

For all the favors of the dying year.  
 And prayers ascend to Him who seasons rules,  
 To whom is Time but as a passing sigh—  
 For grace to greet at burning of the Yules  
 The infant Lord of man and earth and sky,  
 Whose sacred lips rich blessings shall increase  
 In the new age at hand of never-ending PEACE.

A. E. B.

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### Charm.

As in pure crystal radiant colors be,  
 So through that prism, thy personality,  
 Thy soul's white light shines humanly and warm,  
 A wondrous mystery that men can call a charm!  
 —Edna Kinsley Wallace in *The Criterion*.

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### The Victors.

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 What were His justice otherwise?  
 The valiant heart, the equal brain,  
 The fortitude that mocks at pain,  
 On these the light victorious lies.  
*May I not speak these things—nay I not know  
 Who hid my face and cowered from the foe?*

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 His heroes armoured with their might:  
 To those undaunted souls who fling  
 Light laughter to sore suffering  
 And dare to stand, resist and smite.  
*Do I not know, who shrank and fell dismayed,  
 Anxious, and feeble-hearted, and afraid?*

God gives the battle to the strong—  
 Amen! Amen! And ever thus  
 They jubilant sweep on to be  
 Crowned and enrobed with victory—  
 Strong hearts with courage glorious.  
*May not a coward know, who groveling hears  
 Their distant song of triumph in his ears?*  
 —Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in *The Criterion*.