

Harmony Society would have been, nearly 1,000, to less than two dozen, not only the wealthiest commune in the world, but it in all probability would have been the largest. As it is the membership has dwindled from

nearly 1,000, to less than two dozen, in ages ranging, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Duss, from 75 to 90 years. And each is worth over a million dollars!

KINGSHIP.

YOU are my king !
 And therefore must I do, unquestioning,
 The tasks you bid me do,
 And of my best make my poor offering.
 Why should I not, who have lived for love of you
 These long years through ?

You are my king !
 And, therefore, if you ever choose to wring
 My heart with your mistrust,
 I doubt not I have been an evil thing ;
 For I know well that you are right and just,—
 I, less than dust.

You are my king !
 And so, each cherished dream you bade me fling
 To the winds, I must forget ;—
 Yea, utterly ! although (God knows) the sting
 Of all the old imperious regret
 Abides even yet.

You are my king !
 And so, whatever change the seasons bring,
 I must be glad to praise,—
 Summer and autumn, winter-time and spring,
 I must believe I travel still the ways
 Of the ancient days.

You are my king !
 And so I must not weary of worshipping,
 Nor must I wait for death ;
 But the old songs must still seem good to sing,
 And still must your words seem (in my great faith)
 The words God saith.

Fredericton, N.B.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.