

is acquainted with you, and you may find that Canada has, perhaps, some knowledge of your existence. Anyhow, when you return you will have a good time, for there are some of the finest people in the world in Canada."

This proves a very much larger subject than I thought it was when I took it in hand, so instead of dealing with it

in one article I propose to devote two to it. It would be useless to scold over a state of things for which there was no remedy. I believe there is a remedy; I believe that Canada can be reclaimed from literary darkness and rye whiskey; therefore, in a future contribution, I propose to point out what this remedy is.

(The Second Article will appear in December.)

ON THE COAST OF ACADIE.

STOOD the cottage near a cliff
By the sea.

By the sparkling sun-lit sea—
By the slowly-moving sea ;
And the bride of yester-eve

Looked it o'er.
Dreamed of future joy-filled years,
Little recked she of their tears,
Unassailed her heart by fears.

Happy she—
By the laughing rippling sea.

Stood the cottage nearer yet
To the sea.

To the white-capped angry sea—
To the swiftly-moving sea ;
And the wife of many years

Looked it o'er.
Thought of sons who'd left her side,
To explore its billows wide,
Claimed by its resistless tide.

Woe is me—
By that greedy treacherous sea !

Stood the cottage on the cliff
By the sea.

By the cloud-swept grey old sea—
By the gently-moving sea ;
And a widow bent and lone

Looked it o'er.
Felt that restless changeful sea,
E'er to her unchanged would be—
Could not break its constancy.

Waiting she
For her blest eternity.

Agnes J. Chipman.