

the dawn of a new day for his answer, suffering on in silence, while he smothers his too anxious soul beneath the mask of bovine indifference. What progress has been made,—what is my forte,—my strong point? is it simply the power to ask bothersome questions, and confuse readers who might otherwise have escaped, and existed supinely without even approaching the borderland of that desert which lies between nonentity and achievement?

And yet if we do not question, and think, we are never to rise above the beasts or birds who have no forte at all, and are each equally deft at working out the teachings of the Soul of nature. Have the beasts been civilized? Then let us not be ashamed to question whether we have found our place or not in relation to our fellow-men and our Maker; above all let us be teachable, and if we approach the problem in the right spirit, it is none of my business what answer you get, and I claim the same indulgence for myself, as we stand shoulder to shoulder, proud to assert that we are the heirs of all the ages, and as desirous as any to help advance in whatever way we can the best interests of mankind.

O, there's confidence and danger in the vigor of a youth,
Such mighty possibilities for error and for truth,
That we pause on manhood's portal, and we seek a guiding hand:
For we would not waste our powers; do not blame us as we stand.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Sea Trout of Fortune.

BY JOHN F. ROBERTSON, JR.

AT last after a sixty-mile journey and a good dinner my chum and I were ready to go fishing. Before us lay Bay Fortune, a land-locked sheet of water about a quarter of a mile wide, and extending five miles into the country with as many twists and turns as the Prince Edward Island Railway. The day was dull and calm, too calm for sport on such water. We caught a few but they were small.

In the evening we tried De Graw's Spring above Fortune