AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR SECTIONS

SOME SISTER PLANETS

The most beautiful object in the night sky, as seen by the unassisted eye, and, of course, exclusive of the moon, is the planet Yenus. This planet is somewhat smaller than the earth, but is larger than either Mercury or Mars, its diameter being 7,700 miles. Its volume is 92 per cent that of the earth. the distance of Venus from the Sun varies, but the verage is 67,200,000 miles. When we see this planet its brightest, it is about 26,000,000 miles away, his is worth thinking about a little. This world your appears to be a body of very considerable magnitude. It is, let us say, in round numbers 6,000 miles from Victoria to London. When a person has made the journey and returned home, he has traveled about 13,000 miles. Venus is 2,000 times as far away. If one should journey from Lonto Auckland and back again by way of Victoria, the distance traversed would be the one-thousandth part of the distance from the earth to Venus when that planet is nearest us. Thus we get some sort of a measure of celestial distances. Now note that at one thousand times the distance from London to Auckland and back again, a sphere nearly as large as the carth looks to the unaided eye at night only like gleaming point of light. When Venus is seen in day time, which sometimes happens, the glare of Sun so offsets the brilliancy of the planet that latter no longer gleams with rays, but presents a distinctly visible surface. It is to be added that when Venus is nearest us we do not see its full disc, but only a section of it. If the whole illuminated part of the planet could be seen at that time, it ould be a spectacle of astonishing splendor. Ven requires 225 of our days to make the journey around he Sun, but astronomers are not certain about the time required by the planet for a revolution around its axis. Some of them think that it always turns the same face to the Sun; others think it revolves as the earth does, once in 24 hours. Venus appears have an atmosphere of some kind. Its surface is apparently very mountainous, and estimates have been made placing the height of some of the peaks at 50 miles. So far as is known, there is no reason why Venus may not be inhabited. Venus has no

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Mercury is a small planet, being smaller than Mars, and its orbit is relatively so near the Sun that it is seldom seen, the reflected light from its surface being lost in the glare of the sunlight. It is 3,060 miles in diameter and its path is 35,000,000 miles from the Sun, 88 of our days being required for its revolution around the central orb. Doubt exists as to the revolution of this planet around its axis, the same suggestions being made on that point

as in regard to Venus. The gap between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter long ago attracted the attention of astronomers. There is a more or less regular gradation in the distances of the other planets from the Sun, and to account for the fact that the space between the two planets named was greater than it ought to be in onformity with the rule, the suggestion was advanced that an invisible planet had its orbit there.
An association of twenty-four astronomers was formed to search for the supposed planet; but they found nothing: Other astronomers were more for-tunate, and on January 1, 1801, Piaggi, an Italian, ound a little planetary body, to which the name of Ceres was given. Since then many more such bodies have been found, and the list now includes more than five hundred. The largest of these planetoids is estimated to have a diameter of less than 500 miles. Most of them are very much smaller than this. Doubtless there are many thousand as than this. Doubtless there are many thousands of them that are invisible even to the most powerful telescopes. These planetoids move in orbits which cross and recross another in such a manner that when laid down on paper they look like network. If the Solar system could be viewed from a great distance this belt of planetoids would look not unlike the rings of Saturn. When one looks out over the Strait at a ship rounding Race Rock at night, only solid glare of light is seen, but as the ship comes nearer the several lights are readily made out. So these planetoids, viewed from a great distance, would present the appearance of a band of light encircling the Sun. One of these planets, known as Eros, and numbered 433 on the list, has a peculiar orbit. At one part of its course around the Sun it comes within the orbit of Mars, and, in point of fact, approaches nearer the earth than any known celestial body, except the Moon. One theory as to the origin of these planetoids is that they are fragments of a large planet, which, through some unknown agency, was broken to pieces. Another theory is that in the formation of the Solar system from nebulous matter, a continuous ring was developed, which revolved around the Sun as the tire of a wheel revolves round the axle. This ring, it is suggested, consisted of wasie matter not taken up by the formation of the planets, and as it cooled it broke into fragments, which have continued to move in a path similar to that occupied by the ring. All this, however, is little more than scientific guesswork. The existence of this host of small bodies, many of them with surfaces smaller than Vancouver Island, pursuing their way around the Sun, in paths that cross-each other, and yet moving in such strict obedience to law that, so far as is known, they never come into collision, is one of the most wonderful things told us by astronomy. And it may be added that great comets come from regions far beyond this ring of planetoids and dash across their paths on their journey to the Sun, and yet there is no record that any one of these celestial atoms, for so they are in

MAKERS OF HISTORY

comparison with other bodies, has even been dis-

turbed in its appointed journey. Truly the heavens

XXI. In order to preserve the continuity of the story of human progress as outlined in these papers in connection with the careers of the various individuwhose names are inseparably connected with certain epochs, it is necessary to retrace our steps a little in point of time, and treat briefly of the posiwhich Christianity occupied in the affairs of mankind during the years in which the Teutonic races were increasing in political power. At the time of the Crucifixion, it may be said, the civilized world had no recognized religion. The wealthy affected to shape their lives according to philosophy; the masses were given over to superstition. It is true that among the Jews the old monotheistic faith survived in form, at least, and that among certain of the Romans the ancient Babylonian cult of Mithras had been revived; but, speaking generally, the civillzed world may be said to have been irreligious, by which it is not meant that it was given over to wickedness, but only that it recognized no obliga-tion to divine law. Juhan, who became Emperor of Rome in A.D. 361, in his satire known as "Caesares," calls the greatest offence of his predecessors "sin against philosophy," of which, by the way, he re-garded Marcus Aurelius as the best exponent. The barbarous tribes surrounding the Roman Empire had a weird mythology, in which it is not at present casy to distinguish between gods and men. The world, or at least that part of it included in Southern and Central Burope, Western Asia and Northern Africa, was ripe for a religious movement. This

was inaugurated by the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and the complete tolerance in religious matters,
which was the recognized policy of Rome, made the
way easy. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do,
that the Roman authorities were hostile to the
Christians, at least at first. Later they became so,
not so much because of opposition to Christianity itself, as because they looked upon it as an offshoot
of Judaism, which was the one religion of which
they were inclined to be intolerant. Had it been a
national religion, it would never have been interfered with, but being a faith which aimed at universal dominion, the emperors came in time to regard it as threatening their power. Its insistence
that Christ was to come and set up a kingdom upon
earth did not contribute to the security of its adwas inaugurated by the followers of Jesus of Nazarearth did not contribute to the security of its adherents. Notwithstanding these things, Christianity prospered exceedingly, and towards the close of the third century the new religion was the dominant factor in the lives of the great majority of the people. The rapidity of the progress which the new faith had made to bring it to this eminence must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary things in the history of mankind. Meanwhile the teachers of Caristianity, fired with seal, had disregarded the confines of the Empire in preaching the Gospel, and to such an extent that Tertullian, writing about the year 200 was able to say that the religion of the Nazarene had penetrated to regions which the arms of Rome had never reached. How far it had made its way cannot now be learned with any accuracy, for these heroic missionaries of the early Church were more anxious to convert the world than to tell the story of their achievements. But the greatest single act by which Europe be

came Christianized was the adoption of the new faith as the official religion of Rome. This was brought about by an edict of Constantine, promulgated about the year 320. Five years later he summoned the great Council of Nice, at which he himself presided, although he had not at that time openly professed Christianity. At this Council, 818 out of the 1,800 bishops in the Empire attended, and at its conclusion the Nicene Creed, as it was called, was adopted, a creed which is today accepted substantially by all the churches of Christendom. The adoption of this creed and the impetus given to Christianity by the protection accorded by the Roman power in the course of the next few generations made it supreme over Western and Southern Europe. Just to what extent Constantine himself was to be regarded a Christian is open to doubt. His nephew and successor, Julian, describes him as a man capable of great things, yet abandoned to pleasure. We know by the monuments erected by him that he feigned at least to acknowledge the ancient gods of Rome, and it is certain that he was baptized only a short time before his death; yet in considering his place in the making of history, these things need not be taken into account, for he gave Christianity a standing that it never lost. Even Julian, who was given the name Apostate, because he refused to follow his predecessor's example and accept this religion, and who wrote cleverly in contravention of its teachings, treated it with the utmost toleration, which seems to have been inspired by indifference, and all his successors were, nominally at least, Christians.

Flavius Valerius Aurelius Constantinus was born in Moesia, a Roman province which bordered on the Black Sea south of the mouth of the Danube. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it was about A.D. 270. His father was Constanting Chlorus, who was joint emperor with Galerius. Constantius ruled the western part of the Empire, and died in York in A.D. 306. He appointed as his successor Constantine, who was with him at the time. Galerius declined to recognize him as Augustus. In the patitional dies recognize him as Augustus. In the political dis-turbances which ensued no less than six emperors were exercising authority in different parts of the Empire at the same time. Constantine led an army into Italy, and in A.D. 312 made himself emperor of West. Later Licinius became emperor of the East in A.D. 313. Ten years later, by the defeat and death of Licinius, Constantine became sole ruler of the Roman dominions. He died in A.D. 337. of the notable acts of his career was the removal of the Imperial capital from Rome to Byzantium, where he erected magnificent structures, proclaiming it as capital under the name of Constantinopolis, which name, anglicized to Constantinople, the city bears to this day.

Personally, Constantine was a man of liberal views, and of a disposition not greatly sullied by the vices of the day. His reforms were many and, on the whole, although his reign was marked by a few conspicuous acts of cruelty, he was a just ruler. During the reign of Constantine the bishops of Rome were Marcellus, Eusebius, Miltiades, Sylvester I. and Marcus. Very naturally the papal organization was at this period not very well stablished. It had not begun to exercise any political power, and did not do so for more than a century after Christi-anity had been proclaimed the majoral religion of

GENESIS OF A RELIGION

Assuming that mankind existed before the Ice Age, also assuming that the traditions of the Norse-men as to the struggles for existence in the period, when the Frost Giants strove with each other, are recollections of that terrible era in the history of the world, what would naturally be tooked upon then as the greatest of all things, that which was most to be desired, that which was capable of doing the most for men? We think the answer is: Fire. Suppose that we today were overwhelmed by a disaster, the chief factor in which was excessive cold, would we not place fire above even food as a necessity of life? od we might hope to find, if we could keep alive, but without fire we would inevitably die. It is pos-sible that herein we may find the origin of the place. which fire held in ancient religions. In the earliest ages there were vestal virgins, whose duty it was to keep the sacred fires ever alight, and so momentous a task was this that it could only be entrusted to the purest of the race. From being the first of necess ties to becoming a holy thing the transition would be very simple and natural. If all the fires in the world but one should be extinguished, and we should lose the art of making fire, and this is quite a sup-posable case, would it be possible for us to guard that single fire too rigorously? Would we not resolve that whatever else we might do, we would always keep one fire burning? From fire-worship to sun-worship, the transition would be easy enough. Christianity has borrowed many of its expressions from sun-worship. John speaks of the divine nature of Jesus as "the light that lighteth every man that cometh-into the world," and the New Testament has many expressions of the same kind. In Malachi we many expressions of the same kind. In Malachi we read "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." We do not suggest that Christianity is a form of sun-worship, for that would be absurd, we only mean that it has adopted expressions from this more ancient cult, and this, if we stop to think, must necessarily have been the case, for otherwise its teachings would not have been intelligible to those to whom they were addressed We have seen when we have considered the origin of the great Christian festivals of Easter and Christians, that they synchronize closely with great festivals of the sun-worshippers, and indeed the day we set spart for the worship of the Creator bears the name of the

the same of the sa

of Sunday, we to preserving a tradition of the ancient days when sun-worship was common among the Teutonic tribes from which we have descended, and perhaps we are unconsciously commemorating some event or custom, the date of which was in that far off time when the Frost Giants waged their awful war.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

DIDEROT AND BUFFON

Emile Zola gave to the philosophical evolution of the eighteenth century the name Naturalism, as dis-tinguishing it from the literary movement immedi-ately following which he described under the term

The earlier philosophers had treated man as an abstract being, independent intellectually of hature and her powers. The Naturalistic school of the eighteenth century strove to teach man's relation to, and his place in, nature. Rousseau most beautifully endeavored to prove this in his "Emile" and "Contrat Social." and the combined effort of all the philosophers might be termed an effort to

solve, with the aid of nature, all human problems. "This evolution," writes Zola, "was in letters, as in science, a return to nature and humanity, combined with carefulness of scrutiny, exactitude of anatomy and truthful portrayal of whatever existed. For this be it was necessary to study man in all the sources of his being, so that one might really know him before formulating conclusions, after the fashion of the idealists who simply invent types. writers had to reconstruct the literary edifice from its very base, each in turn contributing his human documents in their logical order."

The evolution in human thought could not pro ess without some sort of a social upheaval, and the people being dissatisfied with the existing conditions, and events being ripe for a precipitous change, this upheaval followed in the form of the

French Revolution. Diderot has been described as the great literary figure of this period. For his untiring energy in never abandoning and finally completing the En-cyclopaedia, he deserves first place among that body of philosophers who produced that monumental mass of literature. This great work was a very much enlarged edition of the English collection of Ephraim Chambers. D'Alambert worked with Diderot, and Voltaire contributed several articles, though the latter soon ceased writing for it, as he was not permitted to express himself as freely as he wished. The Encyclopaedist's idea was to make a collection of all the arts, all the efforts and talents of the epoch, so as to give a clear and lucid description of the advance of science, having for its fixed aim. of the advance of science, having for its fixed aim an "aggressive emanoipation of thought." The Jesuits offered their assistance but the offer was declined, the philosophers did not wish religious prejudice to have any place in their work. This united effort upon the part of the leaders of thought dismayed the clergy, and antagonized the Church. The government gave orders that Diderot's papers should be seized. In spite of this, however, the publication of the Encyclopaedia went on, and it was finished nearly twenty years before Diderot's death.

The latter was born in 1715 and died in 1785. He

The latter was born in 1715 and died in 1785. He was a versatile writer, producing not only philo-sophical works, but numerous plays and musical treatises. He was of an amiable disposition and had hosts of friends whom he was fond of saying he only lived to please. "A pleasure which is only for myself affects me but slightly, and lasts but a short time," he used to say; "it is for friends that I write, read, reflect, meditate, hear, look, feel. I am always thinking of their happiness. Does a beautiful line strike me? They shall know it. Have I stumbled upon a beautiful trait? I make up my mind to communicate it to them. Have I before my eyes some enchanting scene? Unconsciously I meditate an account of it for them. To them I have dedicated the use of all my senses and all my faculties, and that, perhaps, is the reason why everything is exaggerated, everything is embellished a little in my imagination and my talk."

It has been claimed for him that he is the father of the modern domestic drama, and his "Pere au familia" and his "Le Pils Nature" marked the be-

famille" and his "Le Fils Nature" marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the stage. It is for the effect of his philosophical writings, how-ever, that he is best known. They place him, in point of literary excellence, on a par with Voltaire and Rousseau. He has been described as an atheist, and we can judge how far this is true by his own words: "Oh God, I know not whether Thou art, but I will think as if Thou didst see into my soul, I will act as if I were in Thy presence.'

Diderot died a poor man as far as worldly wealth is concerned, but he was rich in friends, who sur-rounded his bedside at his death, and long and sincerely mourned him.

BUFFON

Critics are not agreed as to the credit due Buffon as a Naturalist. That he was an eloqueat and mas-terly writer is the verdict of all, but it has been said of him that he did not hesitate to sacrifice scientific principles at times for the sake of literary elegance There is no doubt that he was first and foremost a rhetoritician. Guizot described him as a man whose ideas came out in the majestic order of a system under powerful organization and informed, as it were, with the very secrets of the Creator. M. Fleurens said of him, "Buffon aggrandizes every-

He was born in Burgundy in 1707, of a wealthy and prominent family, and spent his youth travel-ing extensively. He studied mathematics and mechanics, but later gave his time almost entirely to botany. He was appointed superintendent of the Jardin du Roi, and went to a great deal of personal expense in opening new galleries, making collections and constructing hot-houses, Louis XV. delighting to second any of his schemes. Buffon was an indefatigable worker, always up and dressed carefully by five in the morning, and walking up and down through his gardens, carefully meditating upon down through his gardens, carefully meditating upon his plans for the enlargement of the Jardin du Roi, the improvement of his own vast estates and the study of botany in general. "I dedicated," he wrote, "fourteen hours to study; it was my sole pleasure. In truth I devoted myself to it far more than I troubled myself about fame; fame comes afterwards.

it may, and it nearly always does."
In the "Histoire Naturelle," his first work, there was much beauty of language, novelty and forcefulness of thought and many boldnesses. The lat-ter caused some anxiety, but his writings were so moderately worded, and were of such unquestionable merit, that they did not suffer the fate of some of merit, that they did not surier the late of some va-those of the other philosophers, in spite of the breach of his views. He continued to write until his death, producing an enormous number of books, all of which are distinguished by their great liter-

ary ability. "I am every day learning to write," he

used to say at seventy years of age.

Many of Buffon's views have been disputed by later scientists, but undoubtedly there was much later scientists, but undoubtedly there was much truth in his arguments, and by them he opened the way to the naturalists that came after him. Guizot writes: "Buffon defined the epochs of nature, and by the intuition of his genius, absolutely unshackled by any religious prejudice, he involuntarily reverted to the account given in Genesis, "We are persuaded, he says, "independently of the great authority of the sacred book, that man was created last, and that he only came to wield the sceptre of the earth when the earth was found worthy of his sway."

Buffon has been accused, as have all the other philosophers of the eighteenth century, of shutting God altogether out of their reasoning in regard to the phenomena of nature. Let us read a portion from his work, and see how far this accusation was true in regard to the great naturalist:

"Nature is the system of laws established by the

rue in regard to the great naturalist:

"Nature is the system of laws established by the Creator.

The varieties of Nature were destined to appear only in course of time, and the Supreme Being kept them to Himself as the surest means of recalling man to Him, when his faith, declining in the lapse of ages, should become weak; when remote from his origin, he might begin to forget it; when, in fine, having become too familiar with the speciacle of Nature, he would no longer be with the spectacle of Nature, he would no longer be moved by it, and would come to ignore the Author. It was necessary to confirm from time to time, and even to enlarge the idea of God in the mind and heart of man. Now every new discovery produces this grand effect, every new step that we make in nature brings us nearer the Creator. A new verity is a species of miracle; its effect is the same and it only differs from the real miracle in that the latter is a start-ling stroke, which God strikes instantaneously and rarely, instead of making use of man to discover and exhibit the marvels which He has hidden in the womb of Nature, and in that, as these marvels are operating every instant, as they are open at all times and for all time to his contemplation. God is constantly recalling him to Himself, not only by the spectacle of the moment, but further, by the successive development of His Works."

Buffon died at eighty years of age in peaceful serenity, after a life of faithful and arduous work. He was spared the cruel spectacle of social disorder that almost immediately followed. He was spared, too, the knowledge that his only child should be one of the early victims of the Revolution. History tells us that, as the young Buffon was being driven in the fatal car to the scaffold, he damned in one word the judges who professed in his person his father's glory. "Citizens," he exclaimed, facing the crowd about him, "my name is Buffon!"

THE STORY TELLER

There was a suburban lady whose house, one summer, was quite overrun with moths. A tramp told her that, in return for a square meal, he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp, he devoured it, then he said:

"All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth-filled clothes and carpets and things on a line and beat 'em with a stick. Good-bye to yer moths then."

"Will that kill them?" asked the lady.

"Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

In making a sharp turn, the rear end of a street car struck an express wagon laden with jugs of whiskey. Nearly all the jugs were precipitated to the pavement, with the natural disastrous result. The driver of the wagon alighted, and, pointing at the pile of demotished earthenware, said to the bystander, "That's hell, ain't it?"

The spectator, who happened to be a minister, replied, "Well, my friend, I don't know that I would not say that but it's at least the abode of departed spirits."

Dr. McNamara, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavoring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. 'The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?" After a pause a small boy piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw pause a small boy piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

"Is Mr. Bromley in" asked the caller."
"He is not, sorr." Pat answered politely, "Shure won't be in till four o'clock or mebbe after."
"Where's he gone?"
"He went to ride in his interim, sorr."

"His what?"

"His inter"

"His inter"

"Is a tony name fer buggy, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago Mishter Bromley says to me, 'Pat,' says he, I'm ixpectin' Mishter Dobbs here some time this afternoon, but I guess he won't be after gittin here yet awhile, so I'll go down in the interim.' An' with that he druy off in his buggy."

"Well, Bildad," said his neighbor the other morning, meeting Bildad on the street after his initiation into The Brotherhood, "did you tell Mrs. B—about your initiation?"

"Yes," said Bildad. "I told her how you rode me around the Square sitting backward on a goat. How you branded me on the small of my back with the motto of our brotherhood. How you made me jump into a tank full of water in my evening clothes. How you sat me in a basin with a couple of tooth-picks, in my hand and made me row ashore. How you mixed tabasco sauce and vinegar in my lemonade, and made me drink it, and all the rest."

"Did she laugh?"

"No, indeed," said Bildad. "She got as mad as thunder. Women haven't any sense of humor, you know."

The worthy Sunday school superintendent of a certain Maryland town is also the village dry goods merchant. He is as energetic and efficient in his religious as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired encourgingly:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand.

"What is the question, Sally? Den't be afraid.

Speak out."

The little girl fidgeted in her seat, twisted her fingers nervously, cast her eyes down; finally, in a desperate outburst, she put the question:

"Mr. Ward, how much are those sloves for girls in your window?"

Two young persons had been engaged, had quarrelled; but were too proud to "make up." Furthermore, both were anxious to have it believed they had entirely forgotten each other.

One day the young man called, ostensibly on business with her father, on which occasion it chanced she should answer the door-bell.

The young man was game. "Pardon me," he said, with the politest of bows. "Miss Eaton, I believe. Is your father in?"

"I am sorry to say he is not," responded the young woman, without the slightest sign of recognition. "Do you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," replied the young man, as he turned to go down the steps.

"I beg your pardon," called the young woman, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

WITH THE POETS

We saw the tapers burn .

In the home so close to ours;
But however our hearts might yearn.
We dared not send our flowers.
"He will not understand," we said,
"Our loving thought of his loved dead."

O city! Thus you hide
The pity in every heart!
Those who are at your side
You sunder a world apart.
A little barrier built of stone—
And my neighbor grieves—alone, alone.

So Wags the World Sir Folly goes a-dancing by, Fun and frolio in his eye, On his lips a careless lay, "Ho, Sir Folly! Why so gay?" Says he: "I know a woman."

Beggar Wisdom shuffles near, Down-cast eye, no word of cheer, Rags and tatters, meanly clad, "Brother Wisdom, why so sad?" Says he: "I know a woman." -Harry Lawson in Life.

A St. Nicholas in Prisiac On the altar-rail of St. Nicholas Church Two little angels with wings of wood, Each on the top of a slender perch. Stand in the stillness watching the Rood

Little twin angels gowned in blue. These are words of a song for you:

"Praise! praise! for all days
To the man that made us with his hands
Many come from many lands
To gaze, gaze, and go their ways.

"Gloom, gloom has hidden his doom; Where he lies no man can tell.

Pray we a rose and a little bluebell, Bloom, bloom about his tomb.

"In making us he praised the Lord,"
Who made the man and made the tree,
And till the woodworm like a sword
Smites us to dust his prayer are we."
—A. Hugh Fisher, in The Academy (London),

The gloaming o'er the sleepy country steals,
As through the woodland scenes serenely fine
We drive one evening, laughing as our wheels
Disturb the lazy sheep and thoughtful kine,

'Tis sunset time and in the glorious west
The golden clouds announce approaching night.
But dimmer grow their rays as to his rest
The blazing light-god sinks down out of sight.

The tortuous sky-line's indistinctly blue,
Above it, flame-like, bright celestial fire
Is haloing the landscape which we view,
And gilding far St. Agatha's church spire.

The colours change and now instead of gold, Blood-red's the tint which dominates the eky, and then we see a carmine haze enfold The neecy banks of clouds piled up on high.

Then in a flash the stars their faces show,
A thousand more each moment are revealed;
And as subdued we wond'ring homeward go,
We call the twinkling sky God's daisy field.

The Voyageur Camp—when the sun has barely set?
Who wants the shore and the camp-fire yet!
Let your paddles swing once more;
The clearing lies not far below.
Our own home-clearing down the river.
Where fields are bright, where birch-trees shiver.
Like a birch-tree, shim and white.
There Marie stands and walts tonight.
I hear her voice, like a sweet bird's note
That seems to call our lagging boat.
Camp—when the moon is rising bright.

And rocks and rapids plain to sight! And rocks and rapids plain to sight!
Do forest creatures lag and wait
When they hear a calling mate?
See that heron sweeping by;
He has heard his mate's far cry.
Hear that red buck leaping go:
He seeks hushed places and his dea.
On, men, drive your paddles through!
You have sweethearts calling you.
These river waters rush for the sake
Of her who waits them, the fair wood
And shall we be more dull than they?
So, claim your kiss by break o' day! -Francis Sterne Palmer, in The Century.

Temple of Learning Temple of Learning
In stately grace it rises high
Out of the atmosphere,
A temple, 'neath the shelt'ring sky,
White as the snow, wherein doth lie
Man's aspiration dear—
A temple of true learning laid
Firmly across the air—
A temple knowing storm and shade,
Remonstrance and despair,
Yet, knowing all, persistently creates the world more
fair.

It flings its slories down the breeze,
The consecrated vine
Leans lovingly against the trees
And birds sing forth in godly keys—
O temple most divine!
It has no substance but the flight
That yields the soul to pray?—
No stone, no mortar builds its might—
No pillar and no stair.
And yet it is the school of truth and Christ is master
there!

-Coletta Ryan.

Fleur-de-Lys

In olden gardens in golden France,
Where amber waters gleam and dance,
Old gardens murmurous with streams
Whose music sootheth like sweet dreams,
and spiced breezes singing low
Like vague love-hauntings come and go,
The strolling yellow lilies blow.
In gardens where the moon and sun
Their circling courses idly run.
Dream gardens of my sires of old,
They rove in winding lines of gold.
Today I wonder if there be
Such olden gardens o'er the sea,
And amber fountains in whose sons
A minor, rhythmic, lapsing long,
Hath been and sad—yet not an sad
But that mine exiled heart be glad
Of vain oppression's strife. Today
Do yellow, stream-side lilles stray,
And shadows on carved marbles fall,
Leaf-checkered, and on stream and wall;
And sun-diais mark the dream-held he
Full sweet with bright, old-fashioned flows
Ob, if these gardens he but dreams—
Of yesterday—nor by the streams
Bo roving yellow lilles blow,
A new-world garden well I know
Wherein they bloom so wondrous fair,
Their fragrant glory lendeth there
An old-world glamour of romance—
O golden lilles of olden France!
— Helen-M. Ms Fleur-de-Lys

are