

short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger was shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old, feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side of the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never realized before the force of Tennyson's fine line—

“The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,”

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving its mark upon the mobile surface.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

BY THE REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

FLING out the banner. Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Upon its gleaming folds inwrought
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner. Angels bend
In wondering silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The mystery of the love divine.

Fling out the banner. Lands forlorn
Shall see from far the saving sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner. High it towers!
Seaward and skyward let it shine,
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours—
We conquer only in that sign.