

on the summits of the loftiest mountains when all other vegetation has succumbed to the icy throes of the Frost Spirit.

Of them Ruskin writes: "Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms, like drifted snow, and summer duns in the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold, far above among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like on the stone, and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years." MARIE L. SANIAL.

The Brothers.

Two brothers, dwelling in a distant land,
 Were housed apart, for one was of the court,
 Rich, powerful, the other mean and poor.
 And so one day, the elder came to stand
 Before his father and to make report
 Of what had chanced to him in all that land,
 And gifts to offer from his growing store.

"Where is my other son?" a question born
 From out the silence, met his eager heart.
 "Am I my brother's keeper?" he in scorn
 Made answer. And there came a stern "Thou art!"

Years passed. The elder brother slowly learned
 To help the younger in a hundred ways;
 Gave food for asking, warmed his dwelling place,
 And never from his own rich dwelling spurned
 The other's rags. Then in the latter days,
 With secret hope of praises dearly earned,
 Once more he stood before his father's face.

"Where is my other son?" he heard again.
 "My father, all thy bidding I have done,
 Fed, clothed and taught him. What doth fail me then?"
 "Thou comest alone. Where is my other son?"

Long ages full of failure passed away;
 And as the bettered days went softly by,
 They shone at last upon a place where stood
 Two brothers, strong of heart and clear of eye.
 And one said to the other, "'Tis the day
 When we must go together, thou and I,
 And tell our father of our mutual good."

But even then a voice between them fell;
 "No need to seek me far as once thou didst,
 For since my two dear sons together dwell,
 So, I have come to tarry in their midst."

—Taken from "Chicago Commons."

SARAH C. DAY.