

Each one appears to be made from a model of one of those five-cent Chinese dolls we have all seen, and no matter how long they have been in this country, or how they associate with Americans, they persist in observing the teachings of their forefathers in heart, and home life, if not always in public.

H. A. R.

On Cascumpec Bay.

THE evening sun was shining bright and clear,
Casting a radiance o'er a scene most fair;
The waters sparkled gaily far and near,
And tranquil beauty lingered everywhere.

'Mid high-piled seaward I had made a seat.
As o'er the water sped my "Flying Cloud;"
But hark! what joyful sounds my hearing greet?
'Tis human voices singing clear and loud.

From yonder craft, these strains of music float:
A picnic party on their homeward way,
Sated with pleasure. From their white-winged boat
Their happy voices steal across the bay.

My native Isle! thy charms are dear to me;
Nor from thy shore for beauty will I stray,
"Gem of the Gulf," girt by the glittering sea,
Thy loveliness inspires my rustic lay!

H. R. L.