another line of play, what would you say? Or, suppose he objected to it, because there was a bad dual in one of the variations, what could you do? Nothing; if problems and end-games are one and the same thing, for the rules governing problems would declare your position to be faulty in the one case, and actually unsound in the other. Suppose you announced mate in three moves, and it proved to be impossible in less than four, would you forfeit your game? No; but as a problem it would be condemned. Again, can problems be called end-games when so many of them have such a number of pieces and pawns on the board that they bear a closer resemblance to the middle-game than to the end-game? Indeed, we have seen some problems which looked more like the beginning than any part of a game, so many pieces and pawns had they. Lastly, how can they be called end-games when they never had a beginning as a game? Mr. Allen seems to fear that if too much latitude be given to composers, there is danger that they will wander into the realms of puzzledom, and, perhaps, find an abiding place there. We have no fears of such a calamity. Chess strategy is so much more intricate, beauti-ful and varied than that of any other kind of game whatever that there is not the least danger of problems degenerating into mere puzzles. On the contrary, they are constantly rising to a higher grade of excellence. The problems of to-day are much superior to those of a century ago, and there are many excellences still undiscovered to reward the ingenuity of future composers. When we see cultured readers abandon the classics for the perusal of dime novels, then we shall tremble for the fate of problems.—[CHESS EDITOR *pro tent.*]

LOVELY SUNBEAMS A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

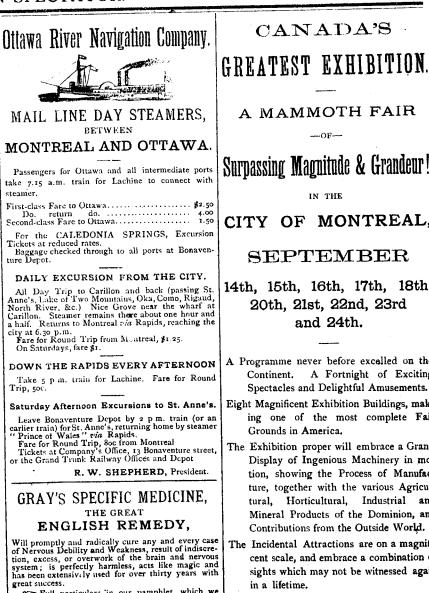
- O lovely sunbeams through the meadows dancing On golden pinions all the livelong day,
- Kissing your leaves, on crystal streamlets glancing, Changing to living gold their silver spray;
- Wee amorous elves, coquetting with the roses, Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed
- Till the shy flower unconsciously uncloses Her dew-gemmed leaves and blushes rosy red.
- O lovely sunbeams, like blest angels gliding
- Through courts of squalor, sickness, want, and gloom, Telling of clouds like golden chariots riding
- Proudly majestic o'er a world of bloom; Of winding lanes, and milk-white homesteads peeping
- Like modest wirgins from secluded bowers ; Of shallow pools, and baby streamlets leaping
- In giddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flowers.

On the poor children playing in the gutter, Nursed amid hardship, bitter tears, and sighs,

- Kissing their rags, like loving friends ye flutter, Warming their limbs and sparkling in their eyes,
- When from the dust they raise their beaming faces, Once pinched and wan, now radiant with delight; Ye love to show a thousand fairy graces
- That want and squalor have no power to blight.
- Dance, lovely sunbeams, through fair country meadows, Bathe hall and cottage in your holy light, From city slums go chase the mournful shadows That fill poor homesteads with eternal night;
- To those who pine in ignorance and sorrow
- May all your tenderest holy gifts be given, That sorrowing hearts one ray of hope may borrow In the sweet knowledge that ye come from Heaven.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

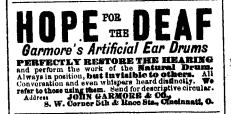
- I built me a vessel long years ago, And I fitted it out like the galleys of old; Its sails were as white as the fresh-fallen snow,
- And its bows were resplendent with crimson and gold. Its bulwarks were firm, and its masts strong and tall,
- And a gay-coloured pennon on high was spread ; The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all,
- And an image of Hope was its proud figure-head.
- I launched it one morn in the spring of the year, When the breezes were low, and the sunbeams were bright; And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear
- Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of the night. So I dreamed of the riches my galley would bring From the lands where no bark had been ever before;
- But the summer passed by, and spring wore round to spring, And my vessel returned not, alas, to the shore!
- At length one dark autumn it came back to me, But its masts were all broken, its bows were bare ; Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the sea,
- And the figure of Hope was no longer there. While it brought me for freight but the drift of the wave, The sea-foam and weeds that had laid in it long; And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the grave Of the dreams that were bright when Life's heart-beat was strong.
- Graphic.



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