

sors, save some sixty ox-yokes, and the bones of several hundred sheep and oxen which had perished during the first winter.

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of *Grand Pré*,

and even tradition is silent on this haunted spot itself. The 'forest primeval' is gone, and the Norman cap and kirtle

of homespun. None speaks the tongue of Evangeline, and her story, though true as it is sweet and sorrowful, is heard no more in the scenes of her early days. The people of the neighbourhood wonder what the stranger 'goes out for to see;' and why he stands uncovered under an old willow tree, gazing so long and so sadly across a wide flat marsh.

## FAME AND LOVE.

(*Translated from Victor Hugo.*)

BY GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

WHEN, dearest, thou dost speak of Fame,  
     With bitterness I smile—  
 That phantom—a delusive name—  
     Shall me no more beguile.

Fame passes quickly from our ken,  
     Pale Envy's blazing brands  
 Spare its white statue only when  
     Beside a tomb it stands.

Earth's so called happiness takes wing,  
     Imperial power decays :  
 Love, noiseless love, alone can bring  
     True solace to our days.

I ask no blessings here below,  
     Except thy smile and song :  
 Air, sunshine, shade, the flowers that blow,  
     To all mankind belong.

When from thy presence sundered far,  
     In joy or sorrow's hour,  
 I miss thy glance alone, my Star,  
     Thy fragrance, O my Flower !