

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The worlds and the ages,
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness
Here in all fullness
Be brave to reward you;
Work and despair not."

THE SKY PILOT ON THE PRAIRIE

*(Written by One of Our Boys Now in Another Institution, and
Published in an Old Country Newspaper.)*

Near at hand are the lonely shacks of the homesteaders with here and there the more pretentious buildings of the "old timers." In the distance, the River Bow, curving in its course across the plain, raises its banks forty feet above its bed; while away on the horizon prairie and sky blend into one with a clasp of perpetual blue.

Westward rise the Rockies, their summits tinted by the rays of the setting sun into fringes of crimson and gold. They rear their mighty columns, like gigantic walls of granite, against the background of the reddening sky, eternally pointing heavenwards the glittering peaks of snow. There they have stood those lone sentinels of the plains, throughout the ages, in their immemorial isolation, in all their rugged grandeur and in their solitude sublime. The Sabbath sun sinks like a ball of fire behind them, darkness blinds the fleeting twilight, and soon are hidden from the view those austere and mighty monarchs of the West.

Moon and stars shine forth, now clothing the scene with pallid brightness. They reveal the landscape lying in mystic silence; they