

When midway of the basin, Blomidon discloses all the columns of its basaltic formation, clothed, as befits a kingly form, in purple hues; adjoining it is still another gigantic freak of nature, Cape Split, a detached column of rock like a monument to some fallen aboriginal warrior, defying all time and elements. Between it and Cape Sharp, less than three miles away, the savage currents of incoming and outgoing tides snarl and roar. Everything here is on a magnificent scale. Little wonder that it should have been the home of Gluskâp, the Acadian Hiawatha, and the scene of many of his wondrous feats!

Leaving Grand Pré, or Wolfville, the enjoyable route leads through the busy little ship-building town of Hantsport, where one may see oftentimes a score of vessels reclining at various angles on the muddy banks, or floating well up to the level of the marshes, as the tide may determine, crosses the broad waters of the Avon, and stops at one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in Nova Scotia, Windsor.

Of course the guide-book tells you

that "Sam Slick," lived here, and on the hill rear the station stand the block house, magazine, and barracks of Fort Edward, with Annapolis' ruins the possession of the Crown; that King's College, oldest of England's colonial universities, is here, dating from 1790, and that it was one of the oldest and largest of the Acadian settlements; but it cannot convey to you the subtle charm of the landscape, attaining its fullest expression as seen from the college.

One's first impression of Windsor may not be pleasing, as the old portion near the river is more picturesque than tidy; its post-office and court house are promises of better things to come. It will be a matter of surprise to learn that this is third among ship-owning towns in Canada. The most novel effects of the tides are again seen here. Warner remarked that he "never knew before how much water adds to a river!" It may not be amiss to mention that one of Canada's first poets, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, has his home here in these magnificent surroundings, occupying the chair of English literature in King's College.

THE COMFORTING CHRIST.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

O, the Comforting Christ and the wealth of
of His grace!

I marvel His love is so broad!
Nor angels the bound of His bounties can
trace,—

'Tis wide as the fulness of God.
I dream of the glory; I think of the life,
My heart feels the thrill of His "come!"
Though tossed in the turbulent tumult and
strife,

I know He will shelter me home.

The Comforting Christ hath the light that
I need;

Though shadows encompass the way,
I dread not the darkness; His Word is my
creed;

He never will answer me nay;
His Spirit, in me, is a lamp to my path,
Reflecting the light of His throne;
I fear not His frown and I dread not His
wrath.

For I am beloved, and His own.

"THE ELMS," TORONTO.

The Comforting Christ hath the power for
my soul,

Omnipotent, perfect and free;
And strange though it seem, He hath said
its control

Is vested (a sinner!) in me.
The discords of sin-confused matter shall
cease,

Time's vibrant unharmonies end,
He speaketh, and lo! at His word there is
peace,

This Christ is my Brother and Friend.

The fruits of the Spirit, untrammelled by law,
He sendeth, all free, from above;

The gifts that I need His Omniscience fore-
saw:

Faith, gentleness, goodness and love;
Nor sorrow, nor crying, nor death, nor de-
spair

Shall sunder my soul from her tryst;
I know I shall meet Him my Lord, in the air,
And abide with the Comforting Christ.