

31. The Antichrist will lose his crown, and will die demented and alone. His Empire will be divided into twenty-two States, but none will have either a royal house, an army, or vessels.

32. The white eagle, by Michael's order, will drive the Crescent from Europe, where only Christians will remain; it will occupy Constantinople.

33. Then an era of peace and prosperity will commence for all the universe, and there will be no more war, each nation being governed according to its wish, and living in justice.

34. There will be no more Lutherans or

Schismatics. The Lamb will reign, and the joys of humanity will commence. Happy they who, escaping from the perils of the prodigious time, can taste of its fruit, which will be the reign of Eternal Spirit, and the sanctification of humanity, only to be achieved by the defeat of the Antichrist.

In deciphering the allegory, it must be remembered that France is represented by a Cock, England by a Leopard, Russia by a White Eagle, Germany by a Black Eagle, and Austria by the "other Eagle," while the Lamb stands for Justice, Mercy, and Truth.—Reprinted from the "Evening Post."

A Nightmare

By "Efemera"

No one, so far as I know, has yet been able to analyse the stuff which dreams are made of. Personally, I am inclined to believe that the solution lies somewhere between over-eating and nervous strain, but I am entirely unable to determine whether the curious nightmare which galloped through my room last night was the legitimate descendant of too hearty a dinner or the result of a surfeit of extra war edition.

With no warning I found myself in the midst of a stricken countryside: broken fences, trampled crops, deep-rutted roads. Against the wind-swept horizon rose eddies of smoke and flame from burning villages. The land was deserted, not a living being in sight, and dusk was falling. As I crouched, sheltering against a bank behind some bushes, a horseman rode up. The strangeness of his accoutrements struck even my unaccustomed eyes at once. A Cossack! said I to myself, and then dismissed the thought, for I knew that I was in France. But if not a Cossack, what then, in the name of Heaven? A fringe of little pots and packets dangled from his saddle, and among them a bundle of what I took to be anti-macassars. He seemed to wear a brown woolly wig under his cap, a knitted chest-protector hung over his manly bosom, mittens covered his hands, a sewing-case or handy-bag and a first-aid outfit slung from a strap bumped against his back. His horse had ear-guards and a fly-net.

Two saucepans, balanced by a tea and luncheon-basket, decorated his saddle. On his lance were impaled a bath-sponge and a cake of antiseptic soap. It was too dark to see more, but I was no longer afraid. I knew the warrior: who could he be but my old friend, the White Knight, in modern guise? I slipped from my cover as he dismounted, and advanced towards him.

"What are yer bringin' me now?" he asked in aggrieved suspicion, as I approached. "Not another bloomin' comfort, I 'ope."

It was not the greeting I expected, but times have changed.

I was able to reassure him, but his discontent vented itself in a running commentary on his equipment as he proceeded to make himself and his mount comfortable. He tore off his mittens and removed his cap, showing the wig to be no more than a knitted helmet.

"Tell yer what it is," he growled, "the women think they're doin' us a kindness, but Lord, 'ow they do mess a man up! This thing now—it mikes yer 'ead 'ot an' it keeps yer from 'earing what's goin' on—'ceptin' always artillery fire. It ain't no bloomin' use that I can think of. An' these 'ere pots—they're full of ointment or something which I ain't never yet 'ad no time nor opportunity to use, not 'aving 'ad my boots off for a week, an' the socks without 'eels which is under 'em do lump