



MILLS AT CHAMBLY.

woman rushes off into the passage, while her suitor rushes in hot pursuit as successfully as he can, being tripped and belaboured with drumsticks and ladles, wielded by the whole assembled party, who do their utmost to impede his progress. Should he not succeed in overtaking his lady-love before she has completed the circle of the inner tent, then the marriage is declared "off." From what we know of the feminine heart, we may suppose that this rarely happens, and that the young woman prefers to await her lord's coming in some part of the passage, when they re-enter in triumph, husband and wife. The hardships of a winter in that dreary land were vividly portrayed, and a graphic account given of a successful search for a lost party. The temperature frequently registered 68°, and upon one occasion, quicksilver poured into a bullet-mould froze so solidly that, when fired from a gun, it penetrated an inch board.

The lecturer sang a few songs in the Russian language, which afforded a great deal of amusement. His lecture closed with a wonderful bit of word-painting, descriptive of the aurora borealis as observed in those high latitudes. My brief notes can give but a faint idea of this charming lecture. The proceeds are to be devoted to the establishment of a free circulating library in this place.

Mr. Kennan is not only an able writer; he also possesses in a high degree those qualities which go to make a really first-class lecturer, and his easy manner of relating his experience exhibits a thorough knowledge of, and sympathy with his subject.

H. H. P.

Baddeck, C.B.

Chambly Churchyard.

By C. B. B. E.

How peacefully the sleepers lie
Beneath the cloudless summer sky
Within the church's shade,
No sound to break their deep repose,
Save where the rapids' murm'ring flow,

Or trill of oriole sweet and low
Blends with the wind that gently blows.

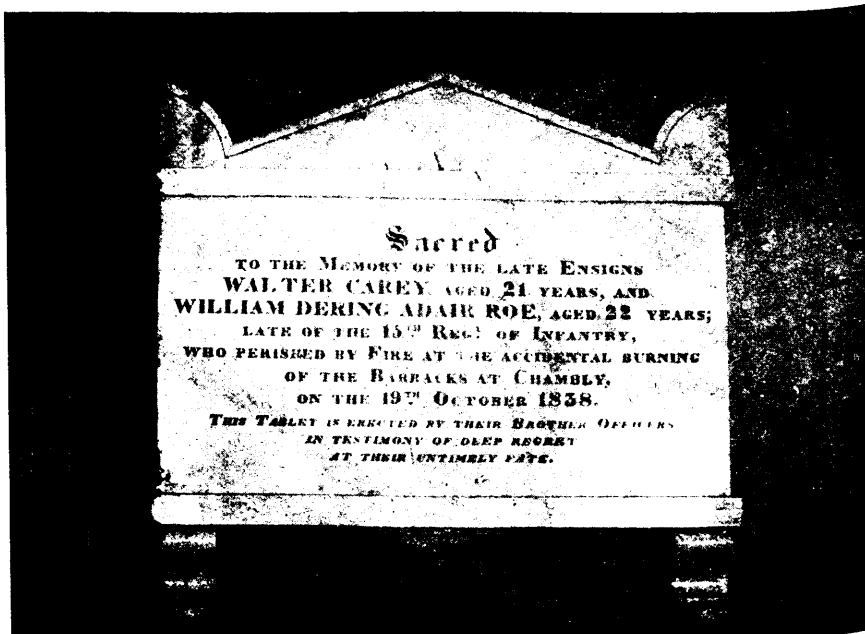
Above their graves the grasses spring,
The scented clovers incense fling,
The lily opens her bell
All through the long bright summer hours,
And life-warm sunbeam's quick'ning ray
Falls golden on the old vaults grey,
Through waving plumes of chestnut flowers.

All, all is peace, in turfy bed,
Or solemn vault: the quiet dead
So calmly slumber now,
We scarce can dream that life's unrest
Disturbed erewhile the pulseless breast
Or stamped with care the marble brow.

Yet had these sleepers mortal doom,
The anguish throb, the deep'ning gloom,
The grief that comes with years,
The withered hopes, the slow decay;
Ambition's storm, contentment's calm,
Life's heartsease flower, the victor's palm,
Scattered upon their chequered way.

Here underneath the marble slab
The soldier sleeps, his battles o'er
His deeds of valour done,
His conqu'ring sword put up for aye,
His arms "laid down." No more to wake
Till the last trump his sleep shall break
Upon the resurrection day.

—Canadian Church Magazine



A TABLET IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, CHAMBLY.