

HERE'S TO THE LAND.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine :
 Here's to the Land of the raft and the river !
 Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
 And the night that is bright with the North-light's
 quiver !

Here's to the Land with it's blanket of snow,—
 'To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow !
 Here's to the land where the stormy winds blow
 'Three days ere the mountains can talk to the
 billow !

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe !
 Here's to the hearties that give them their glory ;—
 With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
 The might of the forest has passed into story !

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board ;
 Here's to the maple that sweetens their story ;
 Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword ;
 And here's to the fields where we gather our glory !

Here's to her hills of the moose and the deer ;
 Here's to her forests, her fields and her flowers ;
 Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
 And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native
 bowers !

L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.

BY K. MADELEINE HARRY, OTTAWA.

AMONG the many beautiful and storied spots which are girt by the waters of our fair St. Lawrence, there is, perhaps, not one which boasts so weird and wild a history as the little barren islet, known to the inhabitants of the pretty village of Bic, by the thrilling and expressive title of *L'Islet au Massacre*. Within easy reach of Cacouna, on the line of the Intercolonial, is the small but picturesque village of Bic, and looming up out of its quiet harbour, with its stern front set seaward, is the gloomy, spectral thing which gives to the tiny hamlet its tragic and historic flavour. At twilight, or when the day is dull, and mists enshroud the tall dark object, it would scarcely excite the interest or curiosity of the most observant tourist, who might not unreasonably take it to be some lumbering nautical construction running its chances with the tide and current, but when the weather is bright and clear, and the high pile is distinctly outlined, the stranger looks at it more than once, standing sullen and immovable in the deep, dark water, and he questions a native haply, who knows its story well, and who is sure to repeat it with a relish. If "Monsieur" or

"Madame" would care to visit the spot in person, it is easily and cheaply done. "Monsieur" and "Madame" ask nothing better generally, neither does the speculative *habitant*, who reaps quite a harvest of small luxuries out of his home-spun tragedy.

L'Islet au Massacre resolves itself, as one approaches it more nearly, from a sombre, shadowy pyramid into graded masses of broken and disordered rocks, interspersed with yawning clefts and perilous fissures; these rise high and steep out of the swift river, and culminate in sullen beetling peaks that guard the entrance of a low, wide cave, "whose rocky ceiling casts a twilight of its own"—a twilight which no sunshine ever dispels—over the still and lonely precincts. Here it was, one dire, dark night, more than three hundred years ago, a band of hunted Micmac Indians, with their women and little children, came speeding in their fleet canoes, wearied and worn with watching, and fleeing the brandished weapons of their cruel and bloodthirsty foes, the lordly Iroquois. Tradition has it, that the night was wild and stormy, and the weather-worn Micmacs, having dragged their boats up the steep cliffs and hidden them in the