

sooner or later subside beneath our feet, and civilisation will be lost in the quagmire.

Is it not, then, rather a pressing necessity than a choice with which we are confronted?

REGINALD JEBB.

CANDLES

THE gravest courtesy of light,
To all sweet loneliness a friend :
Upon the scholar's book at night
Thy beam, his brooding blend.

Nothing except thy rays may shine
To gild the missal's page at dawn,
As mass is chanted line by line
Ere night be quite withdrawn.

When the font gives eternal life
Thy light rests on the infant's head ;
Thy wick burns as the happy wife
Comes from her childing bed.

And when I vanish out of mind,
Candles around me as I lie
Deaf even to the dirge, and blind
To all except the sky.

May I fix eyes on Him Who stands
Among the candlesticks aflame,
The seven stars within His hands,
And on His lips my name.

THEODORE MAYNARD.