

ernment in endless contradiction. For admiration, but, neither as a student of Professor Drummond's Christian character and for much that he has written anthropology nor as a believer in the Sacred Scriptures, will I follow him in I have the highest respect and warmest his "Ascent of Man."



LOVE SONG.

Do you remember, do you remember
 What the Maybirds sang last year?
 Do you remember, do you remember
 The word I breathed upon your ear?

I remember, I remember
 That you pointed to the throngs,
 Said, the Maybirds dream of nesting,
 Said, they sing their mating songs.

I remember, I remember
 When the Maybirds sang above,
 That we stood beneath the branches,
 And the word you breathed was Love!

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