

prived of solitude, has no time for memory, for the affections, for the quiet brooding of the mind in which ideals are born and cherished." No wonder that with such a conception of woman's true mission there should be an indignant repudiation of the complaint "that woman has been dwarfed by confinement in the home. This is said in the very face of what many of us know our Puritan home-keeping grandmothers to have been!" Probably most men who are masculine enough to be intellectually honest will admit that, if there is any dwarfing tendency in the separate occupations of the two sexes, it is to be found in the humdrum routine of the trades reserved for the male, rather than in the varied calls for a versatile intelligence that arise every hour in the rearing of children and in conserving the tender graces of home life.

J. CLARK MURRAY

## RICHARD WAGNER

I hear the music's deep resounding tone,  
I see the white-stoled priests move slowly by  
Singing His praise who rules the earth and sky,  
While outside in the dark and all alone  
Man's soul is fighting with the dread unknown.  
Will it resist the world's alluring cry,  
Or in the bonds of flesh forever lie,  
And darkness cloud the path that love has shown?

Master, thy haunting strains the heart-strings tie,  
Beneath thy spell we feel the immortal powers,  
And as we wistful pass the short-lived hours  
Enraptured till the magic echoes die,  
Above all earthly things thy spirit towers,  
And we too dwell among the gods on high.

E. B. GREENSHIELDS