

1898!

And these are ours to-day! The boundless flood
Of infinite Research—the ocean vast
Of endless exploration—and our barque
Of Science builded, fairly launched at last,
Captain'd by Thought—by Reason piloted—
Sails forth upon the venture—and to us,
To search the shores of Doubt—in midnight hid;
To give, if such there be, new Worlds to light,
And that we have, with better day make bright.

—*J. H. Dell.*

Every young soul, ardent and high, rushing forth into life's hot
fight;
Every home of happy content, lit by love's own mystical light;
Every worker who works till the evening, and earns before night his
wage,
Be his work a furrow straight drawn, or the joy of a bettered age;
Every thinker who, standing aloof from the throng, finds a high
delight
In striking with tongue or with pen a stroke for the triumph of
right,—
All these know that life is sweet; all these, with a consonant voice,
Read the legend of Time with a smile, and that which they read is
"Rejoice!"

—*Sir Lewis Morris.*

If thou would'st make thy thought, O man, the home
Where other minds may habit, build it large.
Make its vast roof translucent to the skies,
And let the upper glory dawn thereon,
Till morn and evening, circling round, shall drop
Their jewelled plumes of sun-flame and of stars.

—*Thomas Lake Harris.*