souls implicate the good God, making Him their confederate in such deeds.

"My neighbor in the ranks had his jaw broken by a bullet. The poor wretch went wild with pain. He ran like a madman, and in a scorching summer heat could not even get water to cool his horrible wound. Our commander, the Crown Prince, wrote in his diary: 'War—is an irony on the Gospels.' . . ."

❦ ❦ ❦

## THE SKELETON.

By EMMA CLAUSEN.

*I was alone, the day's hard work was done,*
*And every one had left the lecture-room;*
*The last faint flashes of the dying sun*
*Were slowly fading in the rising gloom,*
*And gradually in the shades of night*
*All things were wrapped, but through the darkness bleak*
*Gazed still a skeleton, all bare and white,*
*With sightless, empty eye, with hollow cheek;*
*And deep within my heart a voice arose*
*And spoke of days that passed midst fear and care;*
*Of endless, wakeful nights without repose*
*Which led to vaults of darkness and despair.*
*A thousand questions, beating on my brain,*
*Like furious winds beat on the ocean's tides,*
*Cried loud for answer—but they cried in vain,*
*For who can tell what death or darkness hides?*
*Who knows through what deep sorrow they have gone,*
*Their age how lonely, and their youth how drear?*
*Who knows the wrong the world to them has done—*
*These bleak, bare bones, ere they have landed here?*
*Who now can tell how hard the lot has been*
*That they to bear once, and the road how steep?*
*Who knows the terrors that these eyes have seen,*
*The tears, who counted them, that they do weep?*
*I wonder, oh, I wonder, did this chest*
*Enclose a tender heart within its frame?*
*Lived there a feeling soul once in this breast,*
*Or did it hide but evil, rage and shame?*
*What have they done, these white and slender hands?*
*Did they appear to comfort, help and bless?*
*Or did they come to curse and break the bands*

*Of love and joy, of home and happiness?*
*Was it the laborer's shirt, the convict's suit,*
*Was it the tramp's torn, faded coat he wore?*
*The cloak, the students gave in jolly mood,*
*Was it the first one that these shoulders bore?*
*In vain I ask—but one thing I do know:*
*He suffered—robbed of comfort, strength and health,*
*Through want and misery he had to go,*
*While others revell'd in the hoarded wealth.*

* * *

## AT NIGHT.

By a Dreamer with Open Eyes.

WOUNDED by love, too weary to hate or despise, I drag myself through the damp night along the streets of New York. Not that I am altogether shelterless, like the unfortunate tramp to whom a ten-cent lodging-house would seem a luxury—it is my soul, sore and bruised by the cruel touch of life, that vainly seeks shelter in the harmony of kindred spirits.

I possess enough for a night's lodging, but all such places terrify me like the horrors of eternal damnation. Every inch of space from roof to basement seems to me to be filled with the groans and curses of aching hearts; the atmosphere is stifling with the breath of herded humanity, desperately seeking bread and affection.

For these beings, ever in a mad chase during the day, night means relief. They would be lost without it. If Providence exists in this confused life of ours, it purposely created darkness, realizing that the terrific struggle of the human species with one another cannot be endured longer than twelve hours. Yet there are many souls in pain to whom even the night brings no solace. . . .

Broadway lies deserted in the semi-darkness. In the dim light of the street-lamps a group of sewer-workers are at work. One of them disappears into the dark opening and his fellow-workers are bending over him, passing the tools to him. In the flickering light their features appear haggard and distorted; equally distorted are their desires and passions.

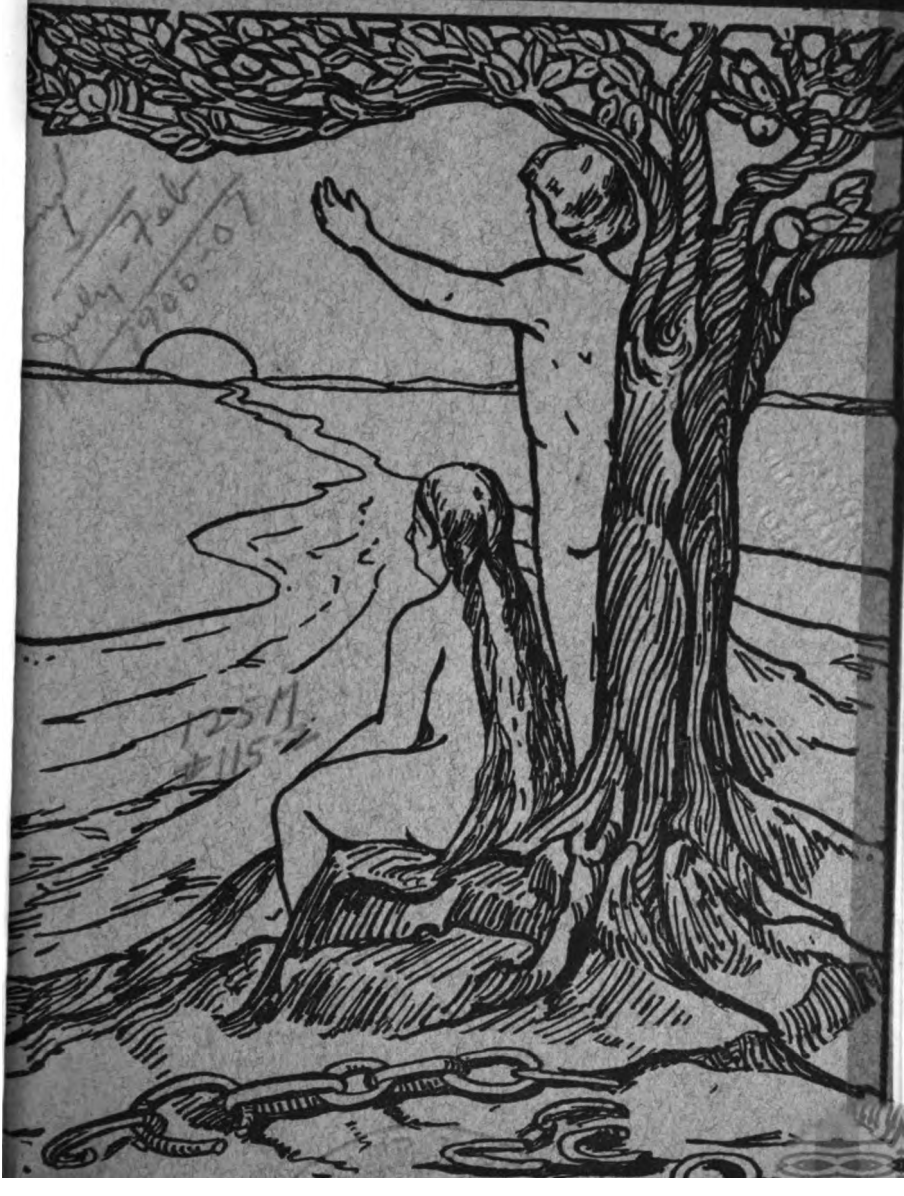
In their presence I recollect a stereotyped argument against a social order based on economic independence:

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# MOTHER EARTH



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## LIGHT!

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(*From Songs Before Sunrise.*)

*Light, light, and light! to break and melt in sunder*
*All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind*
*Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder,*
*And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind;*
*There goes no fire from heaven before their thunder*
*Nor are the links not malleable that wind*
*Round the snared limbs and souls that ache thereunder;*
*The hands are mighty, were the head not blind.*
*Priest is the staff of king,*
*And chains and clouds one thing,*
*And fettered flesh with devastated mind.*
*Open thy soul to see,*
*Slave! and thy feet are free;*
*Thy bonds and thy belief are one in kind,*
*And of thy fears thine irons wrought*
*Hang weights upon thee fashioned out of thine own thought.*