

They fly by night and day, and often there is not so much as a star by night to guide them. As far as I can learn, the wild goose will not take rest, under any stress, on the sea.

I have watched them in the autumn take their departure from Newfoundland for the continent. They gather from the interior in large flocks, feeding about the uplands till a steady northeaster begins to blow. Then I have seen them float up, up, till they appeared as small as mosquitoes; but no captain that ever sailed the seas can lay out his course with greater accuracy than these birds. The land is not visible to them when they leave, nor for many hours afterward.

The captain of a schooner trading between Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, tells a curious story. He says that he was lying to in a storm in the Gulf late in the fall, during one of his usual trips, and was awakened in the morning by the mate, who said, "Come on deck and see what we've got here."

"Judge my astonishment," he said, "to find perched all about the deck between twenty and thirty wild geese, as tame as chickens."

The birds, it appears, left the coast with a northeaster after them, but when they were midway across the Gulf the wind chopped round and it became foggy.

They became bewildered but would not alight in the sea, preferring rather to perch on the schooner's deck. This is all the stranger because the wild goose is one of the wariest of birds, and one of those most afraid of man.—*Youth's Companion*.

PROF. W. O. ATWATER, of Wesleyan University, contributes an article to the November *Century* on "The Food Supply of the Future"—the first in a series which will have especial value to farmers. The writer believes that the doctrine of Malthus—that the time will come when there will not be food enough for the human race owing to the theory that population increases in a geometrical and food supply in an arithmetical rate—is one which need never give the world any uneasiness, owing to the great advances that are being made in chemistry. Science has shown what are the essential factors in vegetable production, and plants can now be grown in water or in sand by adding the proper chemicals. Prof. Atwater gives the result of an interesting experiment recently made in his laboratory. Sea-sand was brought from the shore of Long Island Sound. To divest it of every possible material which the plant might use for food except the sand itself, it was carefully washed with water and then heated. It was put into glass jars, water was added and minute quantities of chemical salts was dissolved in it. Dwarf peas, planted in this sand, grew to a height of eight feet, while peas of the same kind, planted by a skilful gardener in the rich soil of a garden close by, reached a height of only four feet.—*Charlottetown Examiner*.

Canadians of Mark.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

THE author of that very unconventional book of travels, "A Social Departure; or, How Theodosia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," and of that bright and humorous social study, "An American Girl in London," is now living in India. She is not yet thirty years old, and was born, brought up, and educated in Brantford, Ontario, the eldest of a large family. Her father is a merchant there, and has been identified with the place for more than thirty years. He is a man of keen intelligence and of wide reading. Miss Duncan's mother is Irish and quick-witted, and the daughter undoubtedly inherits her cleverness largely from her.

The Duncan family has always lived in a pleasant, big, old-fashioned house in Brantford, surrounded by lawns and fir trees and fruit orchards. From a child Miss Duncan read everything that she could find that interested her, including much fiction, and recollects especially the delight she took in "The Back of the North Wind" when it appeared in *Good Words for the Young*. It was *Appleton's Magazine*, however, that first inspired her with literary ambitions. The desire filled her to write sonnets and stories like those which appeared in the pages of this periodical. She yielded to this desire, and meeting with the usual discouragements of young authors, determined to try journalism as a stepping stone to literature.

Miss Duncan's first newspaper work was in the year of the Cotton Centennial at New Orleans, whither she went to write descriptive letters for the *Toronto Globe*, the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Memphis Appeal*, and other newspapers. After that she went to Washington and became a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*. This newspaper experience, especially that in Washington, was of great service to Miss Duncan. Her "copy" was freely and even severely criticised by the editor of the *Post*, with the result of improving greatly her manner. Leaving Washington, Miss Duncan joined the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and later that of the *Montreal Star*, passing one season at Ottawa as the special correspondent of the *Star*.

It will interest the readers of Miss Duncan's "Social Departure" to know that the Theodosia of that famous journey round the world was Miss Lily Lewis, a young woman of twenty three, who is also engaged in newspaper and other literary work, being a contributor to *Galignani* and several of the London journals.

We have referred to Miss Duncan throughout this sketch by her maiden name, the name by which she is known to the readers of her books. She ought properly, however, to be called Mrs. E. C. Cotes, for this is the name of the gentleman whom she met in Calcutta, and whom in less than two years she married. Mr. Cotes has a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum, and has a quired considerable of a reputation in the field of his special research, Indian entomology. He is the author of several entomological publications, which have recently appeared under the authority of the Government of India.—*Book Buyer*.

BOYS and GIRLS can make money during the holidays by 'canvassing for 'Canada.' See last page of cover.

Our Own Poets.

A SONNET.

I hold before me in weak, trembling hands
The fading portrait of a woman's face;
A picture not of young and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred head the sands
Of time had dripped until the gleaming strands
Shone wan with drifted white. A band of
lace

Circles the wrinkled throat in fond embrace,
Even as these boyish arms, years gone, their
hands

Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her,
As softly rained her lullaby upon
The drowsy ear in dreamland's tinkling
drips;
And as I scan that face now, through the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, long gone,
Soft crooning through the portals of lost
lips.

—*Kimball Chase Tapley in Judge*.

THE CAMPER.

NIGHT 'neath the northern skies, lone, black
and grim;
Naught but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven
and him.

Of man no need has he—of God no prayer;
He and his Deity are brothers there.

Above his bivouac the firs fling down,
Through branches gaunt and black, their
needles brown.

Afar, some mountain streams, rockbound and
fleet,
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence
sweet.

The pine tree's whispering, the heron's cry,
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And, blinking overhead, the white stars keep
Watch o'er his henlock bed—his sinless sleep.
—*E. Pauline Johnson in Outin*.

TO THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

Birds on wings unfading,
Northward sailing, sailing,
Ye can reach the glories of our happy stream!
Chained of worldly duties
Here we mourn its beauties,
Pine with hearts imprisoned, droop, and long
and dream.

When shall we go sailing,
Sweetest airs inhaling,
Wafted with the dew-drift through the gray
morn's balm?
Or, when winds are sleeping,
Softly, softly sweeping,
Where the deep-eyed lakelets brood in shade
and calm?

When shall we go gliding
Where golden sunbeams, sliding
Sheer down curving banks of branches myriad-
leaved,
Shimmering o'er the edges
Of darkness, sunken ledges,
Are lost in amber waters, with sedges inter-
weaved?