

Long ere the pyramids
Lifted their dizzy heads,
Far from these dark'ning floods
Rose up thy form.

Brief is the reign of kings,
Swift as an insect's wings,
To thy long day :
Frail all the works of men,
Thrones rise and fall again,
Schools live and wax and wane,
All pass away.

But thou remainest still,
Set in this lasting hill ;
Yet, e'en thy form
(Like that of many a sage)
Bears now the marks of age,
Scarred by the blast and rage
Of many a storm.

Oh, may that firmer Rock
Which ne'er can feel the shock
Of Time's dire arm,
Be still my hiding place
Through endless coming days—
There joyful songs I'll raise,
Fearing no harm.

—S. N. M.

PEMBROKE, ONT., *June 1st, 1885.*

To add further interest to the above poem from the pen of a well-known Victoria student, we add a few words of description of this giant sentinel on the banks of the Ottawa.

Oiseau Rock is a perpendicular wall of Laurentian gneiss, four hundred and ninety-five feet high, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River, about twenty miles West of Pembroke. On its top is a beautiful little lake which never dries, and is almost