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Nature's Way

How wise a mother Nature is I learn When from the first I see her children leave Behind what they outgrow. They do not grieve Each morn that yesterday will not return. The human march would end did Age but yearn For baggage left with Youth,—the little dolls That girlhood mothered, and boys' bats and balls; Play gracefully gives place to Duty's stern Yet wise behest. Each day we bid good-bye To something, so I oft have seen men die-Leave the familiar moorings, push their prow, With no misgivings, to the trackless deep, Life's last leave-taking! Nature taught them how, For each night-fall prepared for the long sleep.

-Alexander Louis Fraser.

Halifax, N S

JUDGES-By Emily Wright WOMEN AS