

Where lilies white, heart-golden,
On misty lakes upholden,
With ethereal fragrance fill the languorous
gloom—

Where silence dwells unbroken,
Where sweet thoughts reign unspoken,
Our buoyant birch has drifted, a spirit of the
bloom.

When moon and stars were shining
We watched, with souls divining,
The midnight, mist-draped glories that in thy
distance lie—

The phantom white sails passing,
Through mirrored starways dashing,
The herons on the shallows, the wildfowl
whirring by.

Or, when winds were hiding,
Through labyrinth brooklets gliding,
We stole on nooks of beautiestaken unawares—
Silvery minnows darting,
Mist-veils closing, parting,
Sombrebitterns starting from their reedy lairs.

In the waving grasses
Of thy wide morasses
Buttercups are bending, humble daisies hide ;
Goldenrods and sedges,
Flags and wild-rose hedges,
Are mirrored at the edges of thy crystal
tide.

There are level islands,
Highlands beyond highlands,
Bending bays between them, dim gateways
far beyond,
Where our beauteous river
Fares and furls forever,
Outward to the ocean, of time and let unbound.

Here dark hills detain us,
Languid brooklets pain us,
Barrier forests bind us, cares of life inlock ;
Weary ways await us,
Dreary days befate us,
Barren quests belate us, memories rise to
mock.

When shall we go sailing,
With fair winds prevailing,
Joying in thy beauties to our souls' desire ?
Yet a little toiling,
With hopes attained or foiling,
Yet a little season of cares that ban and tire—

Then with full lives singing
Shall we speed, outwinging
The barrier of distance which our sight debars !
Then shalt thou behold us,
Thou that hast consoled us,
Thy beauty shall unfold us as daylight hides
the stars.

So shall we go sailing,
With fair days prevailing,
Borne on waves incessant, where the long
winds stream ;
Sailing, sailing, sailing,
With sweet thoughts unailing,
Time and distance phantoms, and the world
a dream !

—Barry Stratton in the Independent.

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Home Topics.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.—Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but the clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.
—*Christian at Work.*

POPULAR COLORS THIS WINTER.—In colors this season the blues are rather gray in hue, while the grays either have a tinge of lavender or lilac, or else show a greenish hue deepening into mignonette or sage, writes Isabel A. Mallon in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. The heliotropes are more than ever suited to those brunettes who have a clear complexion, but the woman who is unfortunate enough to be sallow should never wear or permit to be near her any shade of the delicate hue. But the glaring emerald green is not only at once trying, but loud, and can not be commended even for the much quoted lady who has the skin of a peach. The popularity of black is very great. The soft wools, or mixtures of silk and wool being shown especial favor. A black wool gown is always refined and lady-like. So she who can get only one gown will be wise in choosing that it shall be entirely in the fashion by being black.

WHERE BISMARCK LIVES.—An hour distant from Hamburg is the castle of Friedrichsruhe, the residence of the Prince and Princess Bismarck, writes the Countess Wilhelmina in a sketch of the home life of the Bismarcks in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is situated in a dense forest, bordered by river, hedge and wall which render it invisible alike to road and rail passengers. Originally built for a hunting-lodge by Count Frederick, of Lippe-Sternberg, in 1763, it was converted later into an inn—"Frascati," as it was called—whither the inhabitants of Hamburg went on holidays, and where they held their picnics and carnivals. In 1871, when William I presented the estate to Bismarck, the house proper consisted of a two-storied yellow painted structure. It has remained the main building, although considerably enlarged and altered since that time. The effect within is bare and plain. Walls and ceilings are white-washed, the furniture is scanty and uncomfortable, and ornaments are few. A large portrait of the Emperor William, in the

enormous dining-room, and photographs of various members of the Bismarck family, and of several of the Prince's colleagues, comprise the only art specimens that the castle contains.

Its grounds are extensive and beautiful, dense woods, a winding river and handsome shrubbery combining to secure this effect. They were, in former years, open to the public; but the flowers and trees were so mutilated by visitors in quest of "souvenirs de Friedrichsruhe," that it was found necessary to close the gates.

The life at the castle is one of rural simplicity; possessing but few neighbors, its inmates rely for entertainment upon themselves and the guests with whom the house is always crowded.

Extensive entertaining is also the rule at Varzin, and at the ancestral home of "Schonhausen," the two other estates of the Ex-Chancellor.

Our Young People.

[FROM THE ST. PAUL DISPATCH.]

BESET BY DOGS.

ALONG certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland, as well as Labrador, are herds of wild dogs, lean, with shaggy hair and sky eyes, and when hungry they are as ferocious as any beast of which I have ever heard, for then they will not spare even man. Very little is known about their history, but it is generally believed that the wild dog is part Newfoundland breed and part wolf, for it must be remembered that the wolf was once very numerous in Newfoundland and Labrador, hunting in large, fierce packs across the wide stretches of barrens or treeless morasses. Many of the native dogs ran wild, and long ago were known to mix among the wolves about the coast and live in apparent friendship with them. The wolves in both these places have now grown scarce, but the dogs are still grouped together in several secluded coves and bays along the coast, living in open in summer and burrowing away in holes or under the ground firs and spruces away from storm and cold in winter. In summer time these animals live mostly by the seashore where they find dead sculpins, capelan, herring, squids, tomcods and flat fish; often they plunge into the sea and feast upon the shoals of small fish that come near the rocks; when they are tired of fish they scamper away inland and hunt mice, rats, weasels, muskrats, young birds, rabbits and hares. But in the winter they are often pressed for a morsel to eat, their chief food being almost entirely hares and rabbits, but they have been known to scour the plains for reindeer and to visit