

the more surely our nationality changes into religion, and once, at least, a year we hang our harps on the willows or the maples and remember Zion.

Let me end with some verses from a poet too little known, which say what I want to say, but cannot:—

"In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the unrepentable forests,—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling
Home! Home! Home!
Strange ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river,
The signal cry of scattered comrades, calling
Home! Home! Home!

Call, and still call me, for the dusk is falling.
Call for I fain, I fain would come but cannot.
Call, as the shepherd calls upon the moorland.
Though mute, with beating heart, I can hear your calling,
Home! Home! Home!"



SCENE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.