

properties in the Province for the purpose of actual working. This will lead to the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars in the construction of smelting works, the employment of hundreds of men, the circulation of millions of capital, and the creation of wealth, industry and development in the country. That such a condition of things should not be welcomed by every patriotic citizen of this Dominion is to my mind something incomprehensible.

It is gratifying to know that nearly every Nova Scotian of any position or standing in the business community has already most heartily and unreservedly indorsed the changes in the lease which the Government and Legislature have made, and have expressed unbounded gratification that such an

enterprising man as Mr. Whitney had been induced to take an interest in our coal mines. From some parts of Canada we hear of horror and nightmare lest some dire calamity was going to afflict the country, and the British Empire become blotted from the face of the globe. The slightest reflection will indicate the palpable absurdity of these superstitious fears, born of ignorance or prejudice. The sum of the whole matter is that instead of having the coal mines of Nova Scotia worked by piecemeal on a small scale, and by companies with insufficient capital, they will be worked efficiently, progressively, and on a large scale, by a company with large capital, and will be thus made a source of wealth to the Province and indirectly to the Dominion.

CROCUS-LIGHTS KINDLE IN THE EAST.

Crocus-lights kindle in the east, and Morn,
 A glad surprise, awakes the world to toil.
 White Day burns up the purple cloud, a soil
 Of darkness, and, lo, earth's broad glebes forlorn
 Grow golden with sweet fields of yellow corn,—
 Then with her brood of shadows and her moil—
 A throbbing opal with the noon as foil—
 Enters the realms of Night whence she was born.

Morn is Night's portal into toilful Time,
 And ashen Eve Night's portal into Rest,—
 Gateways which ope but once upon earth's sun ;
 'Mid shadows lit from an immortal clime,
 We enter, through Death's doorway in the west,
 Our Father's house where Night and Day are one.

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