



BURIN.

steamer was delayed two days on account of this people's holiday.

At many a fishing farm (for the farmers are amphibious as seals) a decrepit old salt was watching, like David in the chamber over the gate, for news of the battle. "Who won the eight-oared race?" he would eagerly ask. "Where did the Outer Cove crew come in?" "Hurrah for the Logie boys!"

We felt ashamed of our lack of enthusiasm. To turn our back on such a scene for the rude and rocky solitudes of the ocean shore was a wonder passing strange to these veterans of the sea.

Matters were getting serious. Our fish dinner was postponed *sine die*.

We would be willing to compromise on Lenten fare. We tried house after house, only to find them closed. At last, on a lovely hill-side, commanding a majestic view, we found a cabin where an old woman had charge of some little children. With eager alacrity, in response to our request, she brought forth a big brown loaf and generous jug of milk, and we enjoyed a lunch over which an epicure might have exulted.

"No, thanks, yer honner, kindly, us never takes nuthin' for a bit or sup. 'Tis welcome yez are as the flowers in May. Aw, well, ef yez insist, I won't forbid the childer to take a trifle as a present from yer honner, but not as pay for the bit and sup."

BROTHERHOOD.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day,
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for brotherhood—make way for
man.

—Edwin Markham.