

at present wraps her round! Is not truth worth more than fiction? There is, at any rate, ample compensation in the consciousness that by a true view of this disputed character, and by it only, we will be able to read as it should be read, the history of the last thirty years of Lewis the Fourteenth's reign.

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I.

A Canadian Idyl.



HE shining needle of a narrow stream,
Cast among pebbles where rich uplands slope
And bowl, with meeting palms, a vale beside
Broad Ottawa, brown tintured and profound,
Shows through fathomless grass in silver girths
That glow amid the sweetness of the place;
Or, breaking, babbles over weirs of leaves.
Nearby strong mowers stoop to circling scythes,
And all day long leaf-hidden birds rejoice,
And all day, too, the sunshine falls in gold
Upon sweet scented hay cut recently,
Where in the glare the maidens turn the grass
In steady silence, or with song-like laugh;
And all day long the swallow skims about,
And swifts curve in their sweep to taste the wave.
At noon when skies are bright and no cloud nigh
The maidens file from work to shades apart;
For few trees stand within this broad expanse,
Save spreading elms around one pleasant home,
Low nestling in the valley's beryl crypt.
One noon a maiden, resting from her toil,