

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 43.

[FOR CANADA.]

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THE sunbeams fall as softly bright
And sparkle on the bay;
As clear the sky—as full of light
As in the joyous May!

The robin's and the catbird's call
Still break the quietude,—
The last, lone lingerers of all
The singers of the wood!

Yet still we feel an undertone
Of sadness everywhere;
In sunshine on the lichened stone,
And in the purple air;—

That glory of the golden-rod
That gilds the woodland way
Is sadder far, than clover sod
Or the white bloom of May!

Still wheels the dainty humming-bird
Her daily sweets to find,
Amid the blossoms, still unstirred
By chilling autumn wind;

And still the gorgeous butterfly
Flits round the gorgeous bloom
Unconscious there is drawing nigh
The sore, unwritten doom!

For, though the air is full of balm,
Blood-red the creepers glow,
And, drooping, as in angel balm,
The dead leaves downward go!

Yet life still underlies decay
And, to the hearing ear,
The swelling buds, behind them, say
That spring comes every year!

If these brown leaves, in autumn hours,
Ne'er strewed the forest ways,
We scarce should hail the waking flowers
In the sweet April days!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR, (*Fidelis*).

"Our Clubbing List" gives you lower rates on periodicals than any other.

[FOR CANADA.]

FAIRLY CAUGHT.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

THEY were sitting on the balcony of the little wooden hotel that, like a little brown bird in its nest, nestled in the deep valley of The Forks.

Each was trying to conceal from the other that she was bored, or perhaps, to put it more mildly, found it hard to kill time until the hour was late enough to retire, according to city ideas.

Throwing her arms above her head and rocking a little faster than was consistent with the *dolce fur niente* that she had been assiduously cultivating for three days, Miranda Winter, the elder of the two, exclaimed rather pettishly:

"O, I wish to goodness George were here!"

"You—wish—George—were here!" replied her companion, Agnes Vaughan, opening her eyes in wide surprise. "You—who sent him away with sharp words when he asked you to be his wife?"

"That was his own fault; he was too sure of me, so perfectly confident I should say yes. He ought to have known I was not going to be caught up like a sitting-hen."

"Well, you are the funniest girl, Miranda! But of course you did not care for him, or you would have been kinder. Still I don't see why you pine for him in particular; there are plenty of others just as entertaining."

"O, you goose! Who said I pined for him in particular? But he'd do as well as anybody to tease, and you must acknowledge two girls with nobody to plague are but poor company."

"You didn't talk so when you persuaded me to spend my short holidays with you."

"Of course, I didn't! I told you this was the very place for your favourite pursuit of fern-hunting, and that I was sure you would be happy with me. Didn't I tell the truth? Is not this a lovely

valley, with lime-coated rocks all round, a sweet little brawling stream that comes clear as crystal out of no end of pretty holes in the sandstone, and bushels of fire-flies to dance fairy dances for us every evening, to say nothing of the magnificent trees that stand like statues watching all night long lest evil befall us, and sheltering with their broad arms the pretty flowers that smile up at us at every step we take; and then don't you know I like to have you with me, Miss Tiresome?"

"It does not appear that I console you for George's absence at any rate, ma'am."

"O, you don't; but you help me to get through the day in a rational manner."

"I shall write and tell George you request his presence to-morrow."

"No, you don't! We'll go fern-hunting and fishing to-morrow. I wonder if Mrs. Bayley will give us any more of those delicious brook trout we had for breakfast this morning. I must ask where they are caught. Not in this clear little stream, I am sure! But listen! Isn't that the cars?"

"Yes; oh, look how they sweep across the bridge like an arrow from a bow! Isn't it beautiful to see how those light lines of interlaced wood receive the onslaught of a furious train and remain just as firm and steady as before. Truly, I think the Howe truss a perfectly artistic and elegant style of bridge building; it doesn't seem to interfere with the landscape at all."

"That train stopped, Agnes Vaughan! I wonder if we are going to have company here?"

Unseen by the ladies a gentleman had entered the hotel from a side road, and presently they heard the settling of a chair on the verandah beneath, that told of an occupant, but as it was customary for the master to smoke a bed-time pipe there they took no notice, and continued their conversation.

"You would like company, wouldn't you, Miranda dear? It would make up for George's absence."