

our own successes and belittle the enemy and all his works. This flaccid optimism is a fruitful source of war weariness.

Certain features are lightly touched upon in these volumes which will not be cleared up until the end of the war, as in the case of the brigades who went astray at the Battle of Loos. This story is in strange contrast to the recent claim of Lord French that with more divisions he might have won through to Lille.

The books are well supplied with maps. The opening chapter of the first volume deals with the origin of the war and the case for the British nation is stated with eloquent simplicity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Beyond. —John Galsworthy.
 Long Live the King.—Mary Roberts Rhineheart.
 The North American Idea—By James A. MacDonald, LL.D.,
 Editor of the Toronto "Globe."
 The Whistling Mother—By Grace S. Richmond
 The Long Lane's Turning—By Hallie Erminie Rives

THE EGLANTINE

Have you heard of that wonderful story,
 Of the beautiful Eglantine;
 How it grew by the wall in the valley,
 How it clung to the rocky chine?
 It was weak when it tried to grow upward,
 Just beginning to break the sod;
 And it needed the help of the sunlight,
 And a lift from the hand of God.

It was needful that some one would help it,
 It was trying so hard to rise;
 And to spread out its myriad branches,
 Far away toward the sunny skies.
 On a trellis it might have been steady,
 On a lattice or tree or tower;
 But it could not arise in its own might
 Or produce such a fragrant flower.

But it clung to a crack in a boulder,
 And kept pleading for life and light;
 Unto God it was always appealing
 For assistance to gain the height.
 But at length when the season was ended
 It had reached to the upper zone,
 And the bright little tireless creeper
 Had arrived at its long sought home.

* * * * *

Shall the spirit of any poor creature
 Be discouraged in efforts to rise,
 When the strength of a measureless power
 Draws it constantly toward the skies?
 Far beyond the dark valley of shadows
 High above the blue crested dome;
 Are the victors who triumphed in struggles;
 Who arrived in their long sought home.

—John O. Foster, D.D., Seattle