

again set foot on *terra firma* on Partridge Island, and were driven hurriedly over the village of Parrsboro, so called after the old U. E. governor of Nova Scotia. On the lookout for the party here was James Hannay, the author of the "History of Acadia," which is one of the best written works in the field of Canadian history. Hannay has long been identified with the newspaper press as a strong and telling writer. The club was never found wanting at dinner, and enjoyed Mr. Hannay's company with them very much. His crisp and well-timed run of small talk was very pleasant. Mr. Hannay is busy on a history of the war of 1812. A part of the afternoon was spent with Dr. Townshend, the magnate of Parrsboro. The doctor, quite a young man, is owner of a great part of Parrsboro, and is the moving spirit in it. This was, a hundred years ago, a settlement of half-pay officers and other gentlemen. Such an immigration makes but a poor showing in a new country, though their knowledge and cultivation are all of use in the sum total of colonial life. Now Parrsboro is becoming the port for the shipment of coal mines of Cumberland County. The faithful club secretary, in order to save time, had arranged for a special railway train to take the party to Spring Hill mines, 27 miles distant. At 5 o'clock the train, consisting of an engine and one coach, appeared, and in a short time the club was at Spring Hill mines, where they were met by the manager, and were most hospitably treated by the obliging managing-director of the mine, Mr. R. G. Leckie, and by his amiable wife. Mr. Leckie is a gentleman of education as well as practical experience. His library contains the latest scientific works of the most advanced kind. No sooner was dinner over than the club lost its identity by dressing up in old garments for the descent of the mine. C's hat was an object of much interest to the rest of the party, but it was evening. Every preparation had been made, and with Overground Manager Hall, and Underground Manager Swift, the party slowly descended the incline, at an angle of about 30 degrees for 1,900 feet into the bowels of the earth. The shaft was dark as Erebus, but each man carried his lamp, not excepting the members of the club. The different seams and galleries were inspected, and the chairman took especial interest in the "faults," varieties of rock, and especially trees and fern remains embedded in the walls. Manager Swift, who is a thoroughly practical man, conversed freely on his theories of coal formation, and the interchange of theoretical views was very interesting. Since coming away Manager Swift has kindly forwarded a box of valuable specimens of the carboniferous rocks to the museum of Manitoba college, and for these the thanks of the club are due. The ascent, in company with some forty workmen, was most striking. Forty grimy-faced men, with lamps in their caps, in six or eight connected flat cars, put one in mind of the swarthy followers of "She," in their subterranean passages, while the running up and down the incline suggested the descent in Jules Verne's journey to the centre of the earth. The rock above your head is somewhat oppressive. A short railway journey, next morning, brought the club to Maccan. This place is only celebrated as being the junction of the Joggins Railway. The club thought there was something in the name Joggins peculiar. It suggested an episode or story. The secretary, no doubt thinking of Dickens's "Mugby Junction," was cudgelling his brains to find out the meaning of the name, till a plain countryman informed him it was simply where the shore hill had a "jog in." The secretary immediately collapsed. The Joggins Railway has only been open six months. It has but one engine, which is engaged in drawing coal. That one engine—the whole resources of the road—was placed at the disposal of the club, and on it the club proceeded. At Joggins there was building the something amazing. Built on the ways like a schooner, it consisted of 22,000 pieces of spruce timber. These were piles for wharves, each averaging 35 to 40 feet in length. They were put

together in a cigar shape. The mass was 55 feet wide and 38 feet deep, was fastened together by chains, and girt about every few feet with steel wire. The model is patented by Mr. W. R. Robertson, and James Leary, of New York, is the owner. The dwellers at Joggins were all opposed to the raft. It would take 80 schooners to carry the timber. Hence these tears. In the last few days the papers state that the monster raft has been successfully launched. But Joggins is still more celebrated as a geological bonanza. Here Sir William Dawson's fame as a geologist was made. For two miles along the shore is a perpendicular cliff of carboniferous rock. The sea, at high tide, washes the base. This sweeps out the *débris* to sea, thus keeping the cliff face always free. Numerous fossil trees are seen on the cliff face. The fern impressions, sigillaria, calamites and other plant markings in the specimens carried away by the chairman of the club made his valise an object of dislike to the porters all the way to Winnipeg. Back from Joggins to Maccan, and thence to Amherst by train, brought the club to its last, but not least, interesting adventure. Amherst is the town on the isthmus—the Corinth—of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is the very centre of historic interest in Nova Scotia. And the man who knows most of all this is Judge Morse, the embodiment of law for Cumberland county. Judge Morse is a perfect encyclopædia on the Acadians. Moreover, as soon as dinner was discussed, he was on hand with his comfortable and stately equipage to transport the club to Fort Beausejour.

This is the old French fort, which the English in taking re-named Cumberland. A few miles from Amherst the highland is reached and this "Calais" of Acadia is gained. Its site is simply grand. It looks out on the "Basin of Mines," which the French here called, with their felicity in giving names, "Beaubassin." The heavy earth-works of Beausejour remain. We saw to the east Fort Lawrence, where the English were. The French outpost in the marshes lay between. To the west are the wide Tentremar marshes, so called from the roar or shaking of the sea. Driving along the ridge for a mile was to be seen the site of the old French church, and the chairman indulged in a few outbursts of feeling against La Loutre, the violent priest, the troubles of the whole Acadian shore. A detour of a couple of miles brought us to the bridge by way of which the British crossed through the marshes and gained the heights of Beausejour. The capture of Beausejour was a hinge event in history. Well may its name be translated "Beautiful for situation." To Judge Morse the club was immensely indebted. It is a joy to visitors to meet one so thoroughly versed in the folk-lore of the locality. Judge Morse is also an enterprising leader in reclaiming the marshes. This is simply shutting out the sea from low flats along the shore by means of dikes. This needs experience, capital and patience. The French were adepts at it. These marshes along the "Beaubassin" of old are the best hay-producing regions of Nova Scotia to-day. There is here a source of great wealth. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a philanthropist, then Judge Morse and his associates well deserve high honour. From Amherst the club separated. The secretary returned to Halifax to write editorials on the Cumberland election, the legal member came west to Ontario to spend a well-earned holiday, and the chairman to grind out these dreary lines. When shall we three meet again?

Esther Jezreel, the leader of the New and Latter House of Israel, died at her seat, the Woodlands, Chatham, lately, after twelve days' illness. She was known to her followers as "Queen Esther." This curious body hold that they are an elect people, who are to be preserved from the grave and corruption.

The Black Sea owes its name to its frequent tempests. The White Sea to its masses of floating ice. The Red Sea sometimes looks almost as red as blood.

SESAME AND LILIES.

When John Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" happened to be in my hands for a few days, I undertook its perusal without expecting much pleasure or even profit, for I had a pre-conceived idea that anything from Ruskin's pen would be rather over the head of an ordinary mortal.

I had a year or two previously read one of his volumes with blameable carelessness, for, afterward, the only idea I could recall from it was that the eye is best pleased by a landscape not definitely bounded, but which opens out with a suggestion of infinity. (Needless to say these are not the exact words.) So I took up "Sesame and Lilies," prepared for an abstruse dissertation on true and false conceptions of art and beauty, or some such theme, with an up-in-the-clouds treatment and a plentiful sprinkling of technical terms.

What an agreeable and startling disappointment it was to find it one of the most straightforward, practical of books, full of earnest purpose, clothed in simplest form!

It is true that, for a while in reading "Sesame," I felt somewhat as though the austere lecturer had set me on a stool in the corner with that relic of school-room barbarism, a dunce's cap, on my head, and said to me:—

"Firstly—You think you know something.

Secondly—You know nothing.

Thirdly—I shall try to teach you something, but it is doubtful if you can learn."

However, he let me down from my ignominious perch before long in a more receptive, if somewhat humiliated, frame of mind.

I need not dwell on the many points of interest in the little book—to the majority of readers it is doubtless well known—but to any girl who has not already profited by it I should strongly recommend a careful study of "Sesame and Lilies." When the last page is reached she will find her mind full of strong thoughts, her hands full of noble work, and a rare prospect of usefulness unfolding before her mental vision.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PERPLEXITY.

A HINT FROM THE FRENCH.

Saint Cupid! what a charming pair
Of sisters I'm between—
One brown as Autumn, one as fair
As Tennyson's May Queen.
Their beauty differs as the light
Of Phœbus and the Moon:
But, if I read my heart aright
J'aime mieux la brune.

And yet the blonde I dearly prize,
And fain her charms would woo:
Her hair is golden, and her eyes
Are exquisitely blue.
Each time I greet her, morn or eve,
My passion grows more fond,
Till, on the whole, I half believe,
J'aime mieux la blonde.

The elder siren's eyes are brown,
Her dainty mouth is red;
Her smiles (I never saw her frown)
Would turn King Arthur's head.
A perfect form and perfect face
Are hers by Nature's boon,
And so, for symmetry and grace
J'aime mieux la brune.

But still, when'er I turn my gaze
Upon her sister pearl,
I feel her soft bewitching ways
Around my fancy curl.
Fair as the lily's stainless flower,
Lithe as a willow-wand,
She seems more winning every hour—
J'aime mieux la blonde.

Compelled two magnets to obey,
Well-poised the needle lies:
My heart, that two attractions sway,
To each, distracted, flies.
Sweet girls! though honour bids me choose
Between you, I am loath:
Reluctant either one to lose,
I love you both!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.