

Stern winter shrouds in snow the mountain-side,
 Till spring sets free the captive bud and shoot,
 And wood and grove break out in joyous song;
 Then summer suns bring forth a fuller bloom,
 Then autumn gilds the green with flaming red,
 And reapers gather in the golden grain,
 Shouting in merriment the harvest home.
 But ever mindful history repeats
 The tale of sons heroic of old France,
 Who came, and with brave hearts no labor shunned;
 They pierced the tangled brake, they plied the axe,
 Encountering danger, but victorious,
 While lofty bulwarks and far distant forts,
 Mark their endeavour and enshrine their name!
 Here dwelt the Indian when the years were young,
 There lingers many a legend of his race,
 Near reed-fringed lake, or deep and dark ravine;
 But he has fallen as the autumn leaf,
 Yet not before the herald of great joy
 Bore to the farthest homes the cross of hope,
 And in the shade profaned by pagan rites
 The red man bowed his knee and worshiped God.
 Such was the past of this great northern land,
 A past of stillness and of nature's reign.
 But, lo! a change—from far across the sea
 Behold there comes a mighty multitude,
 From Britain's isle, from Erin's verdant strand,
 From misty Scotland, and from sunny France—
 They come, they come, their native soil forsake,
 Pursuing fortune in another clime,
 A younger, sunnier land, where life breathes hope,
 While nature freely gives of her rich store;
 Here little children come from haunts of crime,
 From cities pestilent, and fevered streets,
 Where skies are dull and hearts weighed down with care,
 With wonder gaze they at the limpid streams,
 The lakes, and flower-strewn plains of Canada.
 And here a mighty people shall arise,
 A people nurtured in full liberty,
 Free as the wind that blows from sea to sea,
 Strong as the eagle soaring to the sun;
 And they shall love their land with patriots' love,
 And guard her borders as the men of old
 Their country guarded in the hour of need;
 Yet, not forgetful of the mother land,
 Who scans with kindly eye her child's career,
 Wafting a blessing o'er the mighty sea.
 And smiling homes shall blossom near and far,
 And down the river glide the flying craft,
 The palpitating engine cross the plain,
 The busy murmur of a toiling world
 Shall violate the stillness of the woods,
 Where roamed the deer in full security.
 Such be thy future; O, thou land of hope,
 Where in the fear of God and love of home,
 Thy people shall increase—O, may thy soil
 Bear many a thinker, many a man of might,
 Many a statesman, fitted to control,
 Many a hero, fitted to command,
 May enemies n'er cross thy borderland;
 But if they come, if the stern blast of war
 Ring shrill and clear, and rouse thee from thy rest,
 May all thy sons rise, valiant hearts and true,
 To battle for the land their fathers sought,
 Then safe reposing on their laurels won,
 Love it with greater love for dangers past;
 Such may thy future be—not great alone,
 In never-sated commerce—rather great
 In all that welds a people heart to heart;
 Among thy sons may many a leader spring,
 By whom the ship of state well piloted,
 Thy haven of wide Empire thou may'st reach,
 An empire stretching from the western wave
 To where the rosy dawn enflames the seas.

—J. H. BOWES.

A NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

As we had often heard of the glories of an Alpine sunset, and especially a Zermatt sunset, two of us determined one fine afternoon to go up the Riffel, a neighboring mountain, whose summit rose some 8,500 feet above the sea level. Declining the disinterested offer of sundry guides as the path was a well defined one, we started off alone about four o'clock, made the foot of the mountain in about half an hour, and after a fatiguing climb of another hour and a half drew up wearied, thirsty and hot, at the summit, where was a modest hotel which, nevertheless, offered us what we most desired, meat and drink. The inn was crowded to its limited capacity with men intending to go up Monte Rosa next day, so we were compelled from lack of accommodation to return to Zermatt the same night. However, we came up to see the sunset and if the ardent God went through that customary operation on that particular evening, we intended to witness the performance; accordingly after a very fair meal we walked out and took up our position on the rocks near by. Around us on every side towered the giants of the Alps. Monte Rosa, Castor and Pollux, the Breithorn, the fearful Matterhorn, the Weiss and Rothhorns, all approaching, some exceeding 14,000 feet of altitude, surrounded us, while others though less lofty were interspersed. Far in the distance, separated from us by sixty miles of intervening space, we could see through the clear air the snow clad mountains of the Bernese Oberland.

In the very sanctuary of the spirit of the Alps we stood, ourselves above the level of eternal snow, while all the glories of glaciers, of lofty snowclad peaks, mountain torrents, precipices and smiling valleys encircled us. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, yet still its ruddy rays made purple the blanched peaks around, breathing into their cold chastity a last faint glow ere darkness covered them. That peaceful silence which always accompanies the approach of night now broke the reverie which the overwhelming grandeur of the scene had occasioned, and reminded us that a two hours' tramp was before us ere we could reach our hotel, so hastily girding up our loins, lighting our pipes, and casting one long farewell glance at the now threatening mountain we hastened to regain the valley. Already Zermatt was in darkness although we, nearly 4,000 ft. higher, enjoyed the witching hour of twilight. Our moment of sentiment had passed, however, and our sole object now became to reach our hotel and a warm bed. In endeavoring to make short cuts we on several occasions nearly broke our necks, and what was worse, lost our way. Still we stumbled on valley-wards, knowing that, once gained we were all right. Soon the distant tinkling of a bell informed us of the neighborhood of cattle, and in a few moments we ran against a boy driving a couple of errant kine up the mountain. We enquired wo ist die wege nach Zermatt—links darunter, he replied, so links darunter we hurried on. It was now so dark we could not see two yards before us, and many an escape from sprained ankles or broken limbs we had within the next few minutes. Now we were climbing over rocks fifteen or twenty feet high, clinging to the lichens and shrubs which grew out from their stony breasts, now letting ourselves down similar obstacles in like manner. But though we had kept "links darunter" wards for twenty minutes now, no sign of a path had we encountered. Suddenly we came to a halt, finding ourselves on the edge of the hill, running down precipitously over 2,000 feet into the valley. After mature deliberation, we decided not to go that way. We tried the right, when, in a few moments, we were confronted by an equally inviting descent. We then concluded to make for the hotel on the top, thinking we could at all events find that, but after ten minutes' walk we came upon a rock forty or fifty feet high, which, in our opinion, offered no inducement to pedestrians. Accordingly we sat down at its foot, under a tree, intending to await daylight ere recommencing operations. We had been walking over two hours since leaving the top, and it was half-past nine. It would probably dawn at half-past two. Five hours to wait and we dare not stir a foot. Height probably 8,500 feet; temperature 45° or thereabouts; a glacier some 500 yards from us; ourselves thinly clad in light walking costume. Prospect decidedly cheering! but the heavens were brilliant with stars, and away down at our feet in the valley the lights were twinkling in Zermatt, and the novelty of our situation and the clear bracing air and the chirping of birds and the distant tinkling of bells, all together combined to cheat us into the delusion that we were warm and enjoying ourselves.

One by one the lights were disappearing in the valley, and we now began to regard them with some little interest, thinking that our friends, alarmed at our absence, might have despatched guides to hunt us up. Nor did such an idea altogether displease us, for besides the satisfaction which it would have afforded as a proof of their consideration, no imaginative efforts on our part, as it grew later, could bring us any other conclusion than that the temperature was steadily approaching zero, and the prospect of a rescue growing more and more inviting. With the vain hope of in some measure repulsing the