

students of Canadian history and collectors of Canadian books and portraits,—we would leave the point with them, indeed, with any man of sense who knows French, and we are very sure that he will say with us that to translate the English word

Dominion, as we use it, by the term 'Puissance' is simply a folly.

Perhaps some of the gentlemen we name may take the matter up. Why not our friend Mr. Sulte, of whom, we trust, we only take leave for a short period.

## ABSENCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

SURELY the blest are those who stay  
 Rather than those who rove,—  
 Few can remain a year away  
 Nor miss a face they love.

And if our fears are unfulfilled,  
 And every dear one there,  
 We find that our own place is filled—  
 That we have grown to spare.

The friends who mourned to see us go,  
 And wept such tears about us,  
 Have learnt, because they must, we know,  
 To get on well without us.

Grass grows not over graves so fast  
 As new love ousts the old ;  
 If our joys pass, our griefs scarce last  
 Until our tears are cold !

Absence has half the powerlessness  
 And hopelessness of death :—  
 What the eye sees no more, the heart  
 Hardly remembereth.

The dove should fly nor east nor west,  
 But in her green copse wait,  
 If she would one day build her nest,  
 And keep a faithful mate !