

the first place, and then through their more permanent productions. It may be objected that these works can also be read in translations like the ancient classics. Of current literature it goes without saying that this is not the case, while some valuable scientific works and the heavier literary productions often remain untranslated for years, and generally are not translated at all. Many works of world-wide reputation have certainly been translated, and often well translated; but how far they fall behind the vigor and beauty of the originals only those who have read both can know. As has been said, the literatures of modern Europe embody all that is best and wisest in ancient Greece and Rome, and this clothed in a form, the freshness and life of which appeal to us who live in the nineteenth century. In addition to this they contain the wealth of ideas accumulated during the centuries which have elapsed since the old Greek and Roman writers lived and thought, and they portray the origin and development of our own civilization. For this, if for no other reason, they form a subject well worthy of study for its own sake.

POETRY.

HOME.

WHAT makes a home? Four walls of polished stone?
Or brick and mortar laid with nicest care?
Nay, prison walls are made without as fair;
Within—look not within—corruption there,
With ignorance and sin defiles the air.

What makes a home? 'Twere better far to roam
Unhoused than have a part in dainty halls,
Where rarest gems of art adorn the walls
If there's no hearth-fire bright for poorest poor
Who linger in the night without the door.

What makes a home? 'Tis where the weary come
And lay their burdens down, assured of rest.
'Tis where we learn to know our dearest best,
Where little children play, blessed and blest,
Though walls of coarsest clay enwrap the nest.
—Fannie S. Reeder, in the Ram's Horn.

GUILIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw, or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-forgotten things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE CLOVER.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days.
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full with the honey and dew
Of the sweet-clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in a mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again:
And I wander away in a barefooted dream
Whar I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover; it seems like a part
Of the sacreddest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wherever it blossoms, oh, thar let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him now!
And I pray to Him still for the stren'th when I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ANOTHER MAN NEEDED IN ASIA MINOR.

JAMES P. MacNaughten (1884), Alexander Mac-
lachlan (1884), and Robert Chambers (1866),
are all engaged in different departments of missionary
work in historic centres in Asia Minor. The last
named was minister in Whitby before accepting a
call from the A.B.C.F.M. to labour in Turkey.
After spending some years in Erzroum he became
connected with the educational work, which has
been such a potent factor in awakening to new life
the Armenian, Bulgarian and other long oppressed
Christian nationalities in the Turkish empire. He
is now principal of an institution in Bardezag, on
the Gulf of Nicomedia, sixty miles south-east from
Constantinople, which prepares men for the work of
the ministry as well as for useful and honourable
callings in civil life, and, like other Principals, feels
himself overburdened with the multiplicity of his
duties. The following extracts from a letter to
Principal Grant show this, and they are published
to enlist interest in his work, and to catch the eye
of any one who may be disposed to volunteer to aid
him;—

BARDEZAG (Ismidt), Turkey, Nov. 14, 1893.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL GRANT,

I enclose a couple of circulars showing what I am en-
gaged in now. I have five assistant teachers—three of
them college graduates. We have ninety boarders this
year and twenty-five day pupils. I also superintend the
missionary work in the Province of Nicomedia. I greatly
need an assistant, but our Board has reached the limit of
its regular expenditures in this empire. I should like to
interest some strong university in this region and school
and have it send out a choice young man to take a post-
graduate course of three years in assisting me in school
and pursuing such studies and original investigations as
this historic region might prompt him to or afford him