

womanly things. In her portrayal of the characteristics of the "Northern Girl" one is apt to wonder if she had in mind, less the typical Albertan girl, than a daughter of her own; if so, all we may say is, "Happy Janey Canuck!"

"Janey" finds many things for which to be thankful; among them, "the long trails, with the honking mallards that beat down a grey sky in the teeth of the wind, for rude hungers, and for other things of the eternal vagabond, like hidden girds, smoke-tang, and the love of common people." May one who prizes the love of common people be aught but joyous?

Joyous Janey, with your abundant and abiding exhilaration in existence! You write of one "whose blood is mixed with the sap of trees"—ah, Janey! I think that during one of those Albertan (which means alchemic) summer morns, your blood must have been infused with the keenest essences of all the prairie flowers! Tell me, Janey, you who have seen so much of life without becoming embittered, did you ever meet a really wicked person who really loved flowers, say as you love them?

Joyous "Janey Canuck!"

Sabbath Night.

To-day, O Lord, within Thy vineyard wide
And far how many toilers wrought for Thee—
Some, 'mong the crowds; some where no plaudits be;
Some, where the hot winds of the world have dried
The soil of the heart; and some have sought to guide
Dear little children in the upward way:
Some tracked the wandering feet that went astray,
While others o'er life's tragedies have cried!

And if, to-night, in loneliness, O Christ!
Their careful tillage little hath to show,
Their tired hands fall, vain be the dreams they dreamed;
Remind them that a dozen men sufficed
To fill Thy days with toil; that long ago
Elijah's day was better than it seemed.

—ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

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