

into the inviting chairs, and with much vivacious chat and laughter sip their wine and beer and *café noir*, listening meanwhile to the band playing in the centre of the square. We look down upon this wonderful, strangely-mingled crowd of soldiers and flower girls and paper sellers and gendarmes, all polite and mostly gay, as far as we can see; and then we look far across land and sea and think of our quiet Canadian Sabbath evening. We say good night and go to bed.

C. W. GORDON.

(*To be continued.*)

BEAR THINE OWN FRUIT.

ONCE a peach tree gazed despondent
 At the sky-aspiring pine,
 Languid grew with useless wishing,
 "Would such towering strength were mine!"
 The pine exulted in the sunshine,
 Tossed glad tassels to the wind;
 But the peach tree found no gladness,
 Drooped with longing, and repined.

In the Autumn when the vinters
 Gathered fruitage of the vine,
 Still th' unhappy peach was wishing,
 "Would such clustered fruit were mine!"
 And the sunlight brought no gladness,
 Only discontent and pain,
 Since the power that others joyed in
 Spite his wish he could not gain.

In the garden walked the Master:
 "Why thus drooping tree of mine?
 Though ambitious for the hill top
 Thou art here by my design.
 Now I prune thy useless branches,
 Lack of power no more bemoan,
 Every fruit thou canst not yield me
 Be content to bear thine own!"

Spring returned, and now life glowing
 Blossomed out in rosy fire,
 All through summertime he waited
 Happy in his one desire;
 Till the glad sunlight was prisoned,
 And the dawns were crimsoning
 All his golden spheric fruitage;
 Then he gave it like a king.

—WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.