

MOST USEFUL SERVANT OF RAILROAD

HOW THE TELEGRAPH WAS UTILIZED HALF A CENTURY AGO

THIS is the story of three devices, two connected with the telegraph, and all originated by one man, which have simplified practical railroad immensely and are now in use wherever the locomotive puffs its way over roads of steel. The telling is especially apt at this time, when the relations between one of the greatest telegraph systems are being dissolved.

The telegraph was impressed into the service of the railroad soon after the electric wire had been taught to write, it being seen early that through its aid the running of trains could be managed with greater safety and certainty than in any other way. It was because of this that for many years nearly every telegraph line in the land was strung alongside some steam road, and the need of the wire on the part of the railroad brought about the extension of the telegraph, over thousands of miles, in advance of profitable commercial demands therefor.

This was of great advantage to the country in many ways. But the telegraphic system thus created had one serious defect. While a message could be sent between two points on the same line almost as expeditiously and cheaply as now, the message between distant points had to pass over as many separate systems of wire as there were railroad lines between the sending and receiving stations. This involved delays, and was then, considered excessive and exorbitant. In this evolutionary world such a condition of affairs naturally brought about telegraphic consolidation, one of the first, if not the very earliest, of the great modern consolidations that have made the United States the wonder of the nations of the earth. This consolidation took the name of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Western Union's Early Advantage. It is because the Western Union was formed by the union of many small lines, originally built chiefly for the convenience of the railroad, that its offices and not those of the younger Postal Telegraph Company are to be found in 99 of every 100 railroad stations in this country. Nor is it so very long ago that railroad and telegraph men would have laughed at a hint of separation between the Western Union and any of the great railroads, least of all the Pennsylvania. Yet for more than a month now the Western Union folk, persistently ordered off, have been busy vacating their offices and removing their wires from along the Pennsylvania tracks. By the first of December the transfer must be complete and this will mark as interesting a period in the history of the telegraph in America as the period which was opened when the late John G. Trask organized the Postal Telegraph Company.

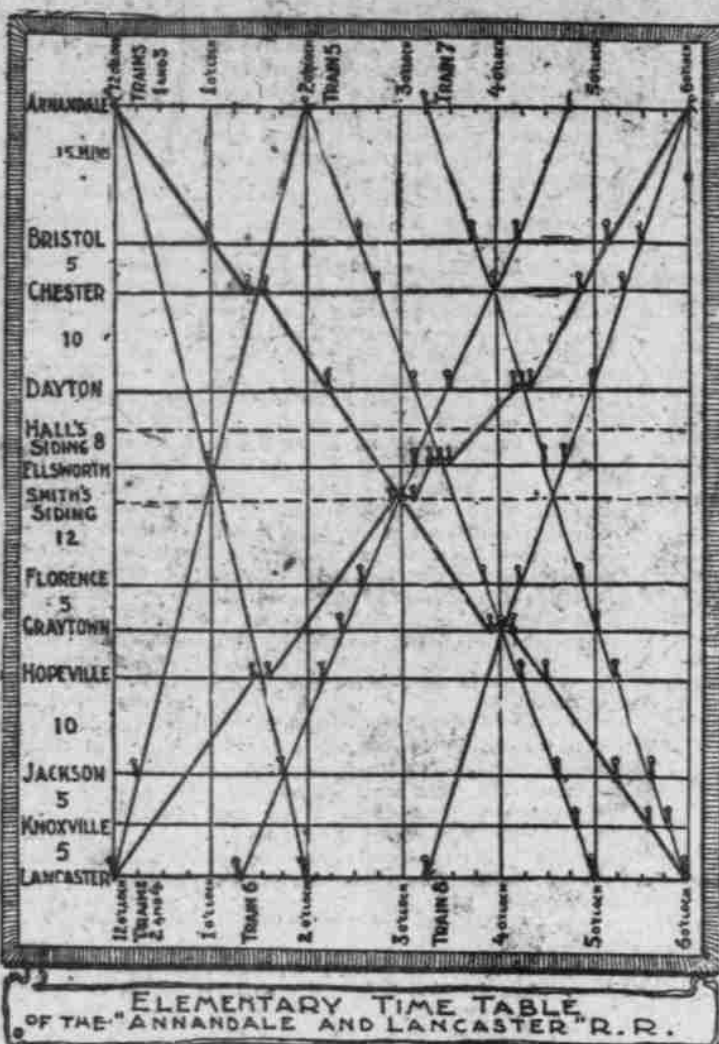
Yet it does not follow, in the view of well-informed men, that this is the beginning of the end of the Western Union's close relations with the railroads in general. The cause of the break with the Pennsylvania was brought about by the determination of the Gould railroad interests to lay their tracks into Pittsburgh in spite of the Pennsylvania's objections. The Western Union's direct yearly loss of revenue (gross) will be about \$50,000 a year, but the net will be much less. There is some expense and some trouble in changing the system in the Pennsylvania's territory and some hundreds of miles of wire will probably be abandoned as not profitable without the railroad business, but the chief disadvantage will be sentimental and, of course, the Gould incident is discounted that before they decided to lock horns with the Pennsylvania.

The railroad began to use the telegraph in running trains early in the '30's



possibly in '40 or even '48. But the train order of the mid-century was crude and often ineffective. Repeatedly it brought about disaster instead of insuring safety. It was so imperfect, indeed, that some railroads gave up the use of the wire altogether after a comparatively brief trial. Thus in 1858, S. W. Roberts, then superintendent of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad—now part of the Pennsylvania system—threw out the telegraph as a help in running trains on that road because of an accident due to a misunderstood order that resulted in some loss of life and the destruction of much railroad property. The Roberts dictum continued in force till his retirement in '68 or '69. His receding led to one of the most important forward steps taken in the development of practical railroad telegraphy. The invention and adoption on the "Fort Wayne" road of the "double order" system, now used on practically every steam railroad in the world.

"Double orders" were devised by an



OF THE "ANNANDALE AND LANCASTER R.R."

enthusiastic young railroad man named James D. Laying, then attached to the executive staff of the "Fort Wayne" in the capacity of division superintendent and now one of the most prominent of the executive men in the management of the West Shore and other Vanderbilt lines. Though he had never served as a telegrapher, having entered railroad life as a civil engineer, he was quite familiar with the electric wire. As a schoolboy in Pittsburgh, and with his father's heavy approval, he had strung wires "all over the house," had made and charged his own batteries, and had mastered the key, both as sender and receiver. He believed thoroughly in the possibilities of the telegraph as a servant of the rail and in the years the wire was taboos on the "Fort Wayne," had carefully thought out the best way of realizing these possibilities. The scheme is simplicity itself.

"Double Orders." A large proportion of all train orders on single track roads, such as the "Fort Wayne" then was, involve two trains. They may be moving in opposite directions and be scheduled to meet at a given station, or other point, where there is a side track that will enable them to pass. Train No. 1 has lost time and to hold Train No. 2 at the usual passing point till the arrival of train No. 1 will make for an unduly long delay. He went to the station at the point where the two trains are to meet and there he found a different point than is customary. Or a fast train may be due to pass and a slow one moving in the same direction; or one or the other of these trains may have missed its schedule and therefore need instructions. Or a third train or engine (one not running on any regular schedule) may be sent out and all

trains along the line it is likely to meet or pass must be notified. In all such cases it is the use of the telegraph, alone, that enables the business of the road to go on safely and without interruption. Before the "double order" system each conductor to be instructed received an individual message from the train dispatcher. Sometimes the message was very full, telling him of the movements of other trains as well as directing his own; sometimes its meagerness was extreme, all explanatory clauses being rigidly left out. So unskillfully were the messages worded that as Mr. Laying remembers, a large proportion had to be "interpreted" for the conductors before they would consent to go ahead.

"Copy." Nowadays, under the "double order" system, when messages are to be sent directing conductors of two trains, both men receive the same message. And this is how the thing is done: From the wire reports which he is constantly receiving the dispatcher knows at 9:40 A. M., say, that Train Number One (east-bound), which should be at Station Q at 10 o'clock to meet and pass Train Number Two (west-bound), has fallen behind, and at the moment is approaching Station U. Train Number Two, on time, is approaching Station O. The dispatcher calls up the operators at Stations O and U, directing him that there will be orders for the conductors of the two trains. Number One at U and Number Two at O. Then he sends the one word, "Copy," following it with an order reading something like this, if there are no serious complications: "Trains Number One and Two will meet at S. In the absence of further orders,



ENGINEER AND CONDUCTOR AWAITING DESPATCH ORDERS

Number One will wait there until the arrival of Number Two. This message is given in duplicate to both conductors, who are signalled that orders are awaiting them as they pull in at Stations U and O. Before either can then proceed he must notify the dispatcher that it has been received and understood. Such an order would be extremely simple, but whether simple or complicated, the aim is to make all orders direct and "understandable." Sometimes, even now, there are misunderstood orders, though forgotten orders are more frequent, but such cases are comparatively rare, and it is hard to see how a better system could be devised.

"The Circuit Breaker." To Mr. Laying also are the railroad and telegraphic worlds indebted for the "circuit breaker." It was some time after the success of the telegraph as an adjunct of railroad news of accidents from points between stations. Till then it was the custom when there was an accident between stations to send a train back to the nearest station, and he would telegraph the news from there to the superintendent's office.

But some one thought it feasible to carry telegraphic instruments on the trains, so that in case of accident the line could be cut and the news wired promptly. This plan worked admirably, but it had the drawback that cutting the wire interrupted the regular transmission of messages, thus deranging the business of the railroad and stopping all telegraphic work. If there were but one wire, until linesmen could be sent for and the wire mended, sometimes

this might not be possible, especially in the early days, for hours, and the result was confusion and delay from interrupted messages became a serious matter. The "circuit breaker" which young Laying invented to overcome all this is as simple as his "double order." It is merely a sort of double clamp, not larger than a pocket knife, which is fastened to the wire that it is to be cut, in such a way that it may be severed between the two ends of the clamp. By this device the electric circuit is broken, and it is merely a matter of time before the wire is cut and the message for which the wire was cut has been sent.

Mr. Laying might have increased his wealth a lot through this device had he wished, since it is now universal use by the railroads, but he took out no patent and has been quite content with the knowledge that his ingenuity has made railroad operation simpler.

"Stringing Time Tables." The first simplification of railroad operation due to Mr. Laying is the use of the "circuit breaker" and a big board, representing a railroad line, or division thereof, in time-table-making. The early days, when there were only two or three trains a day each way to be run over any railroad, the making of a time table was simplicity itself, but as railroad business grew, the practical men who had to make the way in all executive railroad matters were much puzzled for a

simple time table making scheme. No one knows who thought of the use of "cross-section paper," the vertical lines standing for hours and minutes and the horizontal ones for the stations and sidings on the road, while the trains were represented by the line running diagonally. At all events, this method was in use in the '30s, and George W. Fulton, superintendent of the Shenandoah & Panhandle Railroad, now a part of the Panhandle system, taught its mysteries to young Laying. To him the principle seemed the simplest that could be devised, but the method was slow and cumbersome, the diagonal lines for the trains having to be drawn in. Often these lines had to be drawn, erased and redrawn repeatedly, before they were got into perfect shape, and thus the making of a time table was an exceedingly slow job. One day the young man had a bright idea, which he at once carried into execution by having a big, smooth board made, which he fastened upon the wall. Then he divided the board vertically with horizontal lines, each line representing one mile, and the whole of them the total length of the road. At every 10th mile there was a space, which he subdivided by 10 smaller lines, each representing five minutes. Then he stretched silk threads diagonally across the board to represent the trains, fastening the threads at the points where they cross the station lines with needles.

On the first experiment this method was found far superior to the old one, and today it is used by every railroad in the world that runs trains enough to make the preparation of its time table a complicated task. The stringing of the threads is generally undertaken on each road by officials of some consequence in the executive department. After it has been accomplished the working out of the time table, as the passenger sees it, is merely a matter of clerical application.

Elementary Time Table Board.

The diagram given with this article represents the time table board of the imaginary "Annandale and Lancaster Railroad," 30 miles long, for the six hours beginning at 12 o'clock noon and ending at 6 P. M. There are four trains each way, the lines (representing threads) running diagonally downward from left to right representing threads that stand for southbound trains, and the lines running in the opposite direction (upward from left to right) standing for northbound trains. Southbound trains take odd numbers, northbound even numbers. Train 1 is an express, leaving Annandale at 12 M., making 40 miles an hour, and only two stops between terminals. Its diagonal is more nearly vertical than that of the slower trains, and it is off the rails and out of the way in two hours. Train 2 is a freight train leaving "Annandale" the northern terminal, at the same time as train 1. It is supposed to get over the road in 4 hours, the running time being about 13 miles an hour. Trains 5 and 6 are local passenger trains, making all stops and running at about 25 miles an hour.

Trains 3, 4, and 5, northbound, are the opposite of the southbound trains and run on practically similar time, but as the southbound trains have the right of way, the northbound trains are, at times, run slower, as are the necessities of the case demanded in order that they may meet at stations where there are sidings, or, of course, for passing, or at special sidings put in where there are no stations for the purpose of allowing meetings and passings. There are two of these extra sidings on the "Annandale & Lancaster Railroad"—"Hall's" and "Smith's." Such sidings are to be found on all single-track roads. The freight trains are supposed to stop several minutes at each of the meeting and passing stations, hence the double pegs at such stations.

WALTER MORRIS.
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HOMES AND HAUNTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

VI. RUSKIN, BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD, Author of "LIFE OF RUSKIN," Etc.

AT 24 Hunter street, Brunswick Square, London, one of the tablets of the Society of Arts tells the passerby that John Ruskin was born there. That was a mere accident, so to say; his parents happened to be living at Hunter street in 1818, but they did not live there long; and the only memory of his birthplace, which was stayed by John Ruskin was one of a dull and solitary nursery, and the forlorn amusement of watching the water-cart from the window. If we take his own words literally, London was never his home, though he always had what might be called a home in London. "There have been," he said, "in sun, three centers of my life's thought, Rouen, Geneva and Pisa." Elsewhere he talked of "my true mother-town of Geneva." Home is where the heart is, he meant; where one's thoughts dwell.

When he was 4 years old his parents moved out to Herne Hill, then a quiet and "select" suburb. The house, now numbered 28, was a comfortable, semi-detached, up-and-downstairs building in the old style, well set back from a tree-shaded road, with a lawn and garden in front, and a long garden behind, full of fruit trees and flower beds between its high brick walls. His nursery in early years, and study later on, was on the second floor, with windows looking over a wide stretch of country, then clear of town-like buildings and almost out of London smoke. His daily walks, or rides, when they put him, most unwilling, on a led pony, were along the leafy lanes and foot paths through fields where now the Crystal Palace stands, with its populous neighborhood. Of this Herne Hill and its surroundings he has given a stepped pleasantly in "Præterita," the mystery of distant recollection and the charm of his best word-painting. His first book was written there, volume I, "Modern Painters," so that it was actually the scene of some of his best known work. Much later in life he took the old house as a sort of "digging" in which to keep minerals and other materials for study, out of the way of the tidiness of his household, and when his cousin, Miss Agnew, married Mr. Arthur Severn, he made the lease over to her, for it was only rented, not owned, by him. In this way, 28 Herne Hill has a connection with the name of Ruskin both early and late; but it is not the place where he lived longest or did his best work. When he wrote the autobiography as "Herne Hill and Home," it is to be said, 25 years ago that the neighborhood was much as he knew it in his youth. But now his rural character, and with that most of its claim to represent the home of his boyhood, has quite disappeared in a world of bricks and mortar.

Ruskin's "Real Homes." More closely connected with his life's work were many haunts, which he called his real homes, not exactly "sighing to think that he had found his warmest well, come in an inn," but finding there what he most appreciated in life, charm of scenery and stimulus of art. He never cared for what is called society or town life; his excitements and interests were in moving about among the mountains, or sketching in quiet streets where he was a stranger. He would say, on "settling himself into a carpeted but spotless pine-planked room in a Swiss chalet-

hotel, or in a deserted abbey turned into a hostelry: "Now this is what I really like; it is so much nicer than those grand places." He would write hard in his bedroom, before breakfast, walk and read, and write again at night, with enthusiasm. He would make plans for a long stay and a speedy return; but after two or three days, suddenly, "I've ordered the carriage. I dare say you can be ready in an hour, for we must get off, or we shall never get anything done." He must have been always like that from his boyhood. The real work of his schooldays was done out of school, in those energetic intervals they called holidays, and away from what they called home.

From the first he had been accustomed to a good deal of traveling. When he was 2 he was taken to Scotland, to stay with relations at Bridgend, Perth, where he got some early notions of river scenery by the side of the Tay, and of mountains in the background. At 5 he went to the Lakes, and at 6 to France and Belgium. Every summer he spent several months wandering about in a post-chaise with his parents, visiting the same old neighborhoods in turn; for his father, who was a keen traveler, was much more interested and affection than headquarters at Herne Hill.

Among such places were the New Bath Hotel at Matlock, Lowood on Widdemere, the Royal Oak at Kenwick, the old Salutation at Ambleside and the old Waterhead at Conistone, long since pulled down. He was fond of Bolton Abbey, and the Patterdale in the fells; his early impressions of the "purple patches" of water were commemorated in the stone now set up there; but in many places he found the inspiration for the descriptive eloquence which was his peculiar gift. Most of his "purple patches" were written on the spot, or from notes taken at the time when the scene was fresh in his mind's eye; in some cases his fine passages are little more than transcripts from his travel diaries. Always he carried his work with him, and even when it was not merely description, but, for instance, political economy, he did it best in foreign hotels or country lodgings. He has told how he got his sketch-plate in the wash-basin at the Hotel de la Horre at Clotie at Dijon; wrote "Unto This Last" at the Hotel de l'Union at Chamouille, and many a chapter at Daniel's at Venise; a preface to "Sesame and Lilies" is dated from the hotel at Avallon in France, and so forth.

"Homes" on the Continent. The Hotel de la Poste at Champanelle, in the Jura, was "a kind of home to us," he said. "Home—the Stimpson village inn was already more than to me than even Denmark Hill. The Hotel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's, to me, certainly, of all my inn homes the most eventful, pathetic and sacred." And he drew in early years the Poste at Martigny, and in later days Descent's at Calais, and the house from the Bergues at Geneva, just for the love of the place. Memories at Paris, the Hotel d'Europe at Abbeville, La Cygne at Lucerne, L'Union at Lausanne, Verdun at Annecy, Trois Couronnes at Yveroy, were also favorite haunts where at one time he used to be welcomed by the waiters as an old friend, and kept

the carriage waiting to say good-bye to the cook. To London he came only for the duller side of life; in the streets of Rouen or Dijon, on the bridges of Rhone or Arno, in the paths through the pine woods of the Riffel or the Montevens, in the piazza of Florence and Verona, he was himself and at home.

Herne Hill was headquarters for about 30 years, from which must be subtracted his annual travels, his years at Oxford as an undergraduate. He went to Christchurch in 1837, with rooms at first in Peckwater, then in Tom Quad, and the third year in the faded magnificence of the old Bishop's Palace in St. Aldate's; in the piazza of Florence and Verona, he was himself and at home. He went to the exhibition of his drawings in two places, done in the manner of P. Every day at Oxford he used to report himself to his mother at Herne Hill, in the place where he had often stayed before he "went up," and a good many



houses in the city have sheltered him since. When he became Slade Professor, he settled at Corpus. His rooms were large and airy, with broad piazzas overlooking the meadow; not so picturesque as some of the college fronts, but a good deal more comfortable; and his Turner and Titian Dogs and other treasures spoke to the undergraduate who was invited to visit him. In those days he still dated his letters from Denmark Hill, which was his parents' house during all the middle period of his life, though very soon after becoming Professor at Oxford he broke up that best-known home and came to Conistone.

The House at Denmark Hill. It was in 1842 that his father, prosperous in business, moved from Herne Hill to a larger house, not far away, No. 15, Denmark Hill, which became the Ruskin's home for nearly 30 years. It

was the ideal city man's residence, with lodge and drive, and stout columns to its front door, rooms and dignified when you entered, with solid mahogany furniture, and a velvet and a footman and a coachman, as up and about once described it, "a grand room glittering with pictures, chiefly Turners." People used to go there as to a museum; to get Ruskin to show his Turners was a sort of entertainment. He liked the comparative rusticity of the place, for they kept their own cows, and so on; "but," said he, "for all these things, we never were so happy again." Never any more at home. At Champanelle, yes; and in Champanelle—La Cygne at Lucerne, La Cygne at Lucerne. All these places were of the old time. But though he had many happy days in the Denmark Hill house, none of our new ways ever were the same to us as the old.

In 1850 and 1851, after his marriage, he tried to make a home at No. 28, Brunswick Square, Grosvenor Square, but kept it only about a year, and then took the next-door house to his old home at Herne Hill, and so on, gave that up also. In 1859 he

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"Brantwood" Conistone. This was a cottage built a little before 1800 by Mr. Woodville on land bought from the Gasgaths of Conistone, and sold before long to the Copleys of Doncaster. Later on it was occupied by Mr. Hudson, whose son, the Rev. Charles Hudson, was the celebrated Alpine climber, killed in 1855, in the first ascent of the Matterhorn.

About 1850 Mr. W. J. Linton, wood-graver, poet and chartist, bought it, and here his second wife, Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, wrote "The Lake Country," published in 1864. "The Lake Country," the poet, and Dr. G. W. Kilgus, now Dean of Durham, occupied it at times, and in 1871, Mr. Linton sold it to Professor

He had always been fond of Conistone from earliest childhood. He had sung of its crags in his juvenile poems, and drawn its old hall for his first work on architecture, and revisiting the place in 1867, he was delighted with the aspect of the old man. So when he bought the cottage he felt that he had a place after his own heart at last. For some years he was a long, low, round man, and put up with tiny rooms and inconvenient arrangements, giving all his interest to the improvement, in his way, of the bit of wood and stone. Making, on coming to live in the Lake District, set to work laying out grounds and making the rocky knolls and ferny gills as unlike themselves as possible; his idea was to develop the natural beauty of his small domain by making every leaf-leaf rock and tried stem accessible by little foot-paths, and gathering the water on the swampy moor into ponds to fill his miniature waterfalls. Later on, as Brantwood became more and more a permanent residence, he had to build, and continually accumulating treasures of art, and the busy workshop of the last 12 or 15 years of his eager and energetic activity.

The Interior Decoration. The study, where he kept his books and the mineral specimens, which were almost as prized by him as his pictures, was a long, low room, made by knocking two of the original cottage rooms together; it was, in fact, the whole frontage of the earliest building. He had a special wallpaper designed for it, the pattern taken from the priory, and the Marzio's picture at the National Gallery. He lined the walls with glazed bookcases, and filled up the floor space with cabinets after his own design. As books and pictures overflowed the accommodation, they were piled in heaps on the floor, until some new place to be found for them elsewhere in the house; meanwhile, as he was continually taking up new subjects, and wanting new material close at hand, he was continually rearranging his room to him. It got to be something of a standing joke to himself as well as to other folk—"I've just been getting my study into order." No doubt every writing man in much the same case, except those who work entirely "out of their own heads," as the public confidently thought he did. But his carefully manner of writing was continually rearranging his room to him. It got to be something of a standing joke to himself as well as to other folk—"I've just been getting my study into order." No doubt every writing man in much the same case, except those who work entirely "out of their own heads," as the public confidently thought he did. But his carefully manner of writing was continually rearranging his room to him.

He took at first one of the little bedrooms over the study for his own, papered with pantries, and built out a turret to get a panoramic view of the lake and mountains. After his first illness (1873) the associations of the turret and wallpaper were too painful, and he migrated to the next room, which he lined with his Turner's, always a great joy to him. With them to look at, he cared nothing about artistic furniture or modern elaboration of ornamental fittings; and much as he had written of decorative art, he never gave a thought to the development of internal architecture and upholstery,

which he himself had practically originated. The old mahogany which served his father was good enough for him.

Last Days. When at last his malady settled down on him, in 1883, he was thenceforth confined to these rooms, and never left the house, except for short walks into the garden and along the road by the lake to the seat at Beck Leven on the moor. His working and wandering life was at an end more than 10 years before that stormy day in January, 1900, when he was carried off by his "long home" in Conistone churchyard.

It is not a little strange that one who has written such words about the home, on the "sanctity of a good man's house," who had so much of his life in the old-fashioned dwelling place that he should have been more than most people, a wanderer on the

face of the earth; never, until he was too old and too stricken to make full use of it, resting, silent, at his own place. He used to write to him reproachfully of his sadness in life, saying how much they, tied to the desk or the shop or to the petty drudgery of home, would enjoy his liberty and pleasure in constant travel. They had read "Sesame and Lilies," no doubt; but one passage in it they had missed, or thought it a mere burst of rhetoric: "This is the true nature of home—it is the Place of Peace. And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only in the night-glow grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is yet wherever she is." That Place of Peace he never found.

Next week—"Dickens," by George Gissing.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Dogs. My desires are upon me like dogs; I beat them back. Yet they yelp upon my track; And I know that my soul one day shall lie at their feet. And my soul be these dogs' meat.

My soul walks robed in white where the saints wear palms. Among the lilies and palms, Beholding the face of God through the radiant of the heavenly units of stars; The robes of my soul are whiter than snow, she sings. Prayers of immortal still; Yet still she listens, still, in the night, she hears. "The dogs' yelp in her ears."

I have prayed, God has heard; I have prayed to him, he has heard; But he has not spoken a word; My soul walks robed in white among lilies and palms. And she hears the triumphant psalms; But louder than all, by day and by night, she hears. "The dogs' yelp in her ears."

And I know that my soul shall one day lie at their feet. And my soul be these dogs' meat. —Arthur Symonds.

One of These Days. One of these days they will all be over—Serious and laughing, low and gay; Meetings and partings of friend and lover, Joy that was often tinged with pain. One of these days shall our hands be folded, One of these days will the work be done; Finished the pattern our lives have molded, Ended our labor beneath the sun. One of these days shall the heartache leave us, One of these days will the burden drop; Never again shall a hope deceive us, Never again shall our progress stop.

Freely from the blight of the vain endeavor Winged with the health of immortal life, One of these days shall we quit forever All that is vexing in earthly strife. One of these days we shall know the reason, Happily, of much that perplexes now; One of these days, in the Lord's good season, Light of his peace shall adorn the brow. Evermore blast out of tribulation, Lifted to dwell in his sun-bright smile, Happy to share in the great salvation, Can we not patiently carry a while? —Margaret Sangster.

The Wedding Day. It shall be, then, upon a Summer's day; The sun, my joy's accompaniment, bright shall shine, And add, amid your silk and satin flow, Your radiant robes, and another ray: The heavens, like a sumptuous canopy, Shall trail about their blue folds to drape and trail. Above our happy brows, that shall be pale With so much gladness, such expectancy; And when day closes, soft shall be the air, That in your snowy veils, caressing, plays; And with soft-smiling eyes the stars shall gaze Benignantly upon the wedded pair. —Vernonia.

The Crying of the Water. O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand, All night long crying with a mournful cry, As I lie and listen, and cannot understand. The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea, O water, crying for water, is it I? All night long the water is crying to me. Unresting water, there shall never be rest Till the last misty drop of the last day, And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west; And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like the sea. All life long crying without avail, As the water all night long is crying to me. —Arthur Symonds.