

word of cheer for our brave fellow Canadians who helped to fight in South Africa, who have shown to the world their loyalty by their hearty response to the call of the Imperial Parliament for aid when British territory was disputed, who left the comforts of home to fight for their King and country.

EVA MCEACHERN.

A Walk in the Country in Spring.

“**W**HAT is so rare as a day in June?” sings the poet, and no one can deny that Nature is in her very brightest and sweetest mood during the “month of roses.” But who does not acknowledge that “perfect days” are not unknown in other seasons than in leafy June?

It was one morning late in May, when we set off on a botanizing excursion into the country. A beautiful day it was, a veritable golden day, set with the jewels of fresh, green grass and early flowers. There had been a slight rainfall the previous night, and in the morning everything was bright, fresh and sparkling with drops of moisture like diamonds. The air was filled with the sweet, spicy smell of the woods mingled with the salt breeze blowing in from the sea, not far distant. The sun looked down from an almost unclouded sky, and it was unusually warm and summer-like for so early in the year. In short, it was just such a day as to make one exclaim, with Browning: “O, good, gigantic smile o’ the brown old earth.”

We followed the railway track, which lay along a cliff, from whence could be caught glimpses of the ocean shining in the sunlight like a sheet of silver, and the whitecaps further out, ever changing, and yet ever the same, while far, far away on the horizon could be distinguished certain