

Caught the Atlantic's ceaseless moan
About the bar by Alberton.

When nearing home the reapers go,
And Hesper's dewy light is born;
Or Autum's moonbeams soft and slow
Draw dials round the sheaves of corn,
Southward o'er inner tracts and far
Mysterious murmurs wander on—
The sound of waves that waste the bar,
The sandy bar by Alberton.

Spent in the windy voids of night,
No western gale that murmur brings.
So pleasures die and dreams of light
In clouds decay: the spirit sings
Its sad refrain by life's dull shoal,
In many a golden summer gone,
In echoes of the surges roar
About the bar by Alberton.

ROBERT HARRIS.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

IN one of our bookstores not many days ago I heard a young woman complain: "I can get nothing worth reading. Is there nothing new at all."

Now, it all depended, in this case, upon what the young lady considered worth reading.

I am quite sure that "The Open Question," by C. E. Raimond (Elizabeth Robins), will fill the cup of the complainant's content. It certainly is new, and clever to an extraordinary degree in its treatment of a subject that Caine and Hardy fail to relieve of its sombreness as this newcomer in literature has managed to