

III.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by
a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt
the maw-crammed beast?

V.

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take,
I must believe.

(1) Upon what word or phrase do "Not that," etc., Stanza II., and "Not for," etc., St. III., depend? (To make this clear, see the following example: In "Not for your sake, do I this."—"Not for your sake" evidently depends for its significance upon "do I this,"—especially upon the verb "do," of which it is an adverbial complement.)

(2) Quote from some other poet a thought similar to that embodied in lines 4 and 5, St. III.

(3) Explain "spark," "clod," also line 6, St. IV.

(4) Account for the use of the capital "T" at "That," line 2, St. V.

(5) Write the meaning of the above as fully as you can, in your own words.

Kindly send answers to reach this office on or before January 31st. Also, kindly keep the issues in which selections of Rabbi Ben Ezra appear, so that you may finally be in possession of the complete poem for the last study.

Winter Evenings.

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutter fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Sends forth a steamy column, and
The cup that cheers but not inebriates
waits on us,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."
—Cowper.

In summer and autumn the thought of winter fills us with sadness. When the glory of the summer is all around us, we cannot think of the time when the birds leave, the flowers die, and the snow covers the earth like a shroud; but when winter has fairly set in, how cosy the long evenings are! We can go to our book-shelves, take down the great poets and writers, and unite them to make one of our family circle.

I would like to impress on the boys and girls on the farm the great privileges they have. Our future depends on how we spend our leisure time. Think of the long winter evenings. Try to spend these in the company of the great. Have you any books? If not, get some. DON'T BORROW. Make enquiry, and you will be surprised how cheaply the works of the great writers can be bought. Make some special effort or sacrifice to get, every now and then, one of the poets or great prose writers. A person becomes like the company he keeps. Keep the company of the great.

When you are getting presents for the young people, be sure and get them "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service. If you have a boy who never read poetry before, he will be captivated by the rhythm and swing of these songs. Take the "Law of the Yukon"; it will be sure to stir a boy's blood:

"Send me the best of your breeding,
Lend me your chosen ones,
Them will I take to my bosom, them
will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them
will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—
I trample under my feet."

"The Parson's Son" has a weird fascination that grips us all. Invite your

inner circle of book friends; take turns reading "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," "The Cremation of Sam McGee," "The Call of the Wild"; read them all, and see how the young people will enjoy the evenings.

In the office it is impossible for you to appreciate how your literary department has been appreciated during the past winters. If some fairy power could show you the number of firesides where it is read and thoroughly appreciated, I am sure you would be encouraged.

JOHN D. MCGREGOR.

Halton Co., Ont.

The "One Book" Query.

If I were marooned on an island and allowed one book of my own choice, of all the books which I have read, I think I would choose "Leaves of Grass," by "the good, gray poet," Walt Whitman. In reading the poems of Whitman, one feels a sense of oneness with the author, due, no doubt, to the influence of Whitman's universal sympathy and implicit faith in the monistic doctrine of the unity of all life. An inexpressible charm and beauty cling about his simple style. Whitman, the poet of Democracy, wrote for all time and peoples, although his message was delivered more directly to America. The hostile criticism which at times has been directed against him, is due to an inability on the part of some readers to understand and appreciate his unique verse and utter lack of conventionality. We can enjoy Whitman no less in adversity than in happiness. Sympathy, love, hopefulness and encouragement everywhere pervade the "Leaves of Grass." His lines throb with the pulse and passion of one Universal Life.

VERNE D. ROWELL.

Western University, London, Ont.

A student and admirer of Whitman, to whom we read the above, expressed the opinion that Mr. Rowell's criticism shows a deep insight into the thought of the "good, gray poet." We should like to hear the opinions of many more of our readers as to the book they would choose if marooned on an island for a year.

[Note.—We believe we neglected to mention that the query refers to books outside of the Bible, which, were it included, would, no doubt, be the volume chosen by the great majority.—Ed.]

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER VI.

Beaumanoir.

They rode on in silence. A little beyond the village of Charlebourg they suddenly turned into the forest of Beaumanoir, where a well-beaten track, practicable both for carriages and horses, gave indications that the resort of visitors to the Chateau was neither small nor seldom.

The sun's rays scarcely penetrated the sea of verdure overhead. The ground was thickly strewn with leaves, the memorials of past summers; and the dark-green pines breathed out a resinous odor, fresh and invigorating to the passing rider.

Colonel Philibert, while his thoughts were for the most part fixed on the public dangers which led to this hasty visit of his to the Chateau of Beaumanoir, had still an eye for the beauty of the forest, and not a squirrel leaping, nor a bird fluttering among the branches, escaped his notice as he passed by. Still he rode on rapidly, and having got fairly into the road, soon outstripped his guide.

"A crooked road this to Beaumanoir," remarked he at length, drawing bridle to allow Master Pothier to rejoin him. "It is as mazy as the law. I am fortunate, I am

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