

"Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chée, chée. chée!"

And now is the "high tide of the year". The woods are full of song; every field has minstrelsy, every grove is vocal! Surely they are akin to humanity; we feel as if a part of ourselves had vanished, when the naked trees stand silent and the birds have disappeared. How beautifully Burroughs has put it! "The song-birds might all have been brooded and hatched in the human heart, since nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in their varied songs. There are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced inarticulate singers."

One more! We heard through the ear of naturalist and poet, and then through our own. No bird-song is more exquisite than that from the throat of the wood-thrush. Evening fills her cup with its most delicious melody; and, at morning, the heart gives response, with that of Anna Boynton:

"Clear is thy message, O woodland bell,
Ringing soft in the echoing dell,
Under green arch and golden spire;
When the dawn's first radiant arrow fell
Into the dim wood's dusky choir,
Thy notes uprose, nor the rising fire
Of day doth hush thy heavenly swell.

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"Ever unspoken on earth must be
The dawn-blown message borne by thee,
Bell of the wilderness, soft and clear!
There's a language lost and sweet, that we
May never speak in our veiled sphere;
And thrushes sing it, and, lo, we hear!
The lily-blow, and, behold, we see!"

Thank God for birds and for bird-songs!

Cherryfield, Maine.

A SONNET.

EXHIBIT - - - 1890.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

THESE from the great North-West—this tasselled corn,
This bearded grain the short bright summer grew,
These giant roots which drank the sun and dew
And prisoned in their hearts the hues of morn.
Lo, this is wealth! Fortuna's golden horn
With Nature's largess hath been filled anew;
Rejoice, O West! our East rejoiceth too;
Wide home of plenty for a race free-born!

And Canada's true sons from age to age
Shall gather in her spoils of land and sea,
And by their own brave loyalty shall gauge
The untold splendours of her destiny,
And crown at length their glorious heritage
Foremost among the nations of the free!

Saint John, N. B.

MONTREAL AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE
BY THE EDITOR.

ABOUT the end of the year 1870, at a gathering of the artisans of Montreal, a subject of Queen Victoria concluded his opening address in connection with the evening classes thus: "And if anyone would know to-day how far we are Frenchmen, I answer: Go into the towns, go into the country, accost the humblest among us and relate to him the events of that gigantic struggle which has fixed the attention of the world; announce to him that France is conquered; then place your hand upon his breast and tell me what can make his heart beat so fast, if it be not love for his country."

The invincible attachment of the French-Canadian race to the mother country was always known; it is known that time, distance, foreign domination have not been able to banish old France from the memory of that province, which, alone among all our colonies, bore the name so sweet, the name so full of promise and so deceiving, *New France*. But what testimony so emphatic as this instinctive sorrow, provoked by our common misfortunes, and which has revealed perhaps to more than one Canadian, till then unmindful of his origin, what blood flows within his veins.

Alas! who can forget? Since that first separation, other loved provinces have been taken from us; other pieces of our flesh have been torn away to satisfy an inexorable creditor. Our country has experienced new farewells, new sorrows. But, as they remember on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, they will remember elsewhere: the image of conquered France has long been seated by the firesides of her exiled children; for, fifteen hundred leagues from our shores, after a century has passed, England reckons still a million of her subjects whom she cannot change into Englishmen.

On this side of the Atlantic, how forgetful we have ever been of a land where, travellers tell us, our image is reflected as in a mirror! The history of that cruel separation between France and Canada is to-day but little known. We know, in general, that at an unfortunate period of our annals, when the French colours were often humbled, the flag of the army in America was held high and firm; we know that if it fell, that flag also, it was to serve as the winding-sheet of the general of that valiant army. But the details of the catastrophe in which our great colony went down, the events of that mournful drama, have been long unknown.

To-day, thanks to the publication of the archives of the war and of the navy, thanks to the labours of Canadian historians, and to the discovery of a valuable family correspondence, the light has come, and the devotion of Louis de Montcalm and his troops appears with an amazing grandeur.

As for France, but yesterday once more clad in mourning,