

stuff, is as sure of a good livelihood—by which I mean enough to marry upon and raise a family in health and happiness—as any man can be anywhere in this difficult world. Could the same be said of the same young fellow if he stayed here in England? And is it really beyond the power of statecraft to lend such young fellows the small capital that would set them up for life, instead of presenting them with it, often to their ruin, in the form of a weekly pittance?

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## WHEN TWILIGHT BROODS

E. O. FEWSTER.

When twilight broods and the day  
Is a dash of scarlet on the sea,  
Then do I walk the woods and pray  
To the Spirit without and the Spirit that dwells in me.

My heart is light for it knows  
That the day was good,—and now withdrawn  
My soul shall rest, to awake  
When the little wind comes forth that runs before the feet  
of dawn.

When twilight broods at life's end,  
And Death flings dusk on my Sea of Time  
I shall need no prayer, but glad,  
With love for wings, I shall beat through a glorious night  
to those who are mine.