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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

THE THREE OUTER PLANETS

Tuesday, August 25, 1908

The most beautiful object in the heavens, perhap the most beautiful object in the visible creation is the planet Saturn, when viewed through a tele-Language cannot describe the exquisite love the spectacles. Saturn is the sixth planet Sun, Jupiter, to which reference was made day, being the fifth. Its distance from the raries from 861,000,000 to 911,000,000 miles, so distance from the earth also varies, and we ometimes 1,000,000,000 miles away from it. urn is not as big as Jupiter, but it is a great bigger than the earth, its diameter being nearly times that of our globe. It is not nearly as a body as the earth, its density being only that of water. Viewed through a telescope, turn presents a solid luminous globe surrounded east eight moons and one, two or three rings ding to the angle at which they are presented vision. When the edge of the outside ring he line of vision, we see only one narrow ring. the when the position of the planet is such that we encircing mass from another angle, it is to consist of three rings. Careful examination hown that Saturn has at least ten moons. In n to these distinguishing features. Saturn has dark bands encircling it, and apparently upon rface. These things combine to make a telepicture for which there is no parallel with range of vision. Saturn takes nearly thirty years ke its journey round the Sun; but it revolves on its axis in a little over ten hours.

aturn seems to be a world in the making. It is unlike a reproduction of the Solar System on & small scale. For the Sun, we have the body of the lanet; for the planets, we have the moons, and the teroids and meteorites of the Solar System corespond to Saturn's rings. It is conceivable that may be a point in space from which the whole Solar System would look not unlike Saturn looks to us through a telescope. Of course, the rings are Saturn's most interesting feature. They are sup-posed to consist of an enormous number of small bodies revolving around the planet, some of them falling to its surface and others combining to form moons. A recent writer thus speaks of them:

"In the light of the recent observations, the rings of Saturn become the scene of the most bewildering activities. That planet has ten known moons situated at various distances beyond the rings. Not only is it probable that some of the nearer of these m have been created from the rings, but the moons, in turn, react upon the rings and distort them by tidal action. These billions of little bodies, pouring in vast streams around the great planet, feel at the same time the strain of the attraction of the gigantic central globe, the disturbing pulls of the ten moons outside, and the infinitely varying forces that they exert upon one another. They are in a state of unending agitation. They are like a series of three or
four armies marching rapidly in parallel circles, but
continually in disorder internally, the members jostling, pushing, pulling, contending, and crossing the
gaps between the lines—a scene more disorderly
than the march of the disorganized Huns devastating the territory of an enemy and struggling with one another for the booty. Such a spectacle of vast conwhelm the observer with dismay. It would seem to him as if the universe were in a jumble and falling

"And yet, closer observation would show that after all, law reigns among the disorderly mass. The neteoric tides regularly swell and recede, the jostling bodies meet and part and go on their way, the greater number continue to circle in their orbits, though following crooked and staggering paths, while some continually escape into outer space to join the noons, and others travel inward to become aerolites escending upon the planet."

The next planet beyond Saturn is Uranus, which is nearly twenty times as far away from the Sun as the earth is and nearly twice as far away as Saturn. It takes more than eighty-four years to make its journey around the central luminary. It is a little more than three times the diameter of the earth. Its revolution on its axis has been estimated to require a little less than ten hours, but the data for the calculation are uncertain. It has been as to have four moons, but beyond what has now been said of the planet substantially nothing is known, although there seems reason to believe that it is visible because of its own light and not because of eflection from the Sun.

The outermost planet of our system, as far as is known, is Neptune. Its discovery was the greatest triumph of astronomy, Observations upon the orbit of Uranus convinced astronomers that there must be another planet beyond it, which deflected Uranus from what would otherwise be its course. The position of this body was carefully calculated, and two astronomers, Adams and Leverrier, scanning that astronomers, Adams and Leverrier, scanning that
part of the sky to discover this supposed orbit, discovered it simultaneously. We know even less of
Neptune than of Uranus. It is nearly 3,000,000,000
miles from the Sun, around which it revolves in about 165 years. It is known to have one moon.

THE INEXPLICABLE

In their ultimate analysis all things are inexplicable. For example, we do not know why one seed germinates, and another seed does not. There is something in a fertile seed which cludes the keenest. possible to show how the eye reproduces within self a picture of what it sees, and to show that there nerves connecting this picture with the brain; but when we ask Science to tell us how we are conscious of the existence of the picture, it is unable to answer. So it is in every domain of investigation. It is not true of mathematics, because mathematics not a domain of investigation. It is simply a method of investigating. The general proposition that all things, including forces, are in their last analysis inexplicable cannot be disputed.

This idea is worth keeping in mind in these days,

en so much inquiry is being made into the occult is also worth while remembering, that "occult ally only means "hidden." It does not mean un canny, or spiritistic, or magic, or anything like that. more people realized this, more progress would be made in the broadening of our sphere of knowledge.
To certain races of mankind thunder and lightning me within the domain of the occult. Civiliz ple know something about them and are able to tell about the laws governing them. They have also harnessed the force which creates the lightning, and can tell a good many things about it; but what electricity is, remains in the domain of the occult. We may find out some day, and we may not. Applying his to what are called psychic phenomena, we seem to have learned that certain things occur under cerin conditions. They may be table-rappings, slate-ritings, or the appearance of objects, where, as far we are able to learn, there is no physical object. No one has as yet suggested an explanation for these things, that seems sustainable in reason when regarded from all points of view; but this does not affect the reality of the phenomena. One man says they are caused by deception, either on the part of others or ourselves, and we all know that there may easily easily be circumstances under which the evidence of our senses cannot be absolutely relied on. Another say that they are due to the existence of an astral body; another may attribute them to mind-

reading: another to muscle-reading: another to disembodied spirits; others to something else; and in our inability to comprehend or believe any of these proffered explanations, we lose sight of the main fact in the case, which is whether the alleged phenomena are real or imaginary. If a chemist were endeavoring to ascertain the contents of an ore deposit, he would first want to be certain that he had a sample of the ore body. It is impossible to deny that interest in the occult as applied to the class of subjects now being considered is growing, and, therefore, it is timely to say that conclusions as to the cause of the many inexplicable things, which come under our notice, can hardly in our present state of knowledge be

anything more than mere guesses. There is another domain to which somewhat similar observations apply, namely, that with which religion deals. Many persons find great difficulty in accepting the explanation offered for religious truths. You will remember the conversation between Jesus and Nicodemus, in the course of which the former said we must be born again, giving no other explanation of the process than is contained in the words: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." He afterwards expressed surthat Nicodemus, being a master in Israel, did not know these things. Thus we see that the Divine Teacher did not remove the mystery of the second birth from the domain of the occult. He did say that what is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the spirit is spirit, but this is a simple statement of fact, not an explanation. Now if one should say that which results from the operation of electricity is electrical, and that which results from the operation of vegetable growth is vegetation, every would concede the proposition at once, because we know something about electricity and a good deal about vegetation. So no one raises any question as to that which is born of the flesh being flesh. We are staggered only when we are told of what is born of spirit. Applying to this sphere of inquiry the same principles that we would use in investigating any other aspect of the occult, does it not seem as it the first thing to ascertain is the facts? If we can find instances where the nature of a man is so changed that he seems to have been reborn, surely there is no reason in science for shrinking from the explanation that he has been reborn spiritually. We should not deny the existence of a fact or the pos sibility of an event, simply because we have no explanation of it to offer, for, as was said at the outset, in the last analysis all things are inexplicable.

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XX. The ordinarily received statement in regard to the feudal system is that William the Conqueror introduced it into England. Like many other things taught in school histories, this needs much qualifica-tion. William found a feudal system already established in England.

Feudalism is far from having been as highly objectionable an institution as is represented by many writers. Whatever abuses may have grown out of it, and they undoubtedly were many and terrible, it inception the best exposition of govern ment of which Europe was capable after the break-up of the Roman Empire. When the power of Rome up of the Roman Empire. When the power of Rome passed away, an era of anarchy resulted. No one was atrong enough to assert himself master of any wide territory or to establish settled government until Charlemagne arose. His great personality gave security to the people, who acknowledged his sway, to a degree that they had never enjoyed, and to which Western Europe had been a stranger for several centuries. When he died without a successor capable of exerting imperial power, the only security for the of exerting imperial power, the only security for the people lay in combination, and this combination was the feudal system. We saw in a previous article that the basic feature of Anglo-Saxon social organization was the small independent community, acknowledging the headship of a particular family. mon to the whole Teutonic race. It was sufficient for the various tribes as long as they had room and to spare for their migrations, but was too loose a plan for the conditions which existed after the time of Charlemagne. The tillers of the soil needed some security against invasions; the head of the comity, or corlderman, needed some support to his when threatened by enemies. Therefore, for purposes of mutual defence, although by a slow proved a system under which the lordship of the evolved a system under which the head of the community was recognized, and all others held their lands under him. They agreed to serve him in the field; he agreed to protect them from aggression. Though the beginning of feudalism is veiled obscurity, this seems to have been its origin. It was the result of the failure of communism to protect the community from force from without. Later it degenerated into a species of tyranny, which was all the more bitter because there was no suzerain to whom the baronage was accountable. In Continental Europe, the feudal baron, as he came to be called, was independent of kings, so far as the control of his own people was concerned, and the latter owned no allegiance to any king, but only to their lord. In England, a feudalism grew up because of the invasions of the Danes, which randered combinations of lords and tenants obligatory for self-defence, and when the first Danish king ascended the throne, he found the people ready to accept a division of the kingdom into four great earldoms, in each of which a benevolent application of the feudal principle obtained. Such was the condition of England at the time of the Conquest. William abolished the earldoms, but established a new feudalism, which possessed some of the features of the English and Continental systems, but at the same time was unlike either. William gave his barons their territorial holdings and exacte from them an oath of fealty. They, on their part, exacted from their tenants a like oath, but the tenant also awore allegiance to the king. Here, then, we have the foundation of the British monarchy as we understand it today, although in the process of time old expressions have gained new meanings, and the power of the crown has come to be exercised by ministers responsible to parliament. But the foundation is unchanged. It is: A Sovereign owing his right to the Crown to the assent of the people; the supremacy of the King within the realm; the allegiance of all classes to the King primarily; the mutual obof all classes to the range people to protect each other. This arrangement was quite distinct from Continental feudalism, which did not take account of the supremacy of the king or provide for personal allegiance of the mass of the people to him. As out of ion of things inaugurated by William, the forms of government now existing in the Brtish Empire and the United States have grown, his claim to a Maker of History cannot be successfully ques

William, by his signal successes in war, had tablished a claim to the lordship of a large part of what is now France. From this fact arose that long series of wars between England and France, which really only ended at Waterloo. The specific matters out of which hostilities arose from time to time different courses. out of which hostilities arose from time to time dif-fered widely, but they all could be traced back to the boundless ambition of the son of the tanner's daughter. When Henry II. came to the throne, sixtyseven years after the death of the Conqueror, he ruled over not only England, but the grea what is now France, the dukedom of Normandy hav-

territory almost wholly cut off from the sea. It is true that the claims of the English sovereigns to territory in France were extinguished after some five centuries of more or less continuous strife, but the old rivalry continued for a long time after the causes from which it arose had ceased to exist. The more one studies the career of this remarkable man, the more surprising it seems, and the more influentia upon the history of mankind since his day. His tremendous personality, his profound sagacity, his boundless ambition knew no obstacles. He was not as great a conqueror as many others, whose story has been told in this series of articles, but his influence upon the generations that followed him has been as profound as that of any other, whose name finds a place upon the pages of history.

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Rousseau had probably no more intention of helping to precipitate the French Revolution, by his writings, than did Voltaire in his exposition of philosophy Yet he was responsible to a no less extent than the latter for the terrible catastrophies that darkened the last few years of the eighteenth century, and he is quoted more than once as saying that nothing short of a revolution could better the conditions then existing in France. His claim for the people of "Liberty, fraternity and equality," became the watchword of those who overthrew the monarchy and established the "reign of terror." And yet Rousseau no less than Voltaire would have deplored the state of things he helped to establish, had he lived to see. the result of his teaching.

But while it is quite true that the effect of some

of Rousseau's writing did not tend to immediate amelioration of existing condtions, but rather to an overthrow without an upbuilding, a destruction without a reconstruction, there was much sound sense in his teachings, much wisdom and much philosophy, much that proved as an incentive to noble and lofty aspirations, much that we today are the better for studying, and whose precepts we are the better for

they live, must be judged according to the century is which they lived, and the century's accepted standard of morality, the environment of their childhood, the conditions which surrounded them and the influences brought to bear upon them, which in-fluences, be they good or bad, the strongest are not wholly able to resist.

"Starting from the reign of Louis XV., France has longer a head, history no longer a centre; at the same time with a master of the higher order; great servants also fall the French monarchy; it all at ence collapses, betraying thus the exhaustion of Louis XIV.'s later years, decadence is no longer velled by the splendor which was still reflected from the great king and his great reign; the glory of olden France descends slowly to its grave." (Guizot's History of France.) There were three sorts of men who held power under the Regent, and the choice of whom was dictated by propriety, weakness and neceswhom was dictated by propriety, weakness and necessity. The great lords were veterans in intrigue, we are told, but understood nothing of the manage-ment of national affairs; the Regent's friends were, for the most part, blase men of the world, ignorant of anything worth knowing, but thoroughly versed in immorality and deceit, all their healthy desires satiated to unfeelingness. They wished for nothing but the experience of new sensations, regardless of who were competent in any way to conduct the affairs of the government, were given positions, the tenure of which made it necessary that they submit themselves to the whims of the unscrupulous lords

It can be readily understood how a corrupt court would soon corrupt, the nation, which was only too follow an immoral and licentious example Religious faith having neither incentive nor encour agement, soon became weakened, and the Church began to lose her hold over the consciences of the people. When the King had attained his majority he inaugurated no changes for the better, and forty years of age found him as blase, as indolent and indifferent as any of the roues who frequented his He cared for nothing but to be amused, and the real reins of government lay almost entirely with Madame, the Marchioness of Pompadour

It was this deplorable conditions of affairs that awakened the indignation of Rousseau and inspired of the perils that were menacing their moral and national life. Most of the philosophers of the eighteenth century were men of the world as well as men of letters, and mingled in the most brilliant society, a society which nevertheless they did not hesitate to make the subject of their most bitter attacks. Rousseau, however, pursued no middle course, adopted no double tactics. He did not class himself as a member of any courtly circle, but new times, attacking tentatively all that he en-

Rousseau was French only by adoption. His birthplace was Geneva, and he was of humble but respectable origin. His first teacher was his mother, who was a pious and intelligent woman, and he read the classics with his father. His earliest vocation was the law, but he soon gave that up, finding it uncongenial, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, who treated him with such inhumanity that Rous seau wrote: "He very soon succeeded in dulling all the brightness of my boyhood, brutalizing my lively and loving character, and reducing me in spirit."
The effect of this early ill-treatment was never to effaced, and it had much to do with embittering the after years of the philosopher.

At sixteen, Rousseau formed an unfortunate attachment for an altogether unworthy woman, whom he left after a few years in disgust, and, at the age of were given some recognition. He was a great student and an earnest, if indiscriminate, reader, in conversation he was forceful, fearless and cloquent. He soon made many friends among people of influence, though he was so suspicious that he failed to appreciate friendship when he had it. It was when at the house of Diderot, while turning over the leaves of the "Mercure de France," that his eyes fell upon these words: "Has the advance of science and art contributed to the corruption or perfectiorals?" Immediately he conceived the idea for a his obscurity, he fearlessly launched his invective against the society which had made him welcome for its amusement. Naturally of a religious turn of mind, and still under the influence of his early training, he hated flercely the polished and cynical materialism which was slowly but surely replacing religion. "Science and arts have corrupted the world," he said, and as proof of his assertion, he showed the

immorality, the falsity of private life as he had seen

troubled by his attack. But the mass of people were interested and aroused. ' Many discussions en-He had countless partisans and admirers Henceforth anything that he wrote was to receive recognition. But he was also to make powerful enemies. In his "Discours sur l'inegalite des con-ditions" he says: "According to the poet, it is gold and silver, but according to the phil is iron and corn that have civilized man and ruined the human race." In this book he endeavored to prove, what many are endeavoring to prove today, that a return to the simple life would mean the overthrow of disease and vice, and promote national health and happiness. But, as is the case with most would-be innovators, he went to the extreme and shocked the good sense of the people of the eighteenth century, who were not at all prepared to follow such precipitous teaching. Voltaire wrote to him, in a fine spirit of irony: "I have received, sir, your new book against the human race. I thank you for it. You will please men to whom you tell truths about them, and you will not make them any better. Never was so much good wit expended in the desire to make beasts of us; one feels disposed to walk on all fours when one reads your work. However, it is more than sixty years since I lost the knack; I unfortunately find it impossible to recover it, and leave that natural gait to those who are better fitted for it than you or I." Other works of his served to still further estrange Voltaire and the philosophers though D'Alembert wrote generously of him: "Jean one who only has wit when he has fever: he must neither be cured nor have his feelings hurt." Finally Rousseau stood alone against the whole philosophical circle, as well as against the Catholic and Protestant clergy, whose creeds he had so often attacked. His book, "Emile," was confiscated and burnt at Geneva, and he himself sentenced to imprisonment. He fled to Paris, where this latest work had achieved an immense success. Later, feeling himself to be still an object of persecution, he sought refuge in England, where the historian Hume befriended him, and where he began his "Confessions."

Later he returned to France, but he had become mentally affected by a quite unfounded fear of enemies whom he thought were forever pursuing He died at Armonville, near Paris, in the sixty seventh years of his age, worn out by his own im iginary troubles rather than by any real sorrow or tangible disease.

Rousseau was a forerunner. He was a product of the times, but his thoughts, his teachings, were for the most part above the understanding or the appreciation of his contemporaries. He belonged to a new era. The following quotation from "Emile" will show to some extent how he inspired Froebel and Pestalozzi in their beautiful system of child educa-

"Respect childhood, and do not hastily judge it, either for good or evil. Allow a long time for the exceptions to be manifested, proved and confirmed, before adopting special methods for them. Allow nature to act in her place, for fear of thwarting her operations. You know, you say, the value of time and do not wish to waste it. You do not see that to make a bad use of time is much more wasteful than to do nothing with it; and a poorly taught child is farther from wisdom than one who has not been taught at all. You are alarmed at seeing him consume his early years in doing nothing? Is it nothing to jump, play and run all day long? Is it nothing to be happy? In no other part of his life will he be so busy. Plato, in his 'Republic,' which is deemed so austere, brings up children only in festivals, games, songs and pastimes. It might be said that he has done all, when he has really taught them how enjoy themselves; and Seneca, speaking of the ancient Roman youth, says they were always on their feet, and were never taught anything which they could learn while seated. Were they of less value for this when they reached the age of manhood? Be not at all frightened, therefore, at the so-called idleder to turn his whole life to profitable account, would never take time to sleep? You will say that he is a man out of his senses; that he does not make use of his time but deprives himself of it: and that to fiv from sleep is to run toward death. Reflect, therefore, that this is the same thing, and that childhood is the slumber of reason."

THE STORY TELLER

The automobile halted before the general store the village. The owner-chauffeur alighted and accosted a drewsy clerk.
"I want a linen duster," he said.

"I am very sorry," said the clerk, "but we are just out of linen dusters. I can let you have a nice feather duster!"

The two little granddaughters of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were showing a new governess their treasures of house and garden. Behind a box-hedge they

said one of the children.

At the head of a tiny grave was placed a white board. Printed on it in irregular characters, with a lead pencil, were these words:

"Here lies our Robins; one a week old, one only

Pride Goeth Before The meek-looking young man approached the The meek-looking young man approached the counter nervously.

"Please, there's a mistake in this bill you sent me the other day," he began.

"Oh, is there?" inquired the shopwalker, who chanced to be in a sareastic frame of mind. "And what's wrong with it? Too big, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; but—"."

"Shope mistake in the figures?"

"Some mistake in the figures?"
"No; it's not that, It's—"
"Indeed! Don't you think this bill has been rung long enough?"
"Then what are you kicking about, my dear sir?"

"I'm trying to tell you. There's a mistake in the name. You sent it to the wrong man. I don't owe you a cent, and never did."

Whereupon the shopwalker said "Oh!" and crawled

An eccentric-looking old man was sitting in an armchair before the fire in the smoke room of a leading hotel. His trousers were somewhat drawn up one leg, which was crossed over the other, exposing to view a builliant red, white and blue-striped stocking; and noticing some of the company looking at it and smiling, he said, with apparently much

"Nice pattern that, isn't it, gentlemen? I'll bet there is not another like it in the room." bet cigars round that there is," replied

youthful commercial.

"Done," cried the old man. "Where is it?"

"On the other foot!" responded the bettor, with a triumphant laugh, which was generally joined in "That's just where you make a mistake," said the old man, with a knowing wink. "I generally reckon on finding one flat in a company, and so come pre-

pared."

He the pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and, to the amusement of all but the loser, exposed a black stocking!

WITH THE POETS

At Lethe

If Memory should say, "Of all the days.
That I have garnered thou shalt have but one,"
What solitary round of cloud and sun
Would be my choice? This lightly brushed its bays
Above my brows and poured me wine of praise; That found my feet unfaltering to run Toward human need; and ere a third was done I climbed to peace by sorrow's holy ways.

Not these. For since your spirit flashed on mine, As orbs a perfect star from out the vast, On a dark world to shed its rays divine, Then wanish from our vision all too fast, The other days, if need be, I resign, So may that single moment be my past.

-Alice Lena Cole Kleene, in The Forum, The Rain.

The rain swept over the hill,
The rain fell steep in the street,
Said the yeoman, "I cannot till!"
Said the lovers, "We cannot meet!"

Still the Rain King rode in power, Setting his storm-clouds free, Nursing the fruit and the flower, Tending the lawn and the lea.

"But I cannot play," sobbed the child,
"My daisies are all so wet!" And the Rain King, hearing, smiled, But his heart grew full with regret.

So he stalled his steed in the West; He has gathered his clouds away,
"Lovers may sorrow, and tollers rest,
But the children," he said "must play!" -Will H. Ogilvie in Scottish Review.

The Moss Roses The Moss Roses

The angels of the flowers one day.

Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay—

That spirit to whose charge 'tis given'
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.

Awakening from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me

Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow." "On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not? Twas but a moment—o'er the rose A veil of moss the angel throws And, robed in nature's simplest weed, Could there a flower that rose exceed? -From the German of Krummacher.

The Song Sparrow. The Song Sparrow.

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, emart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at the throat
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing to hear
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love.

But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges and in little trees.

That stretch their slender arms above.
The meadow-brook; and there he sings.
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near.
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer,"

I like the tune, I like the words; I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one, of all the birds,
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet—sweet—very merr -Henry Van Dyke.

Ask of the Rose Ask of the rose, and mayhap she will tell thee. Whence are her secrets of fragrance and bloom; Ask if the rose hath not power to spell thee Charms to insure against sorrow and gloom. Old as the flowers that Nineveh cherished. New as the bud that at dawn may unclose, Kingdoms have tottered and dynasties perished, Life ever lives in the heart of the rose.

Ask of the rose, if mayhap she remember Aught of the mysteries Solomon knew; Ask what is sweetest from June to Decemb Ask why life's honey is tempered with rue. Surely the rose has the lore of the ages, Smiling alike for the bride and the bier; Wafting its perfume oe'r myriad pages, Thrilling at once to the smile and the tear.

Ask of the rose if she sighs when she leaves us.

Ask if she longs for the Summer's return.

Ask if it hurts when with briars she grieves us.

Or, if, when withered, she droops in an urn.

Ask, though the rose shall but laugh in thy face, dear.

She is of summer, of morn and of June;

Born in shed light for a while it her place here. Born to shed light for a while in her p Born to be lovely, yet fade away soon.

Pluck the sweet rose when the dewdrops are shining, Give it to some one who calls thee a rose,
Linger with him when the day is declining,
Stroll where the brock with its lullaby flows,
Ask of the rose, and mayhap she will tell thee
What is her secret of youth and delight;
Ask of the rose, if perchance she will spell thee
Charms she has heard from the winds in their flight.

Margarat E. Sangster in Everywhere -Margaret E. Sangster, in Everywhere.

The Homesteader Wind-swept and fire-swept and swept with bitter This was the world I came to when I came across the sea—
Sun-drenched and panting, a pregnant, waiting plain
Calling out to humankind, calling out to me!

Leafy lanes and gentle skies and little fields all This was the world I came from when I fared across the sea—
The mansion and the village and the farmhouse in between,

Never any room for more, never room for med I've fought the wind and braved it. I cringe to it no I've fought the creeping fire back, and cheered to sea-I've shut the bitter rain outside and safe within my Laughed to think I feared a thing not as strong as II mind the long white road that ran between the

hedgerows neat, in that little, strange old world I left behind me long I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and sweet—
All and all for some one else—I had leave to go! And this is what I came to when I came across the

Miles and miles of unused sky and miles of unturned loam,
And miles of room for some one else and miles of
room for me—
The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of
"Home!"