



Our Homes.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—First year cotton wedding, second year paper wedding, third year leather wedding, fifth year wooden wedding, seventh year woollen wedding, tenth year tin wedding, twelfth year silk wedding, fifteenth year crystal wedding, twentieth year china wedding, twenty-fifth year silver wedding, thirtieth year pearl wedding, fortieth year ruby wedding, fiftieth year golden wedding, and seventieth year diamond wedding.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—There are few lovelier relations in life than that existing between a father and his daughter, when that relation has been developed to its best extent by tenderness and honour and affection on one side, and by veneration that amounts almost to adoration on the other, the veneration called forth by perfect faith in the virtue and nobility of its object. The trust in her father which a young girl feels and all unconsciously exhibits is something as flattering to his pride as it is delightful to his emotions.

FILIAL DEVOTION.—The young girl who receives her father's intense affection as something purer and holier than other mortal flesh, and who is unworthy of that emotion, is one almost beneath pity. A man conscious of the love that he has called forth in a pure and gentle being feels obliged to live up to the opinion which she holds of him; the child is, in a way, his guardian angel, and often when he is tempted he hears the rustling of that angel's wings. How much, then, it behooves the young angel to attend to her angelhood, and to be all that her father deems her.

IMEROS.

My heart a haunted manor is, where time
Has fumbled noiselessly with mouldering hands;
At sunset ghosts troop out in sudden bands,
At noon 'tis vacant as a house of crime;

But when, unseen as sound, the night winds climb
The higher keys, with their unstilled demands,
It wakes to memories of other lands
And thrills with echoes of enchanted rhyme.

Then, through the dreams and hopes of earlier years,
A fall of phantom footsteps on the stair
Approaches near, and ever nearer yet,
A voice rings through my life's deserted ways.
I turn to greet thee, Love. The empty air
Holds but the spectre of my own regret.

—Edgar Saltus.

TEA.—Tea is a nerve stimulant, pure and simple, acting like alcohol in this respect, without any value that the latter may possess as a retarder of waste. It has a special influence upon those nerve centres that supply will power, exalting their sensibility beyond normal activity, and may produce hysterical symptoms, if carried far enough. Its active principle, theine, is an exceedingly powerful drug, chiefly employed by nerve specialists as a pain destroyer, possessing the singular quality of working toward the surface. Tea is totally devoid of nutritive value, and the habit of drinking it to excess is a cause of our American and Canadian nervousness.

COFFEE.—Coffee, on the contrary, is a nerve food. Like other concentrated foods of its class, it operates as a stimulant also; but upon a different set of nerves from tea. Taken strong in the morning, it often produces dizziness and that peculiar visual symptom of over stimulus that is called *muscæ volitantes*—dancing flies. But this is an improper way to take it; and rightly used, it is, perhaps, the most valuable liquid addition to the morning meal. It should be made as strong as possible at first in a drip bag, and a tablespoonful or two of the liquid added slowly to a large cupful of equal parts of hot milk and cream, in which have been previously dissolved two or three lumps of sugar. Its active principle, caffeine, differs in all physiological respects from theine, while it is chemically very closely allied, and its limited consumption, as compared with tea, makes it impotent for harm.

KANATA.

The eastern and the western gates
Are open, and we see her face!
Between her piny steep she waits
The coming of each alien race.
Dear genius of a virgin land—
Kanata! Sylph of northern skies!
Maid of the tender lip and hand,
And dark, yet hospitable, eyes:

Thou art our spirit of Romance,
Our Faerie Queen, our Damsel lorn,
Who, framed by some mysterious chance,
In undiscovered woods wast born!
In days of love and life gone by,
Ere waned the light, ere ebb'd the tide,
Wild singers sought thy company,
And supple forms from forests wide.

They sported on the golden shore,
And far, dim headlands of the past;
Untrammelled all, their spirits bore
No sense of spoil by passion cast.
No philosophic doubts were theirs,
No tideless, stern pursuit of gain,
No weariness of life, no cares,
No yearnings underlaid with pain.

But, wild and true and innocent,
They plucked the blossom of the year,
Where savours of the woods were blent
With music of the waters clear.
Death had no fears; it but revealed
A spectre-world to spectral eyes,
Where spirit-wildings roamed afield,
And spirit-pinions swept the skies.

Where still the chase they would pursue,
And o'er the vacant rivers glide
With ghostly paddle and canoe,
With phantom forests on each side—
Forever, where no frost should fall
To waste the sweetness of the light,
Nor old age and its funeral,
Nor bitter storm, nor ancient night.

'Tis past, Kanata! Weightier days
Strain tight the girdle of the year;
Pale feet are in thy forest-ways,
Pale faces on thy plains appear;
And eyes, adventurous, behold
The gathering shadows on thy brow,
Where sacred graves of grassy mould
Turn black beneath the westering plough.

Thy plains are whispered of afar,
Thy gleaming prairies rich increase;
And, leaning on their tools of war,
Men dream of plenitude and peace.
For Europe's middle age is o'er,
And still her ways are undefined,
And darker seem the paths before,
Than the dark paths which lie behind.

Perchance! But still I see them come—
A weary people seeking rest;
Sighing for sympathy, a home
And shelter in the peaceful West,
Where ancient foes in race and creed
May never more the tyrants see,
Who eat the bread of craft and greed,
And steal the wine of liberty.

Vain promise and delusive dreams,
Which snare the unsuspecting heart!
Here faction, subterfuge and schemes
Arise, and play the tyrant's part.
Alas! for equal life and laws
And Freedom 'neath the western sun!
Here must they stand or fall—her cause,
On these fresh fields, be lost or won.

Still must she fight, who long hath fought,
Still must she bleed, who long hath bled;
There is no consecrated spot,
No realm where she alone doth tread.
There is no clime, no perfect plan,
Nor system sacred to her end:
These count not if the mind of man,
Through freedom's growth, be not her friend.

Prince Albert, N. W. T.

C. MAIR.

NOTE.—In the Wyandot word *Kanata*, the accent falls upon the second syllable; and, from this word, there can be no reasonable doubt, our country derives its name. The author will perhaps be pardoned by some for personifying, and for addressing, "Kanata" as the Genius of Canada.

The Charlottetown *Examiner* says large quantities of oysters are shipped from Summerside every day. A computation will show that the shipments since the 15th September amount to about 20,000 barrels, valued at \$40,000. The oysters were, for the most part, taken from Richmond Bay.

Immigration returns to the 13th November show the total number of arrivals in Canada for the eleven months to have been 156,180, being an increase of 18,018 over the same period last year. The number of settlers in Canada was 82,947, showing an increase of 10,406 over last year.

CAMPING.

As summer approaches, the common desire among city people is to be in the country, where later, in any of the various summer resorts can be seen many of every class enjoying the recuperating ozone and disporting themselves after their own fashion.

The thoughtful, amid the sequestered walks, the jasmines and roses, or roaring cataracts, enjoying nature in her minutiae or grandeur; the unthoughtful—have I to tell? See yonder, on an impoverished promenade—simple nature is not good enough for them—matrons, with business intent on eligible bachelors with the prosaic piastre; elegant dudes, carefully preened, busily entrapping giddy ones like themselves. Shall I dilate on their doings? No. We have more than enough of them in the city without relating them in their aggravated form in the country; turning what should be rest and recreation into an accentuation of the rivalries of fashionable society, with all their accompanying worry; but let us be thankful that class is decreasing every year.

But to return to our subject. It is becoming more and more the endeavour of all classes in the city to be in the country for a while at least, if not possible the whole summer. The confining influences the year round, and the impure atmosphere in the hot season, necessitate the change apart from the natural predisposition which exists, more or less developed, in every being. As Cowper says: "Tis born with all the love of Nature's works; is an ingredient in the compound, man, infused at the creation of the kind." Yes; it is with pleasure that those fortunate—for such they are considered by many—take leave of their city house for the one by the sea, or the humble cottage or *cottage orné* elsewhere, as the case may be.

This summer my friends and I, therefore, could be considered among the fortunate. We did not go to any seaside resort, but had our neat dwelling, which we had conveyed with us, not far in the country from the well known city "Montreal." A conveyable dwelling may seem most improbable to some imbued with the idea that all abodes are unportable. But let me explain. It was a tent, and, moreover, a most commendable dwelling it proved to be, showing perspicuously that "camping" is not "too rude for comfort," as some erroneously remark, but capable of the delicacy and refinement of the home, apart from its own particular attributes.

As a means to pass the heated term, or, for that matter, the whole summer, it is the best one conducive to health, tents being non-productive of colds by reason of their uniform porosity. Moreover, it is emphatically the thing needed for most city children, confined as they are to the various health deteriorating influences of the city. Again, to those who would wish to undertake in part the humane work of giving poor city children an opportunity of breathing the fresh country air it is the best means open to them.

CAMPING AND ITS REQUIREMENTS.

In detailing its necessities, if not written out in Homeric or Miltonian verse, as the frying-pan elevated to a

Dark-eyed beauty, of lovely passionate pose,
Replenishing the air with incense rich and rare,

must be prosaic. Properly, there should be two tents—one as the culinary department, the other and larger as the dwelling. These, for convenient access to each other in bad weather, should be connected by a canopy. Outside there should be an encircling trench, with a turn out, to drain off the rain-water. Moreover, a few inches over each roof there should be what is termed a "fly," to break the rainfall and heat of the sun. Inside a floor is requisite, tongued and grooved if possible, as it would better exclude any dampness that might arise. For easy transport, it should be made in sections, with the tables, chairs and other articles of necessary furniture. Of the various kinds of tents suitable to camping, the square and oblong allow more available space, but the round, high-curtained, in one of which we camped, is decidedly the most beautiful. In respect to the