

forty years the leader of the Conservative party in Canada, notes that the subject of his story accepted, as the informing principle of his policy, his settled conviction that this country could not be governed without the hearty co-operation of Quebec.

Unfortunately for many years an influential section of the press of English-speaking Canada was loud in its denunciation of the so-called French domination. This outcry was effectually silenced, however, when by the votes of English-speaking delegates the fortunes of Canadian Liberalism were intrusted to the direction of Wilfred Laurier. The mantle of the old prophet had fallen upon the shoulders of his younger rival and disciple. And, continuing the good work of these two eminent leaders, every enlightened patriot has hailed with joy the coming into existence and the growing influence of "la bonne entente" the good understanding

between leading men of the two great races comprising the mass of the Canadian people.

Recently a numerous delegation, including many of the most prominent citizens of Ontario, has paid a visit to the neighboring province of Quebec, to further the aims of the entente. These brethren have been accorded a true French Canadian welcome: they have been overwhelmed by true French Canadian hospitality. The Honourable Senator Belcourt, we are told, "enlarged upon the development of the Canadian nation out of the disconnected racial entities that existed at Confederation. Nationhood could be and should be developed not by the absorption of one race by the other, but by the harmonious blending of the culture of both, and the development side by side of the English and French in Canada." To the spirit of such a speech, and to the aspirations of the entente, we can all respond with a fervent amen.

Verse by Western Writers

SILVER CLOUDS

(By Annie C. Dalton)

How lonely seems the sky,
How chill the moon!
The golden sun is far away,
The stars are paling; soon
The crescent moon, so young and fair,
Alone must reign in beauty there.

See! like a frozen flame she burns,
Her two thin arms outstretched invite,
her hair a mesh of gossamer
To snare the wanderers of the night,
The little flimsy clouds that fly
Unseen across the darkened sky.
Like candle-dazzled moths they come
Breaking the wide surrounding gloom,
Like wild bees flocking from the shade
To dream in light the moon has made,
Or, sleeping on the wing,
Like that famed bird the poets sing,
The albatross, they come.

Sombre clouds at early morn
Into rosier life are born;
And good it is to look upon
The glow of lingering afternoon;
But, beautiful beyond comparison,
The white cloud-children round the moon.
When, brighter, brighter, in her beam,
Their languid wings of silver seem,
Oh! lovelier than the honey-sipping butterflies of June,
The moth-white children of the crescent moon!
They rest

Upon her head, her feet, her breast:
So silver-pure, so white a flame
Never was meant to hurt nor maim,
Never to scorch nor to destroy,
But to give beauty and innocent joy.

O fleecy clouds of the lambent moon!
Where do you come from, silver clouds?
"From the sunny hills and the wind-whipped streams,
And we are the dreams, the vagrant dreams,
Of lost lagoons, of secret rivers,
Of marshy pools where salt grass shivers,
Of trodden puddles whose rainbow eyes
Adore the distant and flaming skies;

From north and east, from south and west,
Long we have watched for the young moon's crest;
From east and north, from west and south,
We have risen on the wings of the summer drouth.
To our queen serene,
We have come from the ends of the earth's demesne."

Fair little clouds! and do not I
Rejoice to see you in the sky?
O radiant clouds! I love your shimmering song . . .
Wonderful songs and things you sing and say
Till the lonely moon is happy and gay,
Till the morning returns, like the sound of a gong,
To summon all wanderers overlong,
And the fluttering dawn must draw you away.

Fair little clouds, you fly! you fly!
I see you no more in the empty sky.
Good it may be that I look upon
The rising sun and the moths of June,
But I long to know where the lost have gone—
The lost white moths and the lonely moon.

* * *
"REST"

Sing me a song of the Silence
When the ships of my thought sail slow;
And breezes from far off islands
On the embers of Memory blow.
Where the deep, blue waters of dreamland
Mirror the happy past,
And the fleecy clouds on the sky line
My horoscope will cast.

Sing me a hymn of the quiet
Clime of the soul serene,
On the shore of some shining islet
Clothed in its cool, sea-green;
Where the ships of my thought may anchor
Rest, with their white sails furled,
Till the ceaseless tide shall bear them
Back to the busy world.

There let me rest my fancy,
List to the lap on the sand
Of the soft, blue waves in Summer,
In that far-off slumber-land.

LOIS H. GILPIN.