

be carried from one home to another as ownership in it changed from one generation to another.

Not many years ago it left its last resting-place in Nova Scotia to become the honoured member in the family of one of the Reverend Daniel's great-great-grandchildren, and so rich

is it in material for conversation and even perchance for argument, that whenever all other topics pall in the evenings before the fireside, some one produces Wright's Bible and then the great-great-great-grandchildren can scarcely be persuaded to a proper bedtime.

*If by chance this volume has relatives on the American continent, the writer would like to ascertain from their owners something more concerning the history of the work, for historians of the English Versions are a unit in ignoring the handiwork of Dr. Wright.

A SONG OF NIGHT MAGIC

By CLARE GIFFIN

IN my own country the stars are wondrous bright,
The moon in her shining-time makes magic in the night;
The great skies are wide above, the cold seas below,
And all across the spaces the singing winds go.

Last night I saw the moon here, but, oh, her spell was gone,
And faint she was, and pale she was, and dimly she shone!
A stronger magic worked on her, and changed her silver gleam
To an opal light, a charmed light, the light of a dream.

The lights ablaze upon the earth gleamed white and red and green,
Their brightness mocked the shadowed moon across the mists between;
The restless water caught their flame and doubled it below,
And the mists bore it upward to dim the wan moon-glow.

Oh, I have known moon-magic, afar in my own land,
Between the forest and the flood, beside the vexed sea-sand,
But here a stronger witch-spell has bound me with its might,
The magic of the earth-fires that burn beneath the night!