

commonly called "The Grammarian." He wrote a Latin Glossary and book of conversation, but his "Eighty Homilies" is his greatest work.

The other Anglo-Saxon works still extant are "The Battle of Finsburgh," "Traveller's Song," "Judith" and "Athelstane's Song of Victory."

Most of the Anglo-Saxons wrote in Latin, for as the Romans had conquered England Latin became the language of the higher classes. Monks were the chief writers, so of course the writings were on theology. Bede is best known to us. He lived in the Monastery of Wearmouth and wrote thirty-nine works chiefly theological, including his "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," from which we learn all we know of this people and their Church.

Finally we come to Dunstan, who was more celebrated for his learning than his writings, which are theological. He was a favorite at Court and was made Archbishop of Canterbury. From this time till his death, the year 844, he was in reality the ruler of England. After he died the Anglo-Saxon literature sank in the darkness of the middle ages.

### +Men to the front.+

† BEG to be allowed to make, through the columns of your paper, an appeal. I appeal to the invisible host of mighty dead who spent their lives in quest of truth and in defence of right. I appeal to my fellow-men and boys no matter in what clime they dwell or by what faith they worship. I appeal to the male-child yet unborn. I appeal to you one and all to rise and stand in the defence of sacred rights. I ask you not to strive to regain what you have lost, nor to demand and exact what injustice basely kept from you, but to protect what is still left to lose, to allow no longer an encroachment on these rights, more insidious, more steady and more sure than

the Jesuit aggression. "Do not be guilty of judging the world by your own individual standard and thus saying "I have all the rights I want," but be content to give to those in want *their* rights by grandly using yours" What is this encroachment? It is the encroachment of woman. You may not see the danger, but I do, and one or two more do. You must think as we do, you must fight. "Yours not to question why; yours but to do and die." Alas! that they should want their rights. Can nothing short of all things satisfy their cupidity? Where is their boasted pity that they should take from us slaves the last appearance of freedom? Had they not from the beginning the sole sway in the centre of influence—the home? Did they not there mould us to what shape they would? Have we not and will we not always endure any hardship, or undertake any work for their approval? So bound are we, that our noble Anthony's will at any time sacrifice their dominions, ambitions and life for the smile of a wanton Cleopatra. Our desire is to support them and to surround them with luxury. For them we have contended with the hostile outside world, our hands soiled and our brains weary. Their sceptre has ever been supreme in the realm of elegance, beauty and harmony, and it is only by associating with them in this capacity that we men are aught but boorish. The treasury is theirs; we are the pensioners. Woman is the centre round which swings things terrestrial, her dominion is the world and her sway well-nigh absolute. Yet is she content. When directly or indirectly she has all things, she would yet thrust out us from what little we seem to have. She would be man and woman too. And, most incomprehensible of all, she does it under the cry of "Woman's Rights." Let us not be deceived, let us, seeing the plot in all its ghastly proportions vow on the altar of eternal equity to frustrate it and be avenged. "Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire." You ask why this outburst of strong feeling? It is the long-pent up rivers of fear and righteous