

ther morality, dignity nor prescriptive right, divine or human. Its teaching is training them into insensibility to the whole range of concepts on which these ministrations proceed. In the nature of the case, therefore, the resistance opposed to this cultural trend given by the machine discipline on grounds of received conventions, weakens with the passage of time. The spread of materialistic preconceptions is taking place at a cumulatively accelerating rate, except in so far as some other cultural factor, alien to the machine discipline, comes in to exhibit this process and to keep its disintegrating influence within bounds.

—W. W. SWANSON.

#### **RAPIDS AT NIGHT.**

Here at the roots of the mountains,  
Between the sombre legions of cedars  
and tamaracks,  
The rapids charge the ravine:  
light,  
A little light, cast by foam under star-  
Wavers about the shimmering stems  
of the birches;  
Here rise up the clangorous sounds of  
battle,  
Immense and mournful.  
Far above curves the great dome of  
darkness  
Drawn with the limitless lines of the  
stars and the planets.  
Deep at the core of the tumult,  
Deeper than all the voices that cry at  
the surface,  
Dwells one fathomless sound,  
Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and  
the plangent clamor.

(O human heart that sleeps,  
Wild with rushing dreams and deep  
with sadness!)

The abysmal roar drops into almost  
silence,  
While over its sleep plays in various  
cadence,  
Innumerable voices crashing in laugh-  
ter;  
Then rising calm, overwhelming,  
Slow in power,  
Rising supreme in utterance,  
It sways, and reconquers and floods  
all the spaces of silence,  
One voice, deep with the sadness,  
That dwells at the core of all things.

There by a nest in the glimmering  
birches,  
Speaks a thrush as if startled from  
slumber,  
Dreaming of Southern rice-fields,  
The moted glow of the amber sun-  
light,  
Where the long ripple roves among  
the reeds.

Above curves the great dome of dark-  
ness,  
Scored with the limitless lines of the  
stars and the planets;  
Like the strong palm of God,  
Veined with the ancient laws,  
Holding a human heart that sleeps,  
Wild with rushing dreams and deep  
with the sadness  
That dwells at the core of all things.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very  
minute;  
What you can do, or dream you can,  
begin it;  
Boldness has genius, power, and ma-  
gic in it,  
Only engage and then the mind grows  
heated;  
Begin and then the work will be com-  
pleted."

—Goethe.