

when human reason becomes the complete expression of the Will of God, then will come the millenium. Then will begin in earnest that never-ending reign of peace and good will on earth which each yearly commemoration of Christmas Day should remind us of, should find us further on the way towards its realization, and more truly sincere and active in our endeavours for its promotion and advancement among the nations of the world.

THE CONCLUSION :

A conclusion should be practical. How can we take practical lessons from what has just been said? Might not they reasonably be deduced thus? Education and culture are to be diffused more and more among men and women alike, so that each may emulate and stimulate the other in the search after truth, that each may be helpful to the other, that one may be the equal and complement of the other. This mutual understanding, help, and equality among men and women must and will affect them for the better in the increased respect and reverence in which the one will hold the other. And this action and reaction in the search for truth, in the struggle for the realization of the Will of God in the Reason of man,—that striving after those things which are true and pure and holy—will surely result in the complete re-union of Reason and the Will of God, and the inauguration of the reign upon earth of Him who came eighteen hundred years ago to proclaim the gospel of Peace and Good Will among men.

THE PARSON.

THE SEA NYMPHS.

"Come unto these yellow sands."

Three moon-lit maidens
Upon the beach,
Treading a measure
Just out of reach
Of the waves that greet
With a kiss the strand
Where they fain would meet
On the golden sand
The silver feet
Of the maiden-band.

The moon-lit maidens
Whose silver feet
On the golden sand
So airily beat
Are clad alone
With the wealth of hair
Around them strown
By the love-sick air
Which laughs at the moan
Of the waves' despair.

The moon-lit maidens,
Whose wealth of hair
Is wet with the wave
That moaneth there,
A figure form
Of a triple mould
And dance to warm
Their white limbs cold,
Which the waves by storm
To their breast would fold.

SUN AND SHADE.

I.

There was no timid shrinking, but a while
Of thoughtful musing, then her hand she laid
Within my own. "Given with all my heart."
The touch, the voice, thrilled through me,—what an end
To the hard distance which my feet had trod
Through all the years till now. How sweet must be
A moment's happiness in heaven, when earth
Can sometimes give us such quick light of joy
As compensates for many darkened years.
Yet seemed it sober ending to the time,
Seven years ago, when first I saw her face,
Heard her clear voice, and felt that I had seen
And heard a soul responsive to my own.
But who can tell us whether is the best,
The spring's sweet freshness of unfolding bud
Or glorious summer's majesty serene.
We stood on other levels, but the fount
Of joy flowed none less full, all things seemed glad
In our rejoicing, quietness of bliss
Possessed our senses with a perfect peace.

I.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis well: the morning sun
Shines on that graveyard with as bright a glow
As day by day, gladdens the hearts of men.
Here come the evening sunsets, when the sweet
Cool summer breezes carry from her grave
The scent of roses and of mignonette.
And there is pleasure in the thought that earth
Is loving to the child who here becomes
Part of herself again. Yet now I think
But seldom of her death or of her grave:
No, when my soul would muse
Upon its fellow who is absent now,
I think of brightness and exceeding peace,
Where all the discords and harsh tunes of earth
Are modulated into chords of joy.
How did I feel at first? Dear friend,
The ending of the happiest dreams of life
Must come to all of us. When I awoke
I prayed in utter agony that I
Might fall asleep for ever. Now I wait.

H. A. DWYER.

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

I sat alone by my red hearth fire on the last night of the year. The lurid flames curled and coiled, creeping and leaping, now climbing in rage far up the wide chimney, now sinking with an audible muttering almost to the level of the logs, which cracked dully like the bones of a living prey in the jaws of a wild beast. In the room there was no other light. Long had I sat in my deep arm-chair, sunk in thought, and gazing steadily at the lambent tongues of the fire darting to and fro, up and down, in scarlet coruscations, until something of the restlessness of the element was imparted to my brain, and an eerie feeling of expectation stole over my senses, and in the glow before me began to pass a panorama of dream-fancies, draped in imagery of former bright scenes evoked from the depths of the past by