

Prof. C—n.—Yes. The Aborigines of the North-West Territories can bask, with complacent pride, under a loftier and more generous genealogical tree than those "whose families came over with the Conqueror," or those whose ancestors were "raised" for sheep-lifting on Scotia's "knowe-heads."

Dr. W—n.—But, I say, C—n. These specimens are found very near the surface, in quite a recent formation, without any traces of igneous rocks or faults in the strata, to show that they had been shot up from the kitchen below. It might be a scientific miscarriage, of course, but one would think that geologists would have noticed them before.

Prof. C—n.—My dear sir, I rest my case on the fact of their having been found near the surface. Geologists are confessedly, as they should be, men who look only below the surface. They have been for centuries peering into the bowels of the earth. They diagnose nature constitutionally by working upon her insides, and do not, quack-like, treat her irruptions through her epidermis. But I am going to prove to them that they may carry this very good rule too far. It has exceptions. Even science is sometimes short sighted. Astronomers, you know, often see on the sun spots which are only flies on the object glass of the telescope. These specimens are entirely new and this gives me hope.

Dr. W—n.—Enough. I am satisfied. *Exegi monumentum are perennias.*

Prof. C—n.—*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec...* But we must not go too fast. We have to convince a stubborn world. Now, to work up the evidence.

Dr. W—n.—We might call in P—e and his blow-pipe and H—n, in case there are old inscriptions to be deciphered.

Prof. C—n.—Yes, and B—r, also. The angles of these specimens may have the same symbolic value, mathematically and astronomically considered, as that miracle in stone, the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

Dr. W—n.—We might also invite—

Prof. C—n.—But stop, we must have enough glory to go around.

Scene II.—LABORATORY OF A SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

(Examination of the fossils. The Professoriate in its shirt sleeves, with its face very red, and streaming with perspiration, little streams from the fountain of learning.)

Prof. H—n.—Might be the amphora of a Cæsar. Yet not unlike the modern "square-face."

Prof. B—r.—Except that its rhomboidal proportions are not mathematically true.

Prof. P—e.—Something like a trilobite, gone to beef.

Dr. W—n.—Or the flipper of an Ichthyosaurus.

Prof. C—n.—Nonsense, gentlemen. Unlike anything I know of. Quite new. Quite new.

(Blowpipe application, etc, etc. Part of the incrustation falls off, revealing a shining substance and the inscription

ARM . . . CAN . . . HIC . . . AGO . . . ILL.)

Prof. P—e.—Argentiferous. No, Cassiteritic precipitate.

Prof. C—n.—Lustre, metallic. No cleavage. Hardness No. 6 (see my table) streak . . . . .

Prof. B—r.—Streak. Streak of luck. (After a few minutes' work, the whole incrustation drops off, leaving a tin box of shape mentioned above.)

Dr. W—n.—Very modern in appearance.

Prof. C—n.—Why, Doctor, do you call that inscription modern? Now, H—n, take your innings.

Prof. H—n (reading).—ARM . . . CAN . . . HIC . . . ILL. ARM . . . ARMA VIRUMQUE . . .

Omnes.—Rats.

Prof. H—n (again reading).—CAN . . . CAN . . . HIC . . . AGO. I can't; here's a go.

Omnes.—No. No. Too free. Won't pass.

Dr. W—n.—Do you think it's old Latin, H—n?

Prof. H—n.—Must be. Very old. Decidedly old. It's so feeble and halting.

Prof. C—n.—But this is only part of the inscription, the remainder of the papyrus might be adhering to the inside of the incrustation.

(Examination of the shell—Result successful.)

The full inscription reads . . . . .  
ARMOURS . . CANNED . . BEEF . . CHICAGO  
ILLINOIS.)

Tableau.

Prof. B—r.—(laughing immoderately) I see it all now.  
Prof. C—n.—So do we, Sir, but this laughter is unseemly.

Prof. B—r.—Sorry . . but . . Ha! ha! ha! Can't . . He! he! he! help't Ho! ho! ho! . . oh! (pulls himself together). Gentlemen, let me explain. You remember the North-west rebellion, of course. My old company "K" Q. O. Rifles was through it. On returning home they brought with them several of these "fossils," containing the best of preserved meat. This enterprising American cousin furnished the expeditionary forces with this canned meat. Hence the "find" at Batoche.

Prof. C—n.—But . . the Nile.

Prof. B—r.—Now, as to the discovery on the Nile. One of our men, who was with the Canadian Contingent of the Gordon Relief Expedition in Egypt, told me that, throughout the whole campaign, the troops lived on the same canned meat. The same spirit of enterprise, which advertises St. Jacob's Oil on the pyramids of Egypt, had made it possible for a western firm to supply with their canned meat the whole British army of occupation, in Egypt, for seven months (three rounds per day to every man). The banks of the Nile and of the Saskatchewan are alike strewn with these cans, so that future generations of geologists may make the same mistake.

In all charity let us hope they may.

Prof. C—n.—*Ex "Nilo" nihil Fit.*

LXXXII.

"LUX LUCET IN TENEBRIS."

I sat by a winter-window  
As the tempest hurried by,  
And gazed o'er distant farmland  
Beneath a snow-charged sky.

And doubts arose within me,  
Dark doubts I could not still,  
Asking—Is life such tumult,  
'Confusion, changeful, chill?

Are men, like these driven snow-flakes,  
But motes in a storm sublime,  
Mingling a moment madly,  
Swept off by the blasts of time?

Then the early gloom of evening  
Stole on over snow-swept hills,  
Like despair o'er a troubled spirit  
That scarce knows what it wills.

So Joy seemed wrapt in shadow  
In a closing night of wrong,  
And Hope from the earth seemed vanished  
In a heart that had hoped so long.

But far through the dark, wild-tossing,  
A night lamp shot its beam,  
And broke that spell of sadness,  
And its pessimistic dream.

For thus through disappointment  
To have missed our hopes' bright goal,  
And the shades of this human tempest,  
Shines a sympathetic soul.

ALU.