

→*POETRY.*←

SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

BY sun, by sun,
At morn, or noon,
On Mary's arm,
How sweet the charm,
To lean on footbridge rail;
Above to read the tale,
Of love, in Mary's eye,
To find her image lie
In golden sheen below,
Lovely both above below.

By sun, by sun,
At morn or noon,
What pictures sweet.
The eye doth meet!
The sun in splendor bright,
His garish golden light,
Puts outward nature all,
In view; the forest tall,
The little fern, the rose,
Lovely fern and tree and rose.

By sun, by sun,
At morn or noon,
What music sweet,
The ear doth greet,
The brook that warbles by,
And it like Mary's eye
Hath language sweet; the bird,
The wind, the leaf aglow,
In joyous melody,
Lovely soothing melody.

By moon, by moon,
Or late or soon,
In other's arms,
More sweet than charms,
To lean on footbridge rail;
Above the moonlight pale,
Scarce shows her eyes deep blue,
But Mary's heart is true,
And not like thee below,
Inconstant moon below.

By moon, by moon,
Or late or soon,
What pictures sweet
The eye doth meet.
But nought to me is rose,
Or fern or tree; all those
Have gone with day, and thou
My Mary, art all now,
Thou and the pale moonlight,
Mellow, silvery light.

By moon, by moon,
Or late or soon,
What music sweet
The ear doth greet,
But sweeter far than tree,
Or wind or leaf to me
Is Mary's voice so dear.
My life is all a here
A now; sweet hour of love
Of constant perfect love.

ALEX. MCL., Manitoba.

ENGLAND AND CANADA.

A SUMMER TOUR BETWEEN OLD AND NEW WESTMINSTER
BY SANDFORD FLEMING, C.M.G., LL.D., CHANCELLOR
OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

This interesting and valuable book by the Chancellor, has the right ring from beginning to end. It describes prairies, mountain ranges and views that few have seen; and the best guarantee of the truthfulness of the descriptions is the accuracy with which scenes and incidents familiar to many are depicted. The writer, a subject of the Queen and a citizen of the greatest empire on which the sun has ever shone, sees no reason why the integrity of the empire should not be preserved. He thinks that the people will the more value that glorious empire with its rich inheritance, the better they are acquainted with its component parts. He knows how ignorant we are of England and England of Canada. Yea, so vast and so new is the Dominion, that "it is scarcely possible even for Canadians themselves to conceive the wealth of territory and the varied magnificence of scenery, and the productive capacity of the land, the destinies of which it is their privilege to control." Therefore, having travelled with the Principal in the Autumn of last year over a part of Canada that no one had ever travelled over before, he puts us under obligations by describing it, obligations all the more immediate inasmuch as our national highway is to follow in his track. Every one was anxious to know whether in the opinion of a competent engineer a railway in that direction was feasible or not and no one will question the authority in his own line of Sandford Fleming. The book then benefits the whole country. It makes Canada better known to the people of England, and the writing is so graphic that the *London Spectator* says in quoting one of its "spirit stirring pictures," "we have seldom read a description which better conveys an idea of the vastness of our North American possessions," and that "if Mr. Fleming's elo-