

peninsulas, and on the highest embedded rocks, to cry thence

Salute au Monde !

What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I penetrate those cities myself ;
All islands to which birds wing their way, I wing my way myself.

Toward all
I raise high the perpendicular hand—I
make the signal,
To remain after me in sight for ever,
For all the haunts and homes of men.



SONG OF THE BARD BRICNE.

Of Cuculain then he sang, and the nocturnal slaughter of the men of Meave; of the compact and the bloody fights on the shores of the Avon Dia, and of Firdia, son of Daman, son of Dary; of the meeting of the friends and their grant strife, and of Cuculain perishing alone in the immense forest, somewhere between Fachaine and the sea; but as he sang there was a sound of sobbing voices in the immense chamber, where wept the friends of Cuculain—his foster brothers and school-fellows; but Fergus Mac Roy wept not, but sat erect in the champion's throne, staring out before him, with eyes of iron.

So sang the mighty bard of the Olnemacta, chanting thus far the history of the Tan; but the warriors lifted up their voices and shouted, for their hearts were elated by that noble strain, so that their shout was heard to the end of the camp, and heard, too, by the sentinels who, far out upon the plain, kept watch, sitting each man armed in his chariot upon the white moon-lit plain, so loud shouted the kings and captains of the Tan around the sun of Cairbre, and at the lower tables the bardic students gathered around the pupils of the Ard-ollav, eager to learn from them the words of the noble chaunt.

Yet, not were all pleased, for the great Queen herself, enraged at the praise of Cuculain, directed against the bard scornful glances and bitter arrows of sharp speech, capricious and fickle, who formerly caressed and honoured

the son of Suaitam, living, but now desired to minish and stain his glory, being dead, and to gather to herself and her nation all the renown attending that great foray. Therefore she chid him with envenomed words, upbraiding his paltry verse, and in her folly, taunted the sacred bard in that he had contributed naught to the martial conduct of the foray, and she charged him that he meditated flight to the song-loving monarch of Emain, and had made a pact with the Ultonians for a great reward. But her the Ard-ollav answered in words simple and loyal, not through fear, but obeying the ancient law which enjoined the language of moderation and reverence upon his order, even "purity of mouth without poisonous satire." Therefore, the great Queen abashed was silent, inwardly fretting at the great glory of the son of Suaitam.

[Cuculain, son of Suaitam, who opposed Queen Meave in her war against the Clan Rury, was born B.C. 18, and was slain A.D. 9. "He spake not a boasting word, Nor vaunted he at all, Though marvellous were his deeds." The above is an extract from Standish O'Grady's History of Ireland, Heroic Period, vol. 2.]



FOR THE LAMP.

FOUND AND MADE A NOTE OF.

Try the power that lies in trusting one another: there's magic in it—white magic.



Magic, also, there is in suspecting one another—black magic.



A sure way to make discord—to talk overmuch about "lack of harmony."



Let us not mistake natural phlegm and obtuseness of mind and temperament for equal-mindedness.



'Why try to fight the shadows of the lower mind? Turn on the Light and they will disappear.

C. L. A.