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TION, HALIFAX CO., NOVA SCOTIA.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE STORM.

Night! and the darkness gathers!
From the icy caves of the north, I hear
The shout of the storm king to the spirit
Of the tempest. Borne on the dark murky
Clouds, their trailing robes hoar with eternal
Frosts, they call back in wild wailing notes through
The shivering branches of the leafless trees.
High above the wailing winds, loud over
The blast of the storm, the mighty voice of
The sea sends up his majestic anthem
To the ear of God.

The stars die out—
The last fading ray of the fitful moon
Falls across the white frozen earth!
"Night and storm and darkness,"
And the roaring, rushing waters claim thy prey;
Howl and roar and shake thy frozen tresses
Thou hast universal sway!

Hark!
I hear the sea-guns mournful boom,
'Tis the cry of the dying 'tis the signal of doom—
The morning sun beheld a stately ship
Sail proudly on its way—
On yonder rock-bound coast whose giant cliffs
Obscure the light of day,
It lies a broken wreck, a helpless thing.
While borne upon the blast wild cries of terror ring.
The white capped seething billows roar and leap
And beat about their prey:
'There are sobbs and groans, and hurrying feet,
And stern men tremble, and helpless women weep.
Mast and pennon, and rudder gone,
Oh, fated ship to thy doom thou
Art hurrying on!

The winds shriek and hiss
Through the torn and icy rigging where with
Her bare shivering arm clasped about
A broken mast a woman kneels with her
Babe upon her bosom; its soft, rounded
Limbs already stiff with the icy chill
Of death, and the curling lashes resting
Lovingly on the snowy cheek—beautiful—
Yet beautiful in death!
The long dark tresses of the mother thick
With the driving pitiless sleet, fall
About the shivering form—the lurid
Lightnings flash and play around the white
Upturned face, and loud above the hollow
Rolling surge, the gathering billows mighty
Roar, the thunder lifts his awful voice.

A moment more—
A roar—a plunge—a cry, and all is o'er.
The gallant ship with all it hold
Is seen no more.

Round Hill.

MRS. J. H. HEALY.

LETTER FROM THE CAPITAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—*Naboth, Act 1, sec. 3.*

This Twenty-third day of February, in the year of our Lord One Thou-
sand Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight, I should doubtless regard as a red-
letter day in the annals of my mundane pilgrimage, for have I not, for
the first, (and, haply, for the last) time witnessed the opening of the Cana-
dian Parliament with all its attendant pomp and circumstance? But human
nature is perverse. We are all familiar with Dr. Goldsmith's lines, in which
he tells of certain persons who visited a sanctuary only to scoff at ritual and
righteousness, but who were so wrought upon by the lively pulpit thump-
ing of the worthy parson that they remained to pray; and, while my expe-
rience of to day is not exactly the converse of this, inasmuch as I did not
attend the opening of Parliament with a determinate intention of entering
profoundly into the Chaplain's devotional exercises, yet I will say that, hav-
ing prepared to behold the august ceremonies with awe, I found a very
different sentiment taking hold upon me as the various features of the pro-
gramme were being enacted. For instance, it may have been very unbecoming
in a loyal Canadian to fancy that the gubernatorial procession from Rideau
Hall to Parliament Buildings might have been more imposing if the chargers
of the doughty dragoon guards had betrayed fewer scars that bespoke active
service in fields less renowned than that of Mars, or if their respective riders
had bestrode them in a manner less imitative of the equestrianism of the
immortal Commodore Trunnion. Even inside the awful precincts of the
Senate Chamber, where the formal business of the opening is transacted, I
found my fatal sense of the ridiculous had attended me, and that veneration
was to be a martyr to the irony of circumstance. Knights and fair ladies,
dignitaries ecclesiastical, judicial and political, were there with their
gorgeous habiliments, lending every conceivable phase of light and
color to the scene; even the tiara of the peerage was not wanting to render
the occasion not only splendid, but august. Yet, although it was the first
time I beheld such a spectacle, my unsophisticated mind was not struck so
much by the brilliant *tout ensemble*, as by the little incongruous elements
which went to make it up. If the event is to be regarded as a symphony of
grandeur there were staccato notes struck with such vehemence as to sadly
mar the unisonance of the whole. The prayers of the chaplain were merely
perfunctory, and during their recital the lips of the distinguished ladies who
occupied seats on the floors of the Chamber (many of whom I venture to
say considered themselves good daughters of the church) were more prodi-
gal of criticisms upon their neighbors' dresses than devout responses. I did
not hear a solitary "amen" uttered during the devotional exercises; guests,
officials, and members, seemed to regard irreverent postures as the proper
thing, and an audible sigh of relief escaped from the assemblage as soon as