

There is nothing happens in the time of corn harvest more worth while to the young folks especially as an invitation to a good old-fashioned "corn roast", and year by year a neighbour of our makes it part of his religion to practically express his "Te Deum" in this manner.

Surely there are many happy hearts, sweethearts, I was going to write, down in the dingle, some danc-ing around the blazing faggots, others

toasting their corn-cobs, yet the glare of the fire in the evening's fading light makes the scene somewhat weird; but the hearty spontaneous laughter, after some smart sparring in repartee, dispels all the mysticism, and as I meander homewards I hear the echoes of harmonious voices ringing out the melody of that good old-time chant of the Moravian nuns—and then comes in that great hush—"that almost seems a sigh, and breathed by earth to a listening sky".

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## THE PRAIRIE

By JACK DAMUSEY

I HAVE place for men,  
With windy spaces for their square-walled homes;  
My lonesomeness awaits the laugh of those who are young.  
Young men I want:  
Young men,  
Stripped,  
Ploughing,  
Building,  
Scheming,  
In sweaty jeans,  
Young men with blood and muscles taut and backs of steel  
To tame my winds of winter bleak,  
To bear my summer's heat.  
My breast is rich for them.  
But let them be cruel,  
Eager like wolves for gain.  
I have no valleys for the old;  
No sacred woods for ancient gods,  
Only the dry, windswept waste  
That must be quelled.