

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face:
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

Tennyson (I. M. Stanza LXXXII).

ARTICLES REPRODUCED

Owing to the conditions in printing service which we had no alternative but to tolerate at the time of the Printers' Strike, anything but justice in printing was done to a number of issues of this magazine and to the articles of several contributors. For a number of issues the B.C.M. Office had to accept news-print, or next to news-print paper, with scarcely readable type.

On a previous occasion we began the reproduction of certain articles. Another review of the printing work given us in these issues, which we had most reluctantly to pass into the mail at the time, has suggested that, in fairness to writers and readers alike, we should reproduce, in really readable form, a further selection of the articles in question.

This note is inserted that readers may understand we would not follow such a course except with what seemed good reason.

—Editor B. C. M.



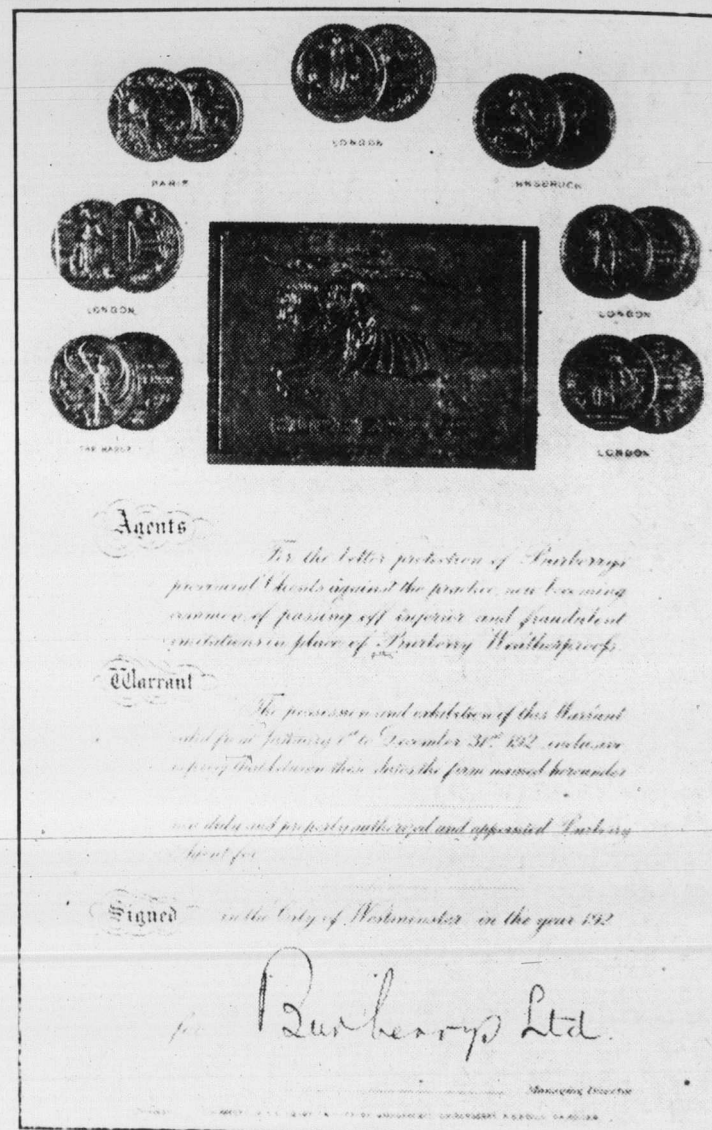
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