

productions are governed by a refined touch." His fertility of invention was as remarkable as his beauty of form and exactness of method. Never in any of these respects has Mozart been surpassed, and he has had but one or two rivals. His Masses are standards in the service of the Church, and of him nothing more truthful can be written than the

words of a well-known critic: "Mozart was a king and a slave—king of his own beautiful realm of music; slave of the circumstances and conditions of this world. Once over the boundaries of his own kingdom and he was supreme; but the powers of the earth acknowledge not his sovereignty." A. C. S.

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### THE HAUNTED SPRING.

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IN a lovely valley, darkling and weird,  
 Where the flowers never bloom,  
 Where the song-birds' swell is never heard,  
 And all is as the tomb;  
 Where the foot of man has never trod  
 Since murder-stains first marked that sod,  
 The haunted spring is found.

At midnight from this spring arises  
 Shapes fantastic, odd,  
 Uttering weird and horrid noises  
 With many a woeful nod:  
 And shrieking, jabbering, laughing wild,  
 While one 's caressed and now is riled—  
 The carnival goes on.

And lonely wayfarers oft do tell  
 Of this weird place the tale,  
 And say there hangs a murder spell  
 About the haunted vale.  
 I saw the place and wandered there  
 Till round me blew the even air,  
 Then place gave to the ghouls.

—PAUL REIMAN.

