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MAKERS
—OF—
FURNITURE
AND OFFICE
FITTINGS
That Are
Better

ANNO DOMINI

Probably not one person in a thousand who uses the words "Anno Domini" or their contraction "A. D." in connection with the year can tell you within a century or two when the Christian Era was established, and by the way, it is interesting to note that these times, when everything having a relation to Christianity is called sectarian by certain people, no one has yet objected to the use of the familiar initials indicative of a special religious belief and therefore something that ought not to be continued. There is a disposition some quarters to drop the use of the words "of our Lord" and simply say "in the year 1907," or as the case may be; but this is inaccurate, because no one knows what year this is. We call it 1907 only because it is assumed to be the 1907th year since the birth of Jesus of Nazareth. When it was decided to adopt that date as the beginning of a system of chronology is something about which most of us have never taken the trouble to inform ourselves. The exact date when the present era was established is not known with certainty. A Roman abbot, known as Dionysius the Little, introduced it into Italy during the sixth century. It was used in Gaul about a century later, but nearly two hundred years elapsed before it seems to have been adopted in England. It is generally conceded that Dionysius made an error in fixing the time of the Nativity by several years. Herod the Great, who was king at that time, died A. U. C. 751, but the Christian Era does not begin until A. U. C. 753. There seems to be indisputable evidence that Jesus was born at least four years before the beginning of the Era named after Him. The beginning of the year never had any relation to the supposed day of His birth. Dionysius began the Era on the 1st day of January A. U. C. 753; that is in the seven hundred and fifty-third year from the reputed founding of Rome, which coincided with the fourth year of the 194th Olympiad, of Greek chronology, and the 414th year of the Julian period. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say a few words here upon a point concerning which ill-informed persons are apt to avow doubts, that is as to the reality of such a person as Jesus of Nazareth. Putting aside the Gospels, although why they should not be accepted as any other ancient writings are accepted is by no means apparent, there is plenty of testimony that He lived and was a conspicuous figure, although not one at all esteemed by the rich, educated and powerful, in His day. Seventeen hundred years ago a book called "The Acts of Pilate" was used in the Roman schools to instruct boys in the alleged fallacies of the Christian faith. Tacitus, the historian, who was born about A. D. 55, relates the story of the execution of the founder of the Christian faith by Pontius Pilate, and declares that this "deadly superstition" was for a time checked, but that it sprang up again, not only in Judea, "but even in Rome, the common reservoir for all the streams of wickedness and infamy." The younger Pliny, who lived within a century from the birth of Jesus, in a letter to the Emperor Trajan spoke of the Christians and of their absolute faith in Jesus. This was less than a hundred years after the Crucifixion and is absolutely impartial testimony to the belief of the Christians of that time, some of whom must have talked with those who talked with Jesus, that the Founder of Christianity was not only an historical character, but proof of the substantial accuracy of the story as told in the Gospels. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, who was born about the time of the Crucifixion, has three references to Jesus, and although they seem to have been altered in the later editions of his works, there can be no reasonable doubt that in the original version he speaks of a man who is referred to as "Jesus" who is called by his followers "the Christ." There is considerable other evidence to the same effect, but what has been said is enough to show that when we say "Anno Domini" we are not stating an error, and would not have to believe from the mythical birth of a mythical person.

Space forbids more than a passing reference to some of the other chronological eras. The Olympiads, so called after the Olympic games, which were celebrated in Greece every fourth year, date back 776 years before the beginning of our era, when Corcebus, the victor in the games of that year, was honored by having his name inscribed on the walls of the gymnasium at Olympia. The Roman Era, distinguished by the letters U. C., is of uncertain origin. It refers to the founding of the city and the authorities among the ancient Romans themselves disagree as to the true date of this event, although they do not vary by more than one to six years. The Jewish Era, as at present in use, is of comparatively modern origin, having been adopted about the 15th century. It assumes to date from the creation of the world, which event it places at 5667 years ago. The Biblical chronology which was worked out by Archbishop Usher to show that creation occurred 4004 years before Christ, is of little value, as the Hebrew, the Samaritan and the Greek versions of the Old Testament are hopelessly divergent in respect to time. There are at least two hundred different calculations based on sacred chronology, which vary in assigning the date of creation from 2483 years before Christ to 6984 years. The Era of Constantinople, used by the Greek church and until the time of Peter the Great by all Russia, professes to date from the creation, it assigns to 7545 years ago. The Alexandrian Era, adopted by the Christians of Alexandria and still used in Abyssinia is similar to that mentioned except that it places creation nine years later. The Era of Antioch was also of the same kind, but it brought creation down to a still more recent date. There have been many other Eras, which have fallen into disuse, such as that of Nabonassar which originated in Babylon and was adopted in Egypt for astronomical calculations, and begun from an arbitrary date, about 747 B. C.; the Era of Alexander, which began with the death of that great monarch; the Era of Tyre, which began at an arbitrary date in 128 B. C.; the Julian Era (which must not be confounded with the Julian period—a purely arbitrary affair) dating from the reformation of the Roman Calendar by Julius Caesar. The Era of Spain, which dated from 39 B. C. when Augustus conquered Spain, and continued in use in Spain and Portugal until the Fifteenth Century of our Era. Others of less importance, and now disused, might be mentioned. We pass on to others in use. The Mohammedan Era begins in 622 A. D., as also does the Persian Era, although not at the same date. The Chinese Era begins about 2277 B. C., but is not very closely observed, the practice for more than eighteen hundred years having been to date the year from the accession of the reigning Emperor. In India there are several eras in use, some of them based on astronomical data and some on historical events.

From this brief review it will appear that if we would be accurate we ought always in expressing the date to use the name of the era, and to express the fact that we mean the year of the Christian Era.

WHAT TO READ

It is much easier to ask what to read than to answer the question. Specific advice can only be given in specific cases, and then it may not always be given. In these cases the reader must constitute for himself a popular reading matter, so much so that, when one says that he reads a good deal, it is usually safe to assume that he means that he reads many novels, magazines and newspapers. The reading of the latter is a matter of daily routine, so what is generally meant is that the person speaking keeps up with current literature in the shape of fiction. It is not

possible to lay down any general rules as to fiction. The old saying that "what is one man's meat may be another man's poison" applies to nothing so much as fiction. Most of the recent novels which are on sale in Canadian bookstores, are harmless enough in themselves, but they form an exceedingly poor intellectual food. We would be sorry to advise anyone to reject all fiction, because a bright, wholesome novel now and then is an excellent recreation, and we are none the worse for being taken out of ourselves for a little while to follow the fortunes of some character created by a clever writer, but much novel-reading is bad intellectually. The effect of it seems to be destructive to the memory. Very few people read a novel except to pass the time, and what is read is not half taken in; the subtle analysis of motives, the pretty bits of descriptive writing are slurred over with just sufficient attention to keep the thread of the story in mind. Thus a habit of careless reading is acquired, but what is much worse, the memory, not being called upon to keep a record of what is read, lets it slip, and grows weak for want of practice. We advise all young people to look upon fiction simply as a recreation.

There are many lists of books, which are recommended as a course of reading, but most of them require that the reader shall own or have access to a library such as is by no means common, and it is also exceedingly difficult to point out to any particular person what he or she can read with pleasure and profit. Speaking to beginners we advise that they read with some definite object. On a book shelf before us is a long series of volumes containing all of Darwin's works. On another are Herbert Spencer's. On another are Ruskin's. We would not advise any beginner in a course of reading to start at one end of either of these rows and go through with them. On another shelf is an encyclopedia, and in these days of cheap encyclopedias every household should have one. For convenience we do not know any better one than the Chambers or the New International. The Britannica is too expensive and too voluminous for most people. For a person who wishes to enter upon a course of intelligent reading, an encyclopedia is almost essential. No person can take any person what line of reading will be most instructive to him, but any one can find out for himself by the use of an encyclopedia. Suppose, for example, that a student is of the opinion that the biographical side of history would be interesting, and it is vastly so, let him take his encyclopedia and find out some character. Having read what is said about him, let him read the various references in the book to the same person and also the contemporary history of the country in which he lived. In this way it will be easy to ascertain the historical biography is a subject in which the student is likely to be interested. If it is, the way is open for a course of reading which cannot fail to be highly beneficial. There is possibly no more wholesome reading than such biography. It gives an insight into the springs of human action and it is full of inspiration and encouragement. Possibly the student may feel attracted to some branch of science, and in such a case the encyclopedia will be of the greatest use. It will assist him to the first steps in his researches and furnish him with a guide, and the student is likely to follow, and he can purchase books accordingly. So in all other lines. The great thing is to learn what is likely to interest you.

In view of the progress of events, the more we believe a great deal of good would be accomplished by the general reading of history. One of the results of the modern system of school teaching has been to confine the attention of pupils very largely to the records of their own country. This came as a revolt from the study of the history of other nations, which did not concern itself with much that happened after the Middle Ages. Under that system a boy began to study history by learning the story of Romulus and Remus and the founding of Rome, and by the time he was leaving school he had finished the history of the world. The student who had obtained a smattering of the history of Greece, and was able to rattle off a lot of dates in English history. During the last generation the idea has gained a foothold that children ought to be taught first the history of their own country, and then that of other nations. The history of other nations is the better plan, but one result of it is that most boys and girls leave school with only a very meagre idea of the progress of the world, and therefore, if we may be allowed to say so, the study of history, with the great problems presented by the rapidly moving modern events, we must devote some of our leisure to the reading of history. We look upon this as a special importance, because of the fact that there are many writers, whose works deal with great social problems, who are widely read and are having a profound effect upon public opinion. The judicious reading of history will enable us to see that we in this Twentieth Century are not the first people to grapple with many of these problems, and we might learn much from the successes and failures of those who have preceded us, and be better judges of the theories and social nostrums so much prescribed today. It is well to add that the consecutive reading of history as a task to be accomplished, so that one may be able to say he has gone through with it, is likely to prove exceedingly uninteresting and is undertaken according to some definite plan and with some definite object. For example, there is a history of Charles XII. of Sweden, by B. Nisner, which reads like a romance. It gives one an admirable idea of the condition of Europe two centuries ago, and after the reader has completed it, he may feel that he ought to get some good life of Peter the Great of Russia. Then he will undoubtedly wish to know something about France in the days of Grand Monarque, and his successor, Louis V. Here is a subject of surpassing interest. Wonderful figures stride across the stage, men of great talent and small consciences, men of rare beauty and even greater powers of intrigue. Nothing in fiction can compare with the story of France in those times, and when the reader has gone through with it, he will be eager to know the story of the French Revolution, that awful event which even today is exercising a profound influence over the minds and actions of men. Then he will want to know something of the men whose teachings made the revolution possible, and among them, perhaps, Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom it has been said that the thoughts, which he proclaimed from his attic, are still reverberating around the world. By this time he will have begun to understand more of the inner workings of human society than he had even imagined, and he will see that a Napoleon was necessary, and will be eager to know the real story of the marvellous career of this man. As he follows this along and sees how one nation after another succumbed to his genius, he will note that one power only seemed independent of him, and that at every point at which Napoleon came into contact with the British Empire, he was defeated until at last at Waterloo his eagles fell before the Union Jack. Then the student will be in a position to appreciate the prosaic details of British history, and to understand what is meant when we speak of the British Empire, and the British constitution. We have suggested that a beginning should be made with the life story of Charles XII. but there are others that would do as well. We have chosen this because, by starting a long way off from our own time, we get a better idea of how history is interwoven than we would if we began at home. To pursue such a course of read-

ing as has just been suggested, it would be necessary to read a good many books, but not always the whole of each book. It is better, indeed, to read only those parts which have a bearing upon the special line of study.

These suggestions may be of some service to those who are desirous of pursuing a course of profitable reading. If you have grown so used to fiction that you need some of the element of story-telling to make things interesting to you, it might be well to begin your historical course with one or more of Mulbach's historical novels. These are substantially accurate, and the talented author has reproduced many actual conversations from letters, diaries and so on. The same general plan that can be followed with advantage in historical reading may advantageously be adopted in regard to scientific subjects. Begin with a popular work on the subject which you intend to read up, and take up the elementary scientific side of the subject only as you feel the need of it. If you begin with the elementary book, your interest is very likely to flag before you have gone very far. To sum the matter up: Read systematically and for a specific object, using fiction as a recreation.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE

In her lifetime the name of Madame de Sevigne was not associated with literature. She probably never wrote anything for publication. She was the beautiful and accomplished wife of Henry, Marquis de Sevigne, and after his death in her twenty-fifth year she devoted her life to the care of her son and daughter, mingling in the highest society of France, and eminent among her contemporaries for her attractiveness, her devotion to her children and her unselfish virtue amid the temptations of that abandoned period. Her maiden name was Marie de la Motte-Chantal, and her father was the Baron de Chantal. She was born in Paris in 1626. She was left an orphan at the age of six, and the care of her education devolved upon her uncle, the Abbe Chantal, who had her instructed in Latin, Italian and Spanish. The best teachers of the time were secured for her by the Abbe, who entertained for her the tenderest affection. At the age of eighteen she was married, but the union was not a happy one, her husband being addicted to the vices of the time, and meeting his end in a duel because of them. Her widowhood also had many lovers, among them such distinguished men as the Prince de Conti, Turenne, Fouquet, the great finance minister of his day. Offers of marriage were many, but she declined them all, and lived a lovely, virtuous life, secure in the affection of her children, and it was indeed largely because of her letters to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, that her fame has been preserved. Madame de Grignan inherited her mother's beauty and intelligence in a very high degree. Madame de Sevigne died at the age of 70, from malignant smallpox.

Her fame rests upon her "letters," which were written during a period of twenty-five years, and abound in exceedingly interesting and valuable information concerning the history of her times. They have been described as the most beautiful literary monuments in the French language. Many of them were written to her daughter, as has been said above; others were to her cousin, Mons. de Coulanges, and yet others to others. They are characterized by a simplicity of language, a directness of expression, and a freedom of thought, which make them as literary models. Her conception of the humorous side of things was exquisite. When she sets out to relate some court incident, she catches the attention of the reader almost with the first word, and holds it with so light a touch, that one does not feel it. She has a delicious way of postponing the climax of her stories, keeping expectation on tip-toe with amusing details. Her best known letters are those in which she tells of the subject of Versailles, the famous day of the fireworks, which were a little spoiled by the lightning of our serene friend the moon; but the evening, the supper and the entertainment went off remarkably well. But what do you think I learned when I came here? I am not yet recovered and hardly know what I write. The great Valet, lais matre d'Hotel to M. Fouquet, and in that capacity with the prince, a man so eminently distinguished in taste and whose abilities were equal to the government of a state—this man, whom I knew so well, finding at eight o'clock this morning that the fish he sent for did not come at the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace which he thought would inevitably attach to him, ran himself through with his own sword." In her second letter she gave fuller details, and the interesting fact that the banquet hall, where the King was entertained, was thickly strewn with bouillottes. Her letter of December 15, 1670, to M. de Coulanges, in which she describes the betrothal of the Dauphiness to M. de Laufen, is one of the most charming things ever written. It is too long to be reproduced in full, but it is an attempt to condense it would be hopeless. Speaking of her work, Gaston Boissier says, "There is nothing remarkable about it except its simplicity and naturalness," and he goes on to say that we are hardly able to appreciate the qualities until we read some of which they are lacking. Her wit was remarkable, and it must be confessed that she herself fully appreciated it. She evidently tried to make her letters direct, elegant and witty, and when she had accomplished something to her satisfaction was immensely pleased with it herself. The latest editions of her writings contain over sixteen hundred letters, but a considerable number of them were written by others to her, which renders the series of greater value in the light it casts upon contemporary history than it could otherwise have been.

These letters are almost invaluable from a historical point of view, because they give an insight into the real life of the court of Louis XIV. The habit of historians has been to represent the reign of that monarch as one far removed from any that preceded or succeeded it, but as Boissier says: "The seventeenth century in the histories is one thing, and seeking to become acquainted with it by reading contemporary letters is another and a far different thing. The latter is what Madame de Sevigne enables us to do, and it is well that she did, or we might not have been able to understand France of the Eighteenth century, and without the latter knowledge, we would be unable to understand a great part of the history of the world." Therefore Madame de Sevigne not only furnished posterity with charming letters, which in their way are models of prose writing, but she held the mirror up to a court concerning whose real character we might have remained largely in ignorance but for her. This imperfect sketch may be concluded by an observation made by Saint Simon in his Memoirs. This not very charitable observer of men, women and events said: "Madame de Sevigne, so amiable and of such excellent company, died some time after Grignan, at the house of her daughter, her joy, who merited so little to be so. This woman, by her natural graces, the sweetness of her wit, communicated those qualities to those who had them not. She was, besides, extremely good, and knew thoroughly many things without ever wishing to appear as if she knew anything."

THE STORY TELLER

Six-year-old Harry wanted to buy his sister a little Christmas present. His heart throbbed with joy at the thought, though he had in his pocket only ten cents. Nevertheless, he went around the shops and came back with a very satisfied look. His mother asked him what he had bought.

"I got her a cream puff," he said.

"Well, you know, Harry," said his mother, "that won't last until Christmas."

"That's what I thought after I bought it, mother," replied Harry calmly, "and so I ate it."—Ladies Home Journal.

After being conducted through an old church by the verger, a visitor was so pleased with the officer's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown. The man shook his head sadly.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I am sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half crown to his pocket.

"But," added the verger, "if I were able to find a coin on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up."—Tit Bits.

"Why is it," asked a young mother "that personal cleanliness is a taste only acquired with years? My babies have been scrubbed from infancy upward, till you wouldn't think they could endure a speck of dirt. And all I seem to have accomplished is a regard for outside appearances."

"The other day my husband phoned me from the office that he wanted to take Jack to a ball game and asked me to have him ready and at the subway station in half an hour. Jack was wild with joy, and I sent him upstairs to dress. After fifteen minutes he appeared, his face wearing an expression of keenest anxiety as he asked:

"Oh, mother, may I wear my gloves or must I wash my hands?"

"Bill—Is it true that head ascends?"

"The other day," said a young man, "I was hot-headed men got cold feet."—Yonkers Statesman.

"For two cents I'd knock your block off," said the angry man.

"Well, you don't expect me to furnish your working capital, do you?" responded the other and calmer one.—Philadelphia Ledger.

On the mighty deep,
The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.
"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—Chicago Tribune.

Jennie—So the conductor put you off and made you walk?

James—No; he only put me off.—Pittsburg Leader

"Bessie, what are you handling all that candy for?"

"Because, mamma, you told me I must eat only the pieces I had touched with my fingers."—Life.

"Dentist—My charge for extraction is half a crown. Five shillings extra if you don't desist."

Farmer (who knows all about the price of gas)—Good Lor', sir, shall I want two thousand feet?

The negro barber on a limited train running from an eastern city to Chicago was asked by a man whom he recognized as a well known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"My wife's a mighty fine gentleman, dat Mr. Smith: 'Jes as nice a man as you'd wanta meet. 'Is often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de fust time 'is ever met him hickely."—Lippincott's.

An Irishman named Hickely, who was killed by a blow on the head recently, was found, on surgical examination, to have had a skull no thicker in some places than blotting-paper.

This recalls a story of an altercation between two natives of Dublin at Donnybrook Fair. There was the usual exchange of shillelagh compliments, and the skull of one was smashed. No the trial of the victorious youth, a surgeon testified that the victim's temporal bone was as thin almost as an egg-shell. Nevertheless, O'Sullivan was convicted of homicide. When asked if he had anything to say before sentence, he simply remarked to the judge:

"Yet honor, I'm sorry about this thing, but you heard what the doctor said about the unfortunate young man, an' I leave it to yer honor, now, if that was any kind of a head to go to a fair with in Ireland."—London Express.

A New Death Tax

A story which comes from Australia tells about a lanky countryman from the mines who went into the office of the Melbourne Argus.

"My old guv'nor's dead, and I should like a bit of poetry or something put in the paper about him."

"All right," said the clerk; "hand it over."

"Can't you fix something up for me?" asked the miner.

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, "we'll manage that for you. Our charge for In Memoriam notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder," exclaimed the mourner, "I can't stand that. My guv'nor was over six feet,"—Canadian Courier.

Complete Assistance

A teacher in the tenement district hurried from the school to find the mother of a pupil who had been taken quite ill.

"Can you show me where Mrs. Angelo Scandale lives?" she enquired of a cherub transplanted from the sunny South to a dark, sunless alley.

"Yes, teach, I show you," and a willing, sticky hand dragged her on with such speed as to make her stumble over an Italian dame seated on the threshold. Four flights of stairs up they went.

After the teacher's breathless flight toward the clouds, the little hand stopped tugging.

"There where Mees Scandale live," indicated the horizontal arm and finger, "but she downstairs sitting on the front step," finished the smiling lips.—New York Times.

Real Names of Furs

(From the Boston Transcript)

"The present notion emanating from London we are told of calling furs by their real name may be a pleasant sign of the times. No longer is it considered good taste for the skin of an ordinary little roadside beast to masquerade at a furrier's as sable. In so many words the skin of any animal offered for sale is introduced under the name of the animal that bore it. Even if it belonged to a farmyard dweller or to a pet of the fire-side, its source is frankly described. A reason given for an adoption of this policy is that the great demand for fur coats has disclosed countless purchasers who care little for a name in a fur provided it is warm. Another explanation runs that the commonsense of the people would forbid their believing all the time that all the furs now seen everywhere upon everybody could come from the aristocratic fur-bearing animals, and that it was better to tell the whole truth about them. Still another view is that it is one more phase of the awakening public conscience.

WITH THE POETS

When I am old, and o'er life's meadows stealing
The frosts of autumn touch the flowers I love,
I would the sunlight, to my soul appealing,
Might bring me warmth and beauty from above.
The goldenrod may droop its head, the thistle
May send its downy children to the sky,
And on each hillside chilling winds may whistle,
The gentian hide itself, the primrose die;
Good Lord, when that time comes, and all around me
Sweet faces change, and voices bleat and dear
Sound strains to my dull hearing and beyond me,
Bid doubt to cease, and cast out every fear—
When I am old.

The streams are clear that cleave the tranquil meadows,
The reeds just touch their lips within the pool;
And circles, half of substance, half of shadow,
Are made within the silent waters cool;
And when I stand by streams that have no motion,
And all my days seem only half divine;
When all I know of God seems but reflection,
And all I know of man is but a sign—
Then fall me full of that sweet peace,
That, falling,
Down on the pensive world like autumn light,
Bears holy songs from heaven, where dear ones, call-
ing out,
Proclaim the radiant day that has no night—
When I am old.

When I am old, good Lord, and all around me
The leaves fall, and the husks of things decay,
I would not that the forms I see confound me,
Nor take my perfect faith in these away;
I would that the Unseen and Eternal—
The life abiding where the hoar frosts stoie—
May make my outward nature soft and vernal
With inward breathings from the oversoul.
Then would I stand on grasses crisp and drooping,
And under rattling boughs the trees around me,
And know that to all things thy love is stooping
In tender care. And so would I be young—
When I am old.

Boston Transcript—

The Maple

O Maple, tall and slender,
Filled with the sun's rich wine;
Whether on open hillside,
Or on the forest lea,
You brim with your glad splendor
The June world's cup divine.

With warm light overflowing,
O strong and stately tree,
You spread your bounteous branches
To all glad airs that be:
O, tree of all trees growing,
The dearest one to me.

All through the golden summer
Your leafy tents you spread,
When out by field and highway
The moon lies parched and red;
And out in the fields the cattle
Doze by the brook's dried bed.

When late in ripe September
Earth's fruits are gathered in,
And wealth of glowing plenty
O'erflows each brimming bin:
You, with your flaming splendors,
The Autumn's triumph win.

And when in late October
The frosty rite do rains descend,
And earth, more grave and sober,
Hath wrapt her pall again,
Through your great boughs the storm-wind
Goes roaring like the main.

O, tree of mine own country,
I love your stately green;
Old memories of my childhood
Blow your warm leaves between
And past your leafy radiance,
Haunts each familiar scene.

Like you upon your hillside,
Filled with earth's golden glow;
Strong, towering, proud to heaven
When happy June winds blow,
O tree, may my young country
In days to come outgrow.

Like you, amid the forest,
Mar shall mine own nation tower,
A titan proud and mighty,
Filled with earth's gladdening dower;
While "neath her widening branches
A people's hope abideth."
—Wilfred Campbell, in the Canadian Magazine.

The Prospector

I played the game with a steadfast hand,
With the rocks and the hills for dice;
While the flame of the sun in a northern land
Burned and gathered morn on the ice.

I played the Game with a clean, strong mind,
With the law of man for guide;
When the knaves of the world were smitten blind
By the glare of the gain, and died.

I played the game with a sturdy heart,
With the beasts of the bush for mates,
Till the flesh bled raw, and the lights went low,
And my hopes met the chill, hard fates.

I played the Game with a losing hand,
By the stakes I sought to claim;
And the darkness has dropped from my square of land,
But I knowed that I played the Game.

—Walter Cornish, in the Canadian Magazine

In Praise of Youth

O delicate Youth, thy praises shall be sung
While yet my heart is young;
While Life and I, in search of lovely things,
Go out with dancing feet and dreaming eyes,
And find wild Folly with her rainbow wings,
Sweeter than all the wisdom of the wise.

O delicate Youth, thy praises shall be sung
While yet the heart is young;
Thy whiteness, and thy brightness, and the sweet
Flushed softness of thy little restless feet,
The tossed and sunny tangle of thy hair,
Thy swiftness, slowness, shyness, simpleness,
That set the old folk sighing for that rare
Red rose of joy thy careless days possess.

And when at last, with sad, indifferent face,
I walk in narrow pathways, patiently,
Forgetful of thy beauty, and thy truth,
Thy ringing laughter, thy rebellious grace;
When fair Love turns his face away from me,
Thun, let me die, O delicate sweet Youth!

—Olive Douglas,

To a Greek Statue

(Found in Herculaneum)

What eyes have worshipped thee, O passionless
Gold stone, thou darling beauty of dead men
And buried worlds! What hearts in those days
While thou wert young, have longed for thy caress,
As 'mid voluptuous feast and wild excess,
They saw the dawn-light of the Eastern skies
Crimson at brow and kindle in those eyes,
And felt their glutton passions' emptiness,
And still thou mockest us, O cruel stone,
And still thine eyes are gazing far away,
Yea, to all time, thy beautiful white lips say,
"Love's deepest yearnings lead man and most alone,
And in man's deepest pleasure there is pain."

—Frederick George Scott.