

His thoughts were wandering far away unto his native land,
 The summer sun was gliding down low in the western skies,
 Weak as he was he scarce could hope again to see it rise.
 And thinking thus as there he lay beside the cheerless shore,
 He turned his eyes towards the west to gaze on it once more :
 When lo ! a shallop's sail appears around a point of land,
 And lightly skims the placid sea a stone-throw from the strand,
 And at the sight, strange joyous thoughts rise in his bosom's core,
 And nerve him with a sudden strength where weakness reigned before—
 He rose and down the beach he ran to catch the boatman's eye,
 And shouted loud and took his staff and waved his hat on high.
 They hear him, see him, he is saved, the steersman's answering hail,
 Comes sounding landward as in haste he jibes the swelling sail.
 Shoreward the shallop's bow is turned, it grates upon the sand
 And eager friends and shipmates grasp the helpless Aubrey's hand,
 And not a heart in all the fleet but gave a joyous bound,
 When Champdore brought the thrilling news that Aubrey had been found.

[NOTE.—The foregoing is an attempt to render into ballad verse one of the earliest incidents of Acadian History. Aubrey was one of the Priests of DeMont's expedition which left France in 1604. He was lost in the woods when the flotilla was at anchor in St. Mary's Bay and wandered to the shores of the Bay of Fundy where he was found 17 days afterwards by Champdore who was exploring the Coast in a shallop in search of an iron mine. The Colonists brought out by De Monts consisted of a mixed assemblage of Catholics and Huguenots, and one of the latter had been accused of murdering the missing Aubrey; the joy with which the tidings of his safety were received was therefore extreme as it was felt that such a suspicion of foul play would destroy the harmony and endanger the success of the expedition.]

THE CITY OF COLLEGES.

BY THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

Of the renowned seats of learning in western Europe, perhaps Oxford is that which has retained for the longest unbroken period, its eminence and efficiency. Reading of most of the famous personages of the middle ages in Great Britain, we find the same set phrase, early in the tale, which is applied to so many of the leading Englishmen of our own time—"educated at Oxford." The city and the schools to which the youthhood of seven centuries has turned in hope, and from which their manhood has emerged in honor, must constitute, I think we will all admit, a scene worth seeing, and a subject worthy of remembrance.

It is difficult for us, with our new country notions of antiquity to conceive the age and atmosphere of Oxford. The thousand years that lie between us and the first Saxon Prioress, St. Frideswide—the six hundred years that lie between us and Walter de Merton, the founder of the oldest existing college represent to the Canadian mind, so many words or so many numerals; but in Oxford these ancients of days look down on you in stone from every niche, within and without the walls; you breathe that hoar antiquity in every cloistered court, from under every arched entrance, in every solemn chapel, and in all the ample halls. Very calm yet very cheerful is the spirit of the place. We may not go the length of an early eulogist of the city who holds that if God himself had chosen a dwelling anywhere upon earth it would have been, Oxford; but I certainly can accept Anthony a'Woods' safer saying, that