

all are, as are all such, to a great extent a matter of personal opinion. But I cannot close without saying that I believe Canadians have been making rapid strides in literary production, and that we ought to look for and confidently expect better things in the near future.

F. Horning

Plus Ultra.

ONE more song and then away,
 Strive no more to gain her ear ;
 One more prayer for Love to pray,
 Silence then and darkness dear.
 Light of Love through darkness brought,
 Sweetest songs for her enwrought—
 She will neither see nor hear.

Little worth but for her sake
 Held I all that life might spare ;
 All my art I strove to make
 As a garland for her hair.
 Life and Love and Art together
 Pass like leaves in wintry weather—
 Neither takes she thought nor care.

No more Love and no more song !
 What is left for Life to say ?
 This : When sombre hours grow long,
 Memory's lamp shall light thy way.
 Love in dreams can know no waning ;
 Seldom Love survives the gaining ;
 Touched,—it withers to decay.

Frank L. Pallock