

A PART from the negotiations at Washington, the relations of the British Empire and the United States have grown more and more friendly. The British people are evidently well pleased that the great American nation has been constrained to take up "the white man's burden" and assist in carrying the blessings of Western civilization to the people of the East.

THE EDITOR.

THE BAR BY ALBERTON.

While faint at eve, through sylvan ways
The city's gathered murmurs die,
And, voiceful of historic days,
Her towers oppose the pallid sky:
A fainter strain, entrancing more,
In memory's mystic world floats on,
The echoes of the surges roar
About the bar by Alberton.

Oh far away! Oh far away!
Though tones from old Cathedral bells
Steal sweetly forth, give me to stray
Where the dark wave resounding swells
Against the fir trees solemn gloom.
To see day's level fires grow wan
And hear the billow's sullen boom
About the bar by Alberton.

Recalling faded days of yore,
When wide the unbroken forest lay
Primeval to the northern shore,
And the lone Indian on his way
Heard the deep voice his sires had known:
Or, when his evening camp fire shone,