

have afforded too vast a subject. Let all these people, Annexationists and Imperial Federationists, set about improving what they find defective, and not remain content with speculation as to what may be had from the United States or from England. No nation was ever solidly established but by those most deeply concerned, and here, we Canadians are they. Let us

all unite in carrying on the grand work handed down to us, show ourselves worthy of our fathers, imitate their good deeds, avoid their mistakes, and we shall then, and then only, attain the end ordained by Divine Providence, in the establishment of a strong and independent nationality.

D. R. MACDONALD.

BETWEEN THE WAYS.

A RONDEAU.

Between the ways of day and night,
Fades blankly, utterly the light ;
And sleepless souls feel keener care,
Less stifled promptings to despair
Than when apace creeps on the night,
Or when the night leaps into light.
A pause of chilling, rusting blight
Comes with the hours that weight the air,
Between the ways !

Scarce are there wakeful souls who dare
Let this grim time their whole selves bare.
Shadows, like fingers long and slight,
Upon the wall no longer write
The trees' faint swayed—unspoken prayer,
Between the ways !

M. L. S.