

han' fourteen feet long, stepped oot an' challenged the machtiest mon o' King Saul's army to come oot an fecht him. But not a mon would come.

"Then wee David, a wee bit chap that wad scarce come up to my waist-ban' said tae King Saul: 'I'll go an' kill the great Goliath.' King Saul said: 'Wee David, ye never could kill the great Goliath, the great giant o' the Philestines; ye never could kill him.' But wee David said: 'I'll kill him, however.'"

From this point on, Sandy became more and more excited. "Noo, wee David had no airmour on, an' no sword in his han'. He'd naught in his han' but a wee bit bag wi' twa strings tied til't. He stepped out before the great giant an' stooped doon an' picked a stane oot o' the brook, and he put it in the wee bag; then he skirled it roun' his heed twa or three times, then let it go. An' it knocked the — heed in." F. W.

A PROPHECY.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamed that was the new City of Friends. Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love—it led the rest. It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, And in all their looks and words.

—WALT. WHITMAN.

Just beyond there!
Emerging from the light,
Hidden from us by the shadows,
Our future kingdom awaits us;
The kingdom of human brotherhood;

The kingdom of human equality;
The long prepared for—
The kingdom of the democracy.

Back and back through the wheeling cycles
of the centuries;
Back through the slow sweep of the ages;
Out from dead democracies, and from
buried civilizations,
And forgotten greatness, germinating in
the darkness;
Out through wandering hordes of savages;
Through wars, rapine, slavery, and blood-
shed interminable;
Through kingships, lordships, serfdom;
Through dwarfed souls; through minds
groping and stumbling in the night;
Through the grey dawn of early twilight;
Through martyrdoms, revelations—
Freedom's sun-worshippers,
Offering their early sacrifice
To the first pale beams of Day;
Through hard-hips, hunger, misery;
Through slavery's crowning masquerade of
the centuries—
Nations stumbling blindfolded under their
masks of Liberty,
Bleeding and shackled, striking out in the
darkness,
And cursing they know not what;
Through anxiety, struggle, failure, defeat,
madness, despair—
Slow as slow moving Time, sure as Eter-
nity,
Out, and on, in her last sweeping cycle,
Life's slow-evolving wheel sweeps round
again
To her great crowning effort.

—ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

BOOK NOTICES.

A cable message from England conveys the gratifying intelligence that the *London Speaker*, in reviewing the recently published volume of poems of Frederick George Scott (Drummondville, Que.) "My Lattices, and Other Poems," printed in full "Samson," one of the strongest in the collection, declaring it "the best American poem published in many years." This is enviable distinction for a Canadian. "My Lattice" was published by William Briggs, last December, and has created no little attention. There is a tribute to the general excellence of

the collection in the fact that scarcely two of the critics agree as to which of the poems is the finest. The author is yet a young man, and there is no reason to suppose that his best work has been done. His fellow-Canadians will view with pride his progress up the ladder of fame, toward the top of which this flattering notice of the *Speaker* has given him a perceptible lift.

La Revue Nationale, J. D. Chartrand, 7
Place d'Armes, Montreal.

It is with great pleasure that we hail the