

the match that started a mighty conflagration of activity in every line of endeavor.

For ourselves in the future, the most mortifying Yellow Peril we have to fear from the Chinese women is the rivalry with the women of this country along lines of common interest.

Mabel Lee, daughter of the Rev. Lee To, superintendent of the Union Chinese Mission, New York City, outstripped many of her Occidental sisters when she took her Baccalaureate degree from Columbia College last June where she was the president of the Philosophy Club, and specialized on political economy, winning great praise for her masterly exposition of the subject.

THREE POEMS

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

THE poor earth was so winter-marred,
 Harried by storm so long,
 It seemed no spring could mend her,
 No tardy sunshine render
 Atonement for such wrong.
 Snow after snow, and gale and hail,
 Gaunt trees encased in icy mail,
 The glittering drifts so hard
 They took no trace
 Of scared, wild feet,
 No print of fox and hare
 Driven by dearth
 To forage for their meat,
 Even in dooryard bare
 And frosty lawn
 Under the peril of the human race;
 And then one primrose dawn,
 Sweet, sweet, O sweet,
 And tender, tender,
 The bluebirds woke the happy earth
 With song !

THE THRACIAN STONE

*"The faeries gave him the propertie of the
Thracian stone: for who toucheth it is exempted from
griefe."*

THE fairies to his cradle came to play their fairy part,
Their footsteps like the laughter of a leaf;
They touched him with the Thracian stone that setteth
free the heart—
O dream-enchanted, singing heart!—forever free
from grief.

The wind it could not blow a way that failed to please him
well;
Beyond the rain he saw the March skies blue,
With hope of April violets; he cast his fairy spell
Over our flawed and tarnished world, creating all things
new.

He bore the burden of his day, the burden and the heat,
As blithely as a seagull breasts the gale,
Glorying that God should trust his strength. The color of
ripe wheat
Was on his life when it was flung beneath pain's threshing-
flail.

He fronted that grim challenge like some resplendent knight
Who rides against foul foes of fen and wood;
With ringing song of onset, his spirit, hero-bright,
Went tilting with a sunbeam against the dragon brood.
Then dusky shapes stole on him, Queen of the Quaking Isle,
Queens of the Land of Longing and the Waste;
He bowed him to their bidding with a secret in his smile;
He quaffed their bitter cups that left ambrosia on the taste.

Last came the King of Terrors, and lo! his iron crown
Had twinkled to a silver fairy-cap;
Like two old friends they took the road to Love-and-Beauty
town,
That's here and there and everywhere on all the starry
map.

OUR FIRST FAMILIES

SWEET are the manners of the wood,
Our only old society,
Where all the folk are glad and good
In unrebuked variety.

Within this gentle commonweal,
No envy falls with fairy gold
On jewel-weed and Solomon's seal,
Moth mullein and marsh marigold.

No rubied vines despise the lot
Of ragged neighbors; whether moss
Be flat or tufted matters not,
Pale peat or glittering feather-moss.

The common milkweed holds estates
And wears his purple royalty;
The bluets keep their ancient traits
With quiet Quaker loyalty.

These families of long descent,
Our tutors in amenities,
Have pedigrees of such extent
They well may share serenities.

Ere first the hollow Catacombs
Thrilled to a Christian litany
There bloomed beside the red-men's homes
Spicebush and fragrant dittany.

This rock's huge shadow rested on
Gentian and nodding trillium
Before the rise of Babylon,
Before the fall of Ilium!

THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF NEWFOUNDLAND IN A SUBMARINE WAR

SENATOR P. T. McGRATH

AMONG the outstanding revelations with regard to the present War, in respect to the future of Canada and any Canadian policy of preparedness, is that of the strategic value of Newfoundland—the island which stands as the sentinel of the St. Lawrence, the guardian of the Gulf, the controlling factor in the seafaring development of Canada's commerce, and yet the only portion of British America which does not belong to the Canadian Confederation and is independent of the rule of the Ottawa Government.

For nearly fifty years, since the very founding of the Canadian Confederation, that country has desired its absorption, but this is only possible by the will of the Newfoundland electorate, and this it has never proved possible to obtain so far. Some think that it may follow as an outcome of the War—through the heavy financial burdens assumed by Newfoundland in the endeavor to do her part to assist the Motherland in the present struggle, through the lesson taught by war of the helplessness of small nations, and the contrary evidence that union is strength and through the need for Canada to secure the island as a dominant factor in any future scheme of naval and military defence she may design.

The strategic value of Newfoundland to North America, as revealed by this War, is very great. Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to claim that the possession of this island is indispensable to the future security of the United States in the event of war. Newfoundland's potential value is enormous. Her coast is the landing place of twelve of the transatlantic cables—the two great systems—the Western Union and the Commercial—having abandoned in the main all other