepsy could stand it no longer. Hastily grasping the hand of her little niece, she rose and started swiftly for the door.

'Come along, Monervy,' she said. It ain't safe to stay here any longer! That thing didn't miss me more than two feet.'—Youth's Companion.

Probably the most wonderful and ingenious achievement of a Chinese kitemaker is designed to represent a gigantic centipede. From head to tail it measures nearly forty feet, and is made to fold up accordion-like. The large, fierce head of the creature, with long, protruding horns, huge eyes, and gaping mouth, forms the front of the kite.

Extending from head to tail, and constituting the body portion, are a series of bamboo sticks running crosswise to the centre, to which are fastened twenty-five or more pasteboard disks a foot or more in diameter. These are painted in circles of black, yellow, and white, representing the all-seeing eyes of this mythological creature. A tail portion of narrow strips is fastened to the last piece of bamboo. By a mechanical contrivance, the curved pieces of pasteboard forming the eyes are made to revolve by the wind, while the kite is being flown.

Seen in the air, with serpentine-like motion, its huge, glaring eyes swiftly twirling in their sockets, the effect is said to be asterishingly reclient.

huge, glaring eyes swiftly twirling in their sockets, the effect is said to be astonishingly realistic, producing quite an awe-inspiring scene, to the Chinese mind, at least. While being flown, a cord is attached to three or more points of its length, in order to keep it under control. In a strong wind, several men are required to held the reel.—The World To-Day.

A Bootblack's Kindness

A Bootblack's Kindness

Jim and Bill were two horses hitched to a yellow moving van. All the morning they had gone back and forth patiently, with only a rest now and then, but Jim was beginning to feel rebellious. He was tired, and it was getting hotter every square. Jim was not by nature such a meek horse as was Bill, but, then, too, he had not been a city horse as long as Bill had been. Bill knew the only way to do was to go on and on, whether you were tired or not. The driver had it all to say.

By the time Jim had made up his mind to be stubborn the driver stopped to take on an additional load. Right there, on the curbstone, sat a little bootblack. On the pavement lay his torn cap, and he let the people go by unnoticed as he rubbed an apple on his jacket to make it shiny. A sweet lady had given it to him, and he was just over his surprise and getting ready to eat it when he looked up and saw Jim standing near and looking at the apple longingly with his pitiful eyes.

standing near and looking at the apple longingly with his pitiful eyes.

The little bootblack understood. There was not much time to think—he wondered how he would feel if he were that horse, and quick as a flash he broke the apple in two and put one piece in Jim's mouth and the other in Bill's. It was delicious.

Jim forgot about being stubborn as they started on, and Bill forgot his aching bones, while the little ragged bootblack ran away, calling after a man with dusty shoes: 'Have a shine, mister?'—N. C. Guardian.

### WITH THE POETS

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained; knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

Improving the World Do you wish the world were better

Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of select matters. Rid your mind of selfish motives. Let your thoughts be clear and high; You can make a little Eden You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.
Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day.
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be offtimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn.
Shelters drains from the sun.

A poet woke from troubled dreams, and said To that great mother of all sleepers, Night, Whose dusky dress hung softly 'round his bed "Is it the world between us and the Light?"

Then he arose and at the window stood, Until the dim night faded fast away,
Till night deserted with her silent brood,
And left him gazing in the eyes of Day.

And all at once the birds began to sing,
And men stood up to buy and sell—to fight,
To kill—to love and hate—in short, to wring
From out the world their portion of delight.

While still the sun hung high aloft the skies, The poet, watching, listening, from his height, Repeated softly, half in sad surprise, "It is the world between us and the Light."

In God We Trust Thou Who for ages past, within Thy hand,
Mighty and great,
Hast held the life and welfare of our land
Thy great estate,
Upon Thy throne where Thou dost rule—our King,
Holy and just,
Hear Thou the pledge that we Thy people bring:
In God we trust.

From dawn of spring till end of winter night, Thy love we see;
Seed-time and harvest, fruit and blossom bright,
All sent by Thee.
For grain would wither, fields lie brown and bare, The sickle rust,
Without Thy sun, Thy rain, and all Thy care,
For which we trust.

Thy marvels and Thy mercies without end
Have worked a spell
Too great for human hearts to comprehend,
Or lips to tell;
So while we work for Thee with songs of peace Or just sword-thrust,
Still shall our courage and our faith increase,
And still we trust.

Thou Who by Thine immortal power and care,
All things can do—
Hear this our proclamation and our prayer.
And keep us true,
Beneath the rainbow, or the stormoloud gray,
Let come what must,
For life, for death, and for Eternal Day,
In God we trust.

-Edith Sanford Tilletson.

An Ode of Empire

Under a night of dim and alien stars,
With homeless hearts and angry tears I cried:
"Is this the land of immemorial pride?
Of sainted chivalry and heroic wars?
Of happy vales and glooms of witchery?
My farborn boyhoods land of dream and song?
Of manhood's faith and sternest loyalty,
Pritarple the first and strong? Britannia the just and strong?

O heart defrauded, what is here to cherish?

And what to hope amid this wide disgrace

Where hunger stalks and where the faithful perish,

While sullen sluggards crowd the market-place?

Britannia's sons across the seas are calling,
Joyous and strong from many a fruitful plain;
On heedless ears their love and cheer are falling,
Their birthright bartered for a cold disdain.
But they of British sires were born,
And they shall answer scorn for scorn;
Nor long shall fools their youth deride,
Sons of the proud are born to pride."

"O, for an hour of the ampler stainless spaces
That breathe the health of nations, where the sun
Spreads his wide tent upon the hallowed places
That toil's long battle from the waste has won,
Give me my birthland, still unknown to story,
Dearer than dream remembered from afar,
Where love and plenty yield a golden glory,
That shames the cruel barren pomp of war,
And O ye spirits of that world unsung,
That serve the god of solftude, once more
Send me the vision though with faltering tongue
I voice your music on a friendless shore.
Strike your wide harp and to Aeotian numbers
Marshal the legions of the patient dead
From noteless fields whereon their lives were sped,
Where harvest winds and birdsong bull their slumbers,
Call them again that men may see
Heroes of bloodless victory;
May see and learn to love and bless
The silent vanguard of the wilderness."

III.

A rousing wind among the wintry trees
Made ancient murmuring and the huddling night
Thrilled with the fear of whispered mysteries;
When lo, around me fell the olden light
And rank on rank I saw them marching by,
With cloudless brow and dreadless eye,
The heroes of my eager youth,
Druid and saint and kings of chivalry;
Fierce plunderers of the uncharted sea,
Uaknown alike to fear and ruth:
Warriors and minstrels and the lords of truth,
All memory's roster of idolatry,
And not from guarded graves they came,
But from the lands where honor leads,
Where still they serve and by their fame
Urge humble hearts to mighty deeds,
And through that vision at their side
My brothers marched with fearless stride
And voiced with that heroic throng
The choral music of prophetic song.

IV.

III.

Fool, to be wroth with but a noteless day,

To heed its spawn or have their scorn in mind,
The dead are all imperial and their sway

Not islanded and to no shore confined.
Once more my soul puts out to ports of daring

With all the lordly comrades of my choice,
The soaring wind is master of our faring,

The say's wide freedom bids our hearts rejoice.
Far as the day span our adventure urges The sea's wide freedom bids our hearts rejoice.
Far as the day span our adventure urges
A dateless voyage through the reach of time,
The past goes down behind oblivious surges,
The future rises with a dawn sublime.
Fronting the world with calm and level vision,
New sons of empire, heirs to all its pride,
Smile back their answer to a dull derision,
Serving and building where their fathers died.
Theirs is the strength and not the boastful seeming.
Theirs is the deed and not the foolish dreaming.
Theirs is the harvest of life's proudest pages,
And theirs the empire that shall awe the ages.

—From the Prodigal and Other Poems, by Peter Me-

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