

greatness in God, and something of heaven in the face of woman, and had, in some sort worth remembering, recorded his convictions." It is safe to say that such recognition will be freely and fully accorded to the author of *Milestone Moods and Memories*.

DAVID BOYLE.

### ON MOSS PARK RINK BY NIGHT.

[It may be well to remark that Moss Park Rink, at the foot of Pembroke Street, in the very heart of Toronto, is formed of a portion of the course of a little winding stream that has been long filled up and built upon elsewhere. With its gently sloping banks dotted with trees, and pretty much as nature left them, it makes, when flooded over, in the sharp, bracing, clear-sparkling nights of a Canadian winter "cold snap," a very attractive skating rink.]

Hurrah! the Rink is a mirror of ice;  
 And we clamp on our Acme skates in a trice;  
 Then putting forth an adventurous foot,  
 Away like a gale of wind we shoot,  
 Rivalling the speed of him who bore,  
 As fables feign, Jove's errands of yore;  
 While his own wild will each skater follows  
 O'er the frozen stream, as in summer the swallows.  
     And hither, thither—left and right,  
     We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,  
     Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,  
     Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

Let poets harp on the "rolling main;"  
 We'll sing the jubilant crystal plain,  
 With its merry skaters in winter gear,  
 And its band of music to charm the ear.  
 Hurrah for the Rink with its pretty fleet!  
 For not half so graceful, half so neat,  
 Are white ships scudding before the gale,  
 As bonnie young lassies "under sail,"  
     While trimly, primly—left and right—  
     They curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,  
     Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,  
     Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.

'Tis a scene of enchantment as wondrous quite  
 As ever beheld in "Arabian Night;"  
 A picture on ice in its frame of snow,  
 Of Canadian youth with health aglow;  
 Figures gracefully, mazily, circling around,  
 Swaying this way and that to the melody's sound;  
 While the light, tho' electric and brightly gleaming,  
 Is excelled by the glances from soft eyes beaming,  
     As spurting, flirting—left and right—  
     We curve and swerve, and poise and wheel,  
     Seeking, with hearts and faces bright,  
     Pleasure and health on the gleaming steel.