

on to the Pacific. There it stands face to face with an outflow from Asia in an opposite direction. So far they are like oil and water, they meet, but never mingle. Can it be that, springing from a common ancestry in a dim Eden far back in the vista of centuries, these two great families have been led on by the

same Providence to work out their separate civilizations, to come into collision in these later days, and to fight to the death for supremacy in this new world of ours? If the struggle is to come, with whom will the African side—with the heathen Asiatic or the Christian European?

LOW-FLYING.

I.

LOW flies the summer swallow, scenting rain,
And low my heart from prescience of pain;
When the clouds scatter both shall mount again.

II.

The summer swallow skims so low for flies,
And finds in cloudy, not in sunny skies;
So I, by being sad, may grow more wise.

III.

Nor men nor swallows can soar every day,
And men and swallows should not, if they may
And well for both that skies are sometimes grey.

IV.

For though the world is dull without the sun,
More sweetly shines he after showers are done,
And eyes are gladder when the tears have run.

V.

Therefore to-day I would not, if I could,
Forego my grief and be of merry mood:
As well might swallows rise, and miss their food.

ALICE HORTON.