

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

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For Table of Contents see page 134.

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Address: MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
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[FOR CANADA.]

THE ROBIN.

THE robin came to day with earliest dawn,
And whistled through the orchard
avenues,
Untenanted and bare, and dull with
dews,
Or rains that noiseless fell in hours just gone.
The robin called in vain across the lawn--
Unanswered in the dusk; and yet, sweet
news
Was echoed in his voice from misty views
And shadowy fences where his plumage shone.
He does not utter whence, or why he came,
Before a bud is broken on a tree;
While ice is hanging in the brook, and
cold
The breezes cross the waters. All aflame
And fresh his coat; and full his voice, and
free,
To usher in the day I now behold.
J. F. HERBIN,
Wolfville, N. S.

[FOR CANADA.]

THE BELLS OF ST. BONIFACE.

BY J. JONES BELL, M. A.

IN John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur, he speaks of the bells of St. Boniface:

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

The visitor to Winnipeg, looking across Red River to St. Boniface, and seeing the brick cathedral with unfinished tower, would not understand the allusion. But in the old days the cathedral was a wooden building with twin towers, similar to those of Notre Dame at Paris and Montreal. The wooden cathedral was burned in 1860, and the present building took its place.

But as to the bells. They are sometimes popularly spoken of as the Travelling Bells of St. Boniface, and well they may be, for they have crossed the ocean three times. They were cast in London to the order of Bishop Provencher, the first bishop of St. Boniface, and sent by sailing vessel to York Factory, on Hudson Bay, the usual route for goods destined for the Red River country. The voyageurs refused, on account of the size and weight of the packages, to convey them over the portages between York Factory and Norway House, and they remained at York, but the following year the bishop arranged with Andrew McDermott, one of the pioneers of Red River, to bring them on. When the church was burned in 1860, the bells were destroyed. Bishop Tache, who had succeeded Bishop Provencher, being in England the next year, saw the founder, who agreed to re-cast them if the metal was sent to England. This was done, and the new chimes were again shipped for York factory. But the ship was caught in a storm and driven to St. John's, Newfoundland. The bells were sent from there to Portland, Maine, by vessel,

thence by rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from there over the prairie by ox cart, several hundred miles, to St. Boniface, where they were hung on a timber framework beside the church.

The writer while serving as an officer of the first Red River expedition at Fort Garry, in the winter of 1870-71, frequently heard the bells of St. Boniface calling, not only to the boatman and the hunter, out to the settler, who was then beginning to crowd aside the voyageur and the hunter.

TORONTO, ONT.

[FOR CANADA.]

"TANTRAMAR."

BY SYDONIE ZILLA.

"WHY such a sober face, Auntie? Your eyes have a far-away look in them. What book have you been reading?"

"I have, or rather, was an hour ago, reading a poem called 'Tantramar,' and since then I have actually been dreaming."

"Of what and why should 'Tantramar' make you dream? Oh yes, I remember now, it is of old Sackville and its schools, is it not, Auntie?"

"Yes, dearie. Everytime I read this poem, two romances come to mind, one is 'Jane Eyre'; for those marshes of Tantramar always make me think of Charlotte Bronte and the Yorkshire Moors."

"Poor Charlotte! and what is the other romance?"

"The other Sackville itself, if it could tell a tale, saw played."

"Girls! Flo and Bess, keep still and Auntie will tell us a story, it will pass the time just lovely until those boys come home from their shooting."

"Did I say I would, Nellie?"

"Oh, no, but I know you will; you never yet refused me anything. Begin now please, we are listening."

"Yes, we are listening," echoed the others.