



"Pastor Felix" has favored us with the following delightfully characteristic letter from his new home :

CHERRYFIELD, Me., June 13.

DEAR EDITOR,—Salute thee from "fresh fields and pastures new." Who would be a man of one place? I—so far as my home is concerned—did not necessarily become my master. And now I ask you, modestly, have you ever moved? Understand me: I mean not has your corporeal person been stationary from the bright dawn of its existence; but have you ever changed your abode? Then, if I hear you say, "Yes, alas!" I count on your sympathy—I, *Pastor Felix*, who, mourning for the groves of Corinth, try to find consolation by the banks of the Naraguagus, that sings its song among the mills and willows and bridges just below.

But nature and love are here: yea, and the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which is both; and of late, also, "The Songs of the Great Dominion," which, by the by, are not all the songs sung under the maple leaf that we shall care to listen to. Yet, it is a most excellent anthology; and, were its scope more generous, would embrace some worthy names it has not included. We wish we could convince Mr. Lighthall what worthy work he has done in this handsome volume; but I fear he would remain incredulous, so I'll e'en not try. The work does what it proposes to do: it exhibits the distinctive features of Canadian life, and gives the cream of that poetic literature which deals with the history, legends and peculiar natural features of our country. What it does not aim to do, and what another work, in the not long time to come, should, is to give an exhibit of the best verse of all our real poets, which work would include the names of Howe, McPherson, McColl, Spenser, G. W. Wicksteed, Garvie, "Vivien," Fletcher, Herbert, Waters, and others missing from the charming volume Mr. Lighthall has given us.

As for us, when can nature and the muse lose their charm? They are here in this valley, and beside this Indian-named river. By-the-by, we have gone from one stream, fragrant of the Redman, to another; from the Penramaquan to the Penobscot; and from the Kenduskeag to the Narraguagus. We find our new home a very pleasant one. Around us are green fields, and the elms, willows and horse-chestnuts cluster about. Near my window the acacia puts forth its late leaves, while among them all the birds are jubilant. Below our valley town, five miles from the river, finds its home, and the sea moans on its shore. There are coves, haunted by fish and fog, while off the coast lies the "Titmanan" (Petit Manan) of the sailors. North are blueberry lands, and where multitudes of pickers will soon be gathering that esteemed fruit for the canning factory here. Yes, we have nature—the same nature that you have, if the flag afloat here be different; ours are the same, sweet, healing airs that fan the brow of Mount Royal; and God has made us of one blood, and we are brethren.

Will you be glad to see another of Vivien's good poems? I pass it along, and give you my hand, and my assurance of continued interest, in the hand upon the helm of our literary and pictorial barque—the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Respectfully, PASTOR FELIX.

The following is the poem which Pastor Felix kindly sends us and for which our readers, we are sure, as well as ourselves, will thank him:

FINIS.

He dies, you say—Well, what of that? Death is
A universal guest! Bear out the clay.
And bury it a fathom deep! From that
Pure breast let snowy violets up-spring;
And from the chisel'd mouth let June's first heat
Fashion a crimson rose,—so fair he was!

Hark ye! I weep not that one dies to-day!
I would not any idle tears of mine
Could mar his rest. But he was portion of
My vanished youth; and lo! a thousand joys,
A thousand dreams, encoffin'd long ago,
Come forth in ghostly file, to mourn with me
Above the shrouded dead, who lies there like
Some sculptured god, in marble majesty.

Cover the smiling lips—draw down the lids
Over the sightless eyes, that once flashed out
With all a strong man's passionate desire,
They meet mine own no more.

Farewell, old friend,
Sweet, all-embracing death has clasped thee round;
Her arms are soft beneath thy tired head,
The while she whispers of that tranquil sleep
In fragrant earth; where never clash of tongues,
Or strife of man, can vex thy heedless ears.
The body to the dust, the soul to God.
I wonder me if ever, from the fret
Of life, we two shall meet again,
And clasp long-parted hands!

Farewell! I go
To the hard, busy world, and thou to thine
Own quiet house beneath the churchyard mould.
May wild birds mate above thy grave; and wild
Flowers spring; and Nature, with her magic wand,
Shape some new lily from thy stainless heart.

VIVIEN.

The following are the verses on the Santiago flag incident, to which reference is made under the head of "Current Topics."

THE TWO FLAGS.

I.

Where the condor of the Andes from his snowy throne
looks down,
Far below, 'mid rocky ridges, nestles Valparaiso town;
To its feet the great Pacific brings the navies of the world,
And the flags of many nations in its harbour are unfurled.

II.

And among them, floating proudly in the sweet Pacific
breeze,
Is thy emblem, Mother England, the mistress of the seas,
While beside it, as in peace and war thy place should ever
be,
Thy Stars and Stripes, Columbia, wave fearlessly and
free.

III.

O guardians twain of freedom, there is work for you to
do—
Wherever tyrants prosper, the sufferers call to you,
And sad indeed will be the day when that appeal you hear
And from Oppression's victims turn away with heedless
ear.

IV.

But hark! along the rugged slopes of Valparaiso town
What sound is that which winds and waves in vain at-
tempt to drown?
What crowds are those that hurry past? What sight is
that they see?
Now, kindred flags, 'tis yours to throw your folds round
Liberty.

V.

The centre of a gazing throng, a man with bandaged eyes
Awaits the fatal word. Oh! haste—a moment, and he
dies!
What was his crime? An insult spurned—a blow by blow
repaid;
For this he stands in face of death, hopeless, but undis-
mayed.

VI.

But lo! one comes with Union Jack and Stars and Stripes
entwined,
And wraps the prisoner in their folds, as there he stands
resigned.
"Now at your peril fire a shot." The murderers slunk
away.
Thus Albion's and Columbia's flags maintained the right
that day.

MISSIPOWISTIC.

(Suggested at the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan.)

Here, in this howling torrent, ends
The rushing river named
By savage man
Saskatchewan—
In dark tradition famed.

His source, Creation's dread abyss,
Or in the glacier's cell;
His way, the sweep
Of canyons deep
And clefts and chasms fell.

And forth from many a mountain's side
He leaps with laughter grim;
Their spurs are slit,
Their walls are split
To make a path for him!

And down into the plains he raves
With dusky torrent cold,
And lines his bed
With treasure shred
From unknown reefs of gold.

And, monster-like, devours his shores,
Or, writhing through the plain,
Casts up, the while,
Full many an isle,
And swallows them again!

For though, betimes, he seems to sleep
Amidst his prairies pale,
He swells with pride
In summer's tide,
When low-born rivers fail.

And bears his legends to the Lake,
Of by-gone fields and fame,
When poaching Cree
The Blackfoot free
With magic arms o'ercame.

His tales of red deer, Spanish horse,
And of the bison horde,
As in a dream—
A transverse stream,
Which flowed at every ford.

Of ancient settlement and farms,
Ere France his wantons pressed;
Ere royal mind,
For lust, resigned
The Empire of the West.

And of the whites who first espied
His course, their toils and cares;
Of brave Varennes,
The boast of men,
And Prince of *voyageurs*!

Of him who once his waters churned—
The bluff, fur-trader King—
Mackenzie bold—
Renowned, of old,
For his far wandering!

Of later days, when to his shores
The dauntless Franklin came;
Ere science lost,
In Arctic frost,
The life, the lofty aim!

Or of the old Bois-brulé town,
Whose huts of log and earth
Rang, winter-long,
With jest and song,
And wild plain-hunter's mirth.

And of the nearer, darker day,
Which saw their offspring leap
To arms, and wake,
With frenzied shake,
Dull Justice from her sleep.

Which saw their last despairing stand
Upon their native sward,
When, to assuage
Rebellion's rage,
The whites had drawn the sword.

And how, for country, or for home,
They strove with equal pride:
The Metis fought
For *this*, they thought—
For *that* Canadians died!

Lone are the banks beside his stream,
With shallow graves bespread:
There lynxes prowl,
And grey wolves howl
A requiem for the dead!

Be these the last! Let age-worn strife
No longer mar his flood;
Nor ever more
His winding shore
Be stained with native blood!

* * * * *

And onward tears his torrent still,
And pours its volume huge
Beyond the marge
Of the Décharge,
Beyond the Rocher-Rouge,

Till, at the Landing-place, he rears
His crest of foam, and, quick
As lightning, leaps
Adown the sweeps
Of Missipowistic!

Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing,
And, in the tamarack glades
Near-by, the bear
And mooswa share
Their matchless, mossy shades.

Whilst echoes of the huskies' yells
From yonder woods are flung:
At midnight dim
A chorus grim,
As if by demons sung!

But, see! Here comes a birch canoe!
Two wiry forms it bears,
In quaintest guise,
With wrinkled eyes—
Two smoke-dried *voyageurs*!

"We'll take you down! Embarquez donc
Embarquez donc, monsieur!
We'll steer you through
The channel true,"
Cries each old *voyageur*.

"Nay, look, ye men! those walls of foam
Yon swirling 'cellars' fell!"
"Fear not to pass,
Thou Moniyas!
We know this torrent well."

"I've roamed this river from my youth—
I know its every fork."
"And I have made,"
The other said,
"Full many a trip to York!"

So, seated now betwixt the men,
With hamper at my wing,
We sally down
The rapids' crown
Like arrow from the string,

Into the yeast of waters wild,
Where winds and eddies rave!
Into the fume
And raging spume
And tempest of the wave!