

to see, on account of its natural beauty ; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high, and affords a glorious view both of the strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme. It is traversed, it is claimed, by more keels than any other strait in the world, except that of Gibraltar.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Lo, I am with thee ! Ere I left Mine own
I promised to return, and comfort them
With My abiding presence. And for thee
This word is true—since not with them alone,
But, through all time, with all believing souls
I do abide.

And I am with thee now ;—
Not visibly, for once beholding Me
Thou couldst not turn again to aught of earth ;
Yet I—Myself in very truth—am here,
Close, close beside thee. Never grief doth draw
Its blinding veil of mist before thy sight,
But I, so near, do mark it ; and Mine eyes
Mingle regretful tenderness with love
In every look ; the while I think how thou
Must tarry, even yet, a little space,
Where tears are shed. No lonely, longing hour
Thou dost encounter, but I bend more near
Above thee ; and My brimming heart well-nigh
O'erflows ; so strong its yearning to reveal
All that it holds in store for thee—beyond
These days of waiting. Not to thee there comes
A time of suffering, but I do long
For that glad day when these, Mine arms, spread now
Beneath and round thee, swift shall raise and bear
Where pain is not.

And even now thou shouldst
Arise with Me—were not My love for thee
Strong as 'tis tender ; so that it can choose
Thy present sorrow, knowing this doth tend
To future happiness. The waiting time
On earth not fully told, e'en heaven itself
Would lack its fullest bliss. Thou read'st not now
This mystery aright ; but thou shalt read
Hereafter. And, meanwhile, with patient heart
Sure thou canst wait ; for lo, I wait with thee—
Unto the bright, bright end !