

to come to the people of the Penobscot, who dwell by the islands of the Passamaquoddy. And after midyear, when the lilies bloomed in the meadows of the Nashwaak, he would return. And that was the setting out of his Westward journey.

But now many winters have sifted through the spare grass, brown and tall in the meadowlands of Nashwaak, and the Red Swan comes by that place no more. And long time the Abenakis mourned for Louis. For their story told not of any like him for the beauty of his face and the swiftness of his stroke, and the after-time shall not see the likeness of his great heart, who was so dear to all the dwellers under the morning. And even now they dream of his coming.

THE LYRIC.

Why tarries the flash of his blade?
At morning he sailed from me,
From the depth of our high beech glade
To the surges and the sea;
I followed the gleam of his blade.
The cherries were flowering white,
And the Nashwaak Islands flooded,
When the long Red Swan took flight;
On a wind she scudded,
With her gunwale buried from sight,
Till her sail drew down out of sight.
He shouted: "A northward track,
Before the swallows have flown!"
And now the cherries are black,
And the clover is brown,
And the Red Swan comes not back.
The stream-bends, hidden and shy,
With their harvest of lilies are strewn;
The gravel bars are all dry
And warm in the noon,
Where the rapids go swirling by,—
Go singing and rippling by.
Through many an evening gone,
Where the roses drank the breeze,
When the pale slow moon outshone
Through the slanting trees,
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.
How I should know that one
Great stroke, and the time of the swing
Urging her on and on,
Spring after spring,
Lifting the long Red Swan,
Lifting the long Red Swan!
How I should drink the foam—
The far white lines from her swift
Keen bow when, hurrying to come,
With lift upon lift
The long Red Swan came home!
Here would I crouch down low,
And watch the Red Swan from far,
A speck in the evening, grow
To a flaming star
In the dusk as of ages ago,
In the dusk of ages ago.
I would lean and, with lips apart,
See the streak of the Red Swan's fire
Glow dim at the twilight's heart,—
Feel the core of desire
From the slumber of years upstart.
How soon should the day grow wan,
And a wind from the south unfold,
Like the low beginning of dawn,—
Grow steady and held
In the race of the long Red Swan,
In the race of the long Red Swan.
How glad of their river once more
Would the crimson wings unfurl,
And the long Red Swan, on the roar
Of a whitecap swirl,
Steer in to the arms of her shore!
But the wind is the voice of a dirge,
What wonder allures him, what care,
So far on the world's bleak verge?
Why lingers he there,
By the sea and the desolate surge,
In the sound of the moan of the surge?
Last midnight the thunder rode
With the lightning astride of the storm
Low down in the east, where glowed
The fright of his form
On the ocean-wild rack he bestrode.
The hills were his ocean wan,
And the white tree-tops foamed high,
Lashed out of the night, whereon—
In a gust fled by
A wraith of the long Red Swan,
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson belying sail
Was fleckered with brine and spume;
Its taut wet clew, through the veil
Of the driving fume,
Was sheeted home on the gale.

The s'loal of the fury of night
Was a bank in the fog, where through
Hissed the Red Swan in her flight;
She shrilled as she flew,
A shriek from the seething white,
In the face of the world grown white.

She laboured not in the sea,
Careened but a hand breadth over,
And, the gleam of her side laid free
For the drift to cover,
Sped on to the dark in her lee.

Through crests of the hoarse tide-swing
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow;
There was loosed the ice-roaring of Spring
From the jaws of her prow,—
Of the long Red Swan full wing.
The long Red Swan full wing.

Where the rake of her gunwale dipped
As the spent black waves ran aft,
In a hand for helm there was gripped
The sheen of a haft,
Which sang in the furrows it ripped.

Then I knew and was glad, for what foam
Could the rush of her speed o'erwhelm
If Louis and his Whitehaulm
Were steersman and helm,
When the long Red Swan drave home,
When the long Red Swan drave home?

Yet ever the sweeping mist
Was a veil to his face from me,
Though yearning, I well half wist
What his look might be
From the carven bend of his wrist.

Then a break, and the cloud was gone,
And there was his set keen face
Afire with smouldring dawn
In the joy of her race,
In the flight of the long Red Swan,
In the flight of the long Red Swan.

Though drenched in the spray-drift hoar,
As of old it was ruddy and warm
Through the black hair, grizzled and frore,
Whipped out on the storm;
Then "Louis!" I launched on the roar.

O'er night and the brawl of the stream
The hail of my cry flew on;
He turned with a smile supreme,
And the long Red Swan
Grew dim as the wraith of a dream,
As the blown white wraith of a dream.

Look! Burnished and blue, what a sweep
Of river outwinds in the sun;
What miles of shimmering deep
Where the hills grow one
With their shadow of summer and sleep!

I gaze from the cedar shade
Day long, high over the beach,
And never a ripple is laid
To the long blue reach,
Where faded the gleam of that blade,
The far gold flash of his blade.

I follow and dream and recall,
Forget and remember and dream;
When the interval grass waves tall,
I move in the gleam
Where his blade-beats glitter and fall.

Yet never my dream gets clear
Of the whispering bodeful spell
The aspen shudders to hear,
Yet hurries to tell—
How the long Red Swan draws near,
How the long Red Swan draws near.

CANADA.

Our glorious heritage shall we forego,
In that far land? Forbids the loud refrain
Alike from mountain peak, from smiling plain;
Our oceans three with wild waves echo—"No."
To gain our varied wealth, as friend or foe
Our wily neighbour stretches wide in vain
Her arms. For twice have we of this domain
Thrown back her hostile bands with forceful blow
From crimsoned heights, from eastern citadel.
Our north wind's breath has fostered, son and sire
No weakling race; has kissed the maiden fair,
And given her cheek its wild rose hue. Here dwell
With freedom, hope, just laws, their heart's desire,
True British sons. To break that tie beware!

JANET CARNOCHAN.

Niagara, March 1.



A religious contemporary which points out that pugilists are "almost exclusively men who are without any religious instinct," forgets that they are all devoted musclemen.

Lady (to applicant for coachman): Are you an Englishman? Applicant: No, mum; I was born in Ireland; but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I s'pose I do seem quite English, you know.

In most semi-civilized countries the coin of the realm is perforated in order that it may be strung on a wire or cord for convenience in carrying. Drop your punched quarters in the missionary box.

Courtesy.—Brightly: "What would you do, doctor, if you had a bad cold?" Doctor (crushing): "I'd consult a reputable physician, sir." Brightly (calmly): "I don't suppose you could tell me where I could find one, doctor, could you?"

Americans must have their little joke, no matter at whose cost. In the cheap restaurants "One Cleveland" has meant a plate of "soup" ever since the 6th of November. If the variety chosen happens to be "mock turtle" the waiter thunders with resonant voice, "One Bayard!"

At the De Gatheremin Dinner.—Cadby Brannue (to Mr. Madison Squeer): Look out, Squeer! If you eat any of that terrapin, you'll go to bed to-night and dream of your grandfather. Mr. Madison Squeer: Well, Cadby, there's one comfort—I've got a grandfather to dream about.

Attorney for defence (to man drawn for juror): Permit me to ask you, Mr. Idunno, if you have conscientious scruples against capital punishment? Juror: Hey? Attorney: Are you opposed, on principle, to the execution of condemned criminals? Juror: Huh? Attorney (hastily): We'll take this man, your honor.

From a cathedral close comes to us the story of a discussion concerning a certain gentleman who was blessed with a nose of Bardolphian size and colour. "He must be a heavy drinker," said one cleric. "Not at all!" said another; "I knew his father and his grandfather, and they had the same unfortunate kind of nose." "Ah!" was the reply, "evidently a case of *damnosa hereditas*."

When catechising by the Scottish clergy was customary the minister of Coldingham, in Berwickshire, asked a simple country wife who resided at the farm of Coldingham Law, which was always styled "the Law" for brevity's sake, "How many tables, Janet, are there in the law?" "Indeed, sir, I canna jist be certain," was the simple reply; "but I think there's ane in the fore room, ane in the back room, an' enither upstairs."

A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter, put him in a room with a Bible, an apple and a dollar bill. If he found him when he returned reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and, if interested in the dollarbill, a banker. When he did return he found the boy sitting on the Bible with the dollar in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him.

Madam's small boy has broken out in a new place. He had been visiting one of his school-mates, and he came back with a serious face. "Mamma," he said, "I guess it's all right with that piece of poetry you told me about, 'He Doeth All Things Well.'" "Oh, indeed," said madam. "And why?" "Well, I think he did just the square thing in giving me to you instead of to Mrs. Dunnepp, for I've been over there three hours, and I know I could never stand that woman!"

A kilted Highlander was in the habit of walking to the nearest town—six miles off—for his provisions. Having on one occasion purchased some matches, he found on his return home, that they were useless. On his next visit to town he took them back, and complained to the grocer's assistant that they would not light. The latter, taking one, drew it in American fashion across his nether integuments, and the match lit. But this demonstration, instead of satisfying him, angered him the more. "And wha," he cried, "is going to travail twelve miles to light the matches on your breeks?"

"Ob what denomination are de chile?" asked an old coloured preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism. "Sah!" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination." "I axed you ob what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment, then the father stammered out: "I—I—doesn't know what yo' mean by 'denomination, sah.'" "Houb, yo' don't?" replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' 'ign'ance so yo' kin understand it, Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"

VICTOR HUGO'S ENGLISH.

Victor Hugo was asked if he could compose English verse. "Mais certainement," replied the poet, and wrote:
"Pour chasser le spleen,
J'entraî dans un inn,
O mais je bus le gin,
God save the Queen!"