

there is no other way to attain this but by the earnest love and imitation of Jesus. Wherefore, leaving all wandering paths, let us go the short way to work. I long to do so. Farewell. London, 1517."

And reading the words of this great man and Christian, it is easy to feel the truth of the verdict passed upon him, "This man seems the best and the wisest of his age." He had not conformed to the world, but was reformed by the newness of his understanding.

SEA-HAUNTING GULLS

NANITA MACDONELL BALCOM

Sea-haunting gulls, what are you crying,
 Endlessly flying over the shore
Where hoar-headed Fundy thunders, defying
 The stone and the sky with his roar?

Do you lament the summer's dying?
 Echo the sighing wind in the tree?
Over the island shadows are lying.
 The net from the weir blows free.