

THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

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TWILIGHT.

Sitting alone at the close of day,
Watching the sun go down;
Amid the wonderful beauties of earth,
Listening her sweetness of song.
Sitting and watching and waiting —
Waiting for night to come.
Sitting and watching and dreaming —
Dreaming of days that are gone.



GENIUS, COURAGE, AND FANCY.

“IT is but an idle fancy, and the man is mad,” they said. And they that said it laughed in their scorn. The old men sadly shook their heads. The young men jested in derision. The small boys jeered. Even the children cried at him, as he, a gray-haired man, old in looks but not in years, in face, not in figure; stalwart and manly in physique, of courtly manner, of comely face, and with unfaltering eye, walked through the streets of Genoa in the fifteenth century. He was a sailor. Even as a boy his delight had been in playing by the sea. As a youth he had felt himself a man when first he dared to face its power. And as a man the life on the boundless deep was life indeed for him. What to