Under this heading are published as many as possible of the poems entered for the monthly poetical context. See announcement in advertising columns for particulars.

The names of prise winners in the February contest are given on page 140.

No. 11.

SAFE.

Ah, who can speak in arrogant pride.
Of an erring brother's sin.
While round himself the treacherous tide.
In deceitful ripples spin?
And who dare guse with pitiful eyes.
On a soul storm-tost, perpleat?
The circling vortex widening flies.
To embrace the scoffer next!
For who is safe? And who can defy.
The deceitful which that wait.
In the tossing sea of fate?
Count them as safe who, anchoring, lie.
Undisturbed by life's rough breath.
In the harbored calm of death.

Oakland, California.

MARY LAMBERT.

No. 12

A RENCONTRE.

We are standing tonight by the portal Of the grave of our buried past, And out of the damp and the darkness You would call the dead Larrus, at last.

With hands none too gentle and kindly, You have parted the unwilling sod. To sean what we once would have hidden Away from ourselves and our God.

There was shame, there was guilt in the hiding. And the years no forgetfulness bring; But the mind is e'er turning and seeking Itself in still Lethe to fling.

And you! Holds your heart naught that is human.
'That this horror your eye now allures?'
My share was the shame and the sorrow,
Dut the wrong of it sarely was yours.

If to you there is nothing appalling
In this skeleton buried here:
If the deeds of your lifetime have left you

If the deeds of your lifetime have set you.
Too hardened to care or to fear.
Yet why need you play with my anguish?

Does that give your malice delight?

All the bright, happy hours of a lifetime

Could not hide that one shame from my sight.

Then leave to this vigil we're keeping.
The silence that burial demands;
No action can lessen my surrow.
Or free from their sin stain your hands.

Albany, Oregon.

JEAN MCCLEOD.

No. 13

DAUGHTERS OF THE GODS.

(California Poets.)

Come, dry your tears, we daughters of the gods.

Ye first who tread this rich and flowery main.

See here the poppy nods.

And laughs upon the warm and perfumed plain.

It upens wide its gav and golden bloom.

And gladdens beaven and earth. It fears not min.

Or wind, or desert neces.

And so, go forth and lift your hearts in praise.

Strike new and merry notes. The Eschschottma* crown Will ill befit that face.

With shouldons crossed, with dropping texts, bent down.

Make sorrow daustr; have strong and god-like grace.

And gladden heaven and earth, if we would win remove.

Paris California

LULIAN H. SHUEY.

No. 14.

IN THE GRAND CANYON.

Bend, dip the oar, away, away, Adown the canyon grand and gray. Where rapids roar and cliffs on high, Embattled round, shut out the sky, Where gorge, escarp and fissure yawn With phantom features in the dawn. A streak of sky is all that tells Of life on high, where daylight dwells. Light up, ye rocks vermilion-hued, The darkness of this solitude, As on we glide where granite walls Embosomed hide luge waterfalls, Whose distant dashings have their birth Deep in the heart of mother earth, Far up the heights the mountain sheep Look down the canyon dark and deep. And elk and deer secluded rove In sheltered valleys far above; The mountain lion builds his den On high in some dark piney glen And neath red sandstone ledges hide Huge grizzlies up the canyon side. Speed on, good boat, ere muelstroms snatch Thee with an arm I can not match. Past Azter watch towers on the peaks, Where sleeps an age that never speaks. Where flint chips still and temples trace The tenure of a perished race; Past dead volcanoes, where of old The fire and flood in conflict rolled, And molten lava dammed the tide Along the canyon's blackened side. Leap on, my boat, the wide earth win: Too long this prison shuts us in: For days and days this granite gloom Has locked us in a living touth. I long for fields where free winds blow. Where mallow, sage and roses grow, Where God's glad daylight pours on high, And all the earth is doned with sky.

Oregon City, Oregon.

EVA EMERY DVE.

No. 15.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity! Thou art our friend, not foe.

And sent to raise, not crush, the better part in man;
Thy chast ning hand wouldst hasgity pride lay low.

And teach man's heart to humbly scan
His neighbor's faults, and not to breathe and fan
The flame, which turns adversity to woe.

He who has felt thy chastening rod

Has sympathy with misfortune and distress.

And would relieve a brother of his load.

Or hide his faults in a recess

Of silence, deep in his heart, where none would guess.

That he a secret hid. True friendship's this.

Adversity! A refining fire thou art;
Thy flame consumes the dross, and leaves behind A metal pare, of honest ring, whose outward part Reflects the trueness of the heart.
And trusty friendship shows, unselfish, kind, A priceless gem, unknown to art.

Whatcom, Washington.

M. MUR PICKEN.

No. 15.

ALONE BY THE SEA.

I sit alone tonight, and o'er my soul
Sweep rushing waves of longing and unrest.
Without, upon the samis, sad breakers roll;
Within, a tempest rages in my breast.

Akme! Ab, more alone than moon or stars!
A dull companion—scillade—my friend.
I call across the night; the massive bars,
That to the fields of thought protection lend.

Drop down. Linap beyond and call to you.
A sigh, a moan, a dall, despairing cry—
The surf, the blast, perhaps a lost sea meu—
Deception cheats the sense! I bravely try

To brash away the tears: the sisking heart
To busy with patient hope. Ah me! that we
Should soul from soul be torn so far apart—
That I should be alone, and by the sea!

San Francisco, California.

EMELIE TRACY V. PARKHURST.

^{*} The Eickscholtria Californica, the golden poppy, chosen as the state flower of California.