

And the swift stroke of wavelet slipping through
 The grasses ; learning from the river reeds-
 The deepest chorus of the ocean wide.

The dykelands, and the meadows of the sea
 Have been my inspiration many a day—
 Not less the hallowed willows of Grand Pre,
 And its dark tale of crime and misery.
 The Gaspereau still flows as peacefully ;
 And Minas separated from the Bay
 By gloomy Blomidon, and the array
 Of beauty on their shores, bind you to me.
 For we have loved till lips have filled with song ;
 Your English blood and my Acadian veins
 Unmindful of the hatred of that yore
 That made our fathers foeman. Be we strong
 In peace, as they in war, and bloody stains
 Will fade in union ruling all this shore.

Wolfville, N. S.

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Defence of the Cynic

It is well known that people worshiped the sun till they found out what the sun was. Did not Baldur, the Son of the Morning, burnish the East with the links of his Golden Armor when the dew was heavy in the grasses and the leaf was damp in the shade? Did not Morpheus, too weary to battle the shadows of Dusk, gather his draperies about him ; and like a petulant child scattering, in a profusion of stars, the bawbles of his vanquisher, slip into the silent West? Ah ! it was thus, when the world was the Favourite of the Father and the garden of Hesperides its Rest.

The arms of Night are still flung about the odorous earth like a maiden—for is not Night a maiden whose perfumed breath is the bliss of the lingering twilight?—too solicitous of her love to heed the approach of her Lord and ceaseless pursuer. Up, up he comes, the Sun, the golden Phoebus ; scouring along the burning vault of Heaven, his fiery chariot-wheels as furious in the fight as their wrathful Master, his foaming coursers lashed into a frenzy of ever-changing colours ; and He above all and in all showering the trophies of the timid Day to errant minions full-fearful of their fate. Who could not worship this? Who in the strength of his