

## OTTAWA.

## BEFORE DAWN.

The stars are stars of morn : a keen wind wakes  
 The birches on the slope ; the distant hills  
 Rise in the vacant North , the Chaudière fills  
 The calm with its hushed roar ; the river takes  
 An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes  
 The morn with music ; a snatch of singing thrills  
 From the river ; and the air elings and chills.  
 Fair, in the South, fair as a shrine that makes  
 The wonder of a dream, imperious towers  
 Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls  
 Where our young strength is welded strenuously ;  
 While in the East, the star of morning dowers  
 The land with a large tremulous light, that falls  
 A pledge and presage of our destiny.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

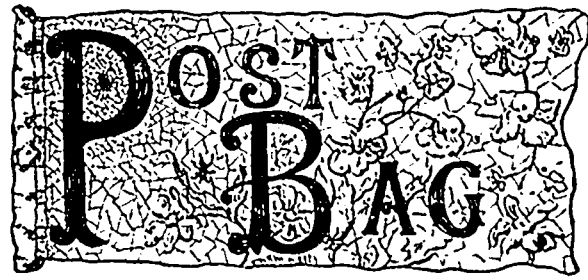
MARGARET ELLISON : A STORY OF TUNA VALLEY.  
 By Mary Graham. Boston : Bradley & Woodruff.

The heroine of this story is a young lady, whose mother on her death-bed makes her promise that she will never marry a man whose life is not consecrated to higher things. She is therefore obliged to refuse the man she loves ; but after she has suffered for three years, he comes up to her ideal of consecration. At the same time she falls heir to an unexpected fortune, and of course the story closes with a happy marriage—or rather with a series of happy marriages, for the subordinate characters are, in this respect, equally fortunate with the heroine.

The New England Magazine of Boston is making a special feature of articles dealing with Canadian topics, interesting to those who wish to keep in touch with the progress of the age all over the world, and especially interesting to Canadians themselves. The April number will have an article on "Contemporary Canadian Art and Artists," by W. Blackburn Harte. It is a companion to the same writer's article on the "Dominion's Literary Men." It will be profusely illustrated with portraits and examples of the work of the best Canadian artists.

LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD. By A. D. Vinton.  
 Albany Book Company, Albany, N.Y.

It is the fate of a popular book to provoke imitations. The title of this book frankly points to Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It takes, however, an additional idea from "The Battle of Dorking," a clever sketch, which appeared shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, describing an imaginary conquest of England by the Germans. Mr. Vinton's book refers to a period about a quarter of a century later than that of Mr. Bellamy's, and pictures cleverly a conquest of the United States by the Chinese. The chief value of this picture consists in the vividness with which it brings home the main defect of Socialism in destroying habits of self-reliance among the people. The helplessness of individuals, and even of municipalities, accustomed to have everything done for them by the central government, is brought out with great success, and at times with a good deal of humour.



EMBRUN, O.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I have read your masterpiece about our Province of Ontario written by Mr. Old Grub. He states that sugar cane is one of our great necessities of life. So far I am with him, and our maple sugar, better than any sugar cane, is sweet and lovely and good to the taste. We make every month of March and April nine acres!

Also about nickel mines in Ontario he hasn't stated where it is found, in what village or town, or county. Please tell me next time.

If you place this in the Post Bag please do not correct, so that every English Young Canadian may see that I am not ashamed of my English writing. Those that will laugh at me, let them compose one in French, and I'll be there to correct it.

N. B.—I can't any more canvas for THE YOUNG CANADIAN because I must help father in the maple sugar making and the carting of wood.

Your aff. friend,

F. P.

MY DEAR F. P.—Many thanks for your nice letter. If you had not told us, I am sure we should not have guessed that you were not writing in your own native tongue. There are very few mistakes indeed in the English, and there is a fine manly ring in it, which can be told as well in one language as in the other.

I am sorry, though, that you think that any of our other Young Canadians could laugh at such a good letter. I feel certain that they could not. Indeed I think most of them would give a good deal to be able to write as sweet a letter in French.

Suppose you try by sending me your next despatch in French, and some of my young friends will answer it.

How nice to think of you in the woods sugaring out. Did you like our Mr. Old Grub when he told us how it was done long ago? I think he would take it as a great compliment if you would give him a description of how you do it now. He promised to do that for us, you know. So if yours should appear before his, he would have a fine surprise. Surprises are nice, aren't they? And even old gentlemen like him can laugh. I have seen him laugh till he could not hold his pen.

I should like it myself too. I love boys, and I love the country ; and to get a letter from a little boy in the country would be doubly delightful.

I know, too, that all my young friends in the other Provinces would be pleased. Those in Prince Edward Island, and in Nova Scotia, want to know how you do things in Ontario, and some day soon they will write to tell us how they do things there.

You know our country is very big. We have been so busy all these long years making roads, and bridges, and railways, and steamers, and mills, that somehow we have forgotten the young people. We have had no time to remember that they are a part of the nation,—and a very important part too. We have not done much to introduce them to each other, to let them know about each other, to give them an opportunity of becoming acquainted as boys and girls should who look forward to taking a high place in the making of the country.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN is going to do this. For this purpose it has been started. For this purpose it has been made of such beautiful paper, and pictures and