

found for one whose song, if homely, is a right sturdy and manly one.

Yes, I fancy, somewhere over there on Helicon Hill is a tiny green slope where the Goodges of song may walk together and hold sweet converse, winning now and then a kindly nod from the dwellers on the heights; from

Sophocles and old Dan Chaucer and Shakespeare. For they're good fellows all of them, I ween, and will welcome a stave or two from a new land, a land whose past is not yet history; whose present has all the charm of vigorous youth; whose future is rich in promise; rightly named the "Land of the Dawning."

## Of Distant Authors.



*"Aquí está encerrada el alma licenciado Pedro Garcias."*

DEAR books! and each the living soul,  
Our hearts aver, of men unseen,  
Whose power to strengthen, charm, control,  
Surmounts all earth's green miles between.

For us at least the artists show  
Apart from fret of work-day jars:  
We know them but as friends may know,  
Or they are known beyond the stars.

Their mirth, their grief, their soul's desire,  
When twilight murmuring of streams,  
Or skies far touched by sunset fire,  
Exalt them to pure worlds of dreams.

Their love of good; their rage at wrong;  
Their hours when struggling thought  
makes way;  
Their hours when fancy drifts to song  
Lightly and glad as bird-trills may.  
All these are truths. And if as true  
More graceless scrutiny that reads,  
"These fruits amid strange husking grew;"  
"These lilies blossomed amongst weeds."

Here no despoiling doubts shall blow,  
No fret of feud, of work-day jars.  
We know them but as friends may know,  
Or they are known beyond the stars.

MARY COLBORNE VEEL.

