

THE SURGEON.

BY ANNE M'QUEEN.

As high priest, teaching an acolyte,
He watches over each holy rite,
The flame and water to make them clean—
Body, and garment, and weapons keen—
With sacred care for a sacred strife:
To rout a foe in the House of Life!
For blade and body must both be pure,
And hand be steady and eye be sure,
And weapons purged in the fiery glow,
Whenever he wars against a foe.
With joy of battle his soul is rife.
Behold! he enters the House of Life!
His flashing blade, it is dripping red—
He follows fast where the trail has led
To the sacred shrine with ruby throne,
Where Life has fought with the foe alone.
As the high priest's hand may lift the Veil,
He boldly enters the holy pale;
His hand is steady, his weapon bright—
The foe is vanquished and put to flight!
And Life awakens, with anguished breath;
For Man has grappled and beaten—Death!

THE DANGEROUS WORLD.

BY ESTELLE M. KEER.

The world's a very dangerous place for such a little boy;
The flowers all carry pistils, on purpose to annoy;
Sometimes the great bull-rush is out, and then I hide my head,
And when thee trees shoot every spring, I cough, and stay in bed.

It's simply terrible to think how many flowers are wild!
I do not think the woods are safe for one who's just a child.
And even in the garden is a tiger-lily's lair
While dande-lions on the green, spring up most everywhere!

You can't tell when you'll see a snake or step upon a toad,
And unexpectedly you'll find snap-dragons by the road,
And so you may as well be brave, or else pretend to be,
For dangers lurk in every flower and hide in every tree.