

And in the night of Spirit blight
As a path secure from harm,
I follow the mould, formed on that old
Prince Edward Island Farm.

Dear native name, there is none the same
None other my heart can thrill,
Through changes of clime and lapse of time,
I love it, I love it still.
And through all years come joy come tears
My heart that is leal and warm
Will tenderly fold thoughts of that old
Prince Edward Island Farm.

W. W. ROGERS.

Life

BYOND the lopes of the Rockies the sun was rapidly sinking, changing the peaks of the mighty hills to sharply defined shadows against the purple and gold of the sunset and blending into the brightness of mid-day the warmer tints of a western twilight. Over the rugged ridges and through the irregular valleys broad piercing beams of brightness flashed and faded away in the boundless arch of God's wondrous creation. Here and there a ray, seemingly brighter than others, stretched far across the blue vault, and as if anxious to take a last loving look at the face of the prairie, slowly withdrew from the sky and reluctantly sought the horizon.

In the thick juicy grass of the ranch land a herd of cattle was grazing, rolling along with a solemn glacier-like progress, each of the thousand wild creatures feeling the ground as it moved and lowing in quiet contentment, like to a strongly built dam which holds back an ocean of power,