

ing under the king's command and the direction of his ministers, with royal bounties for fecundity and royal penalties for celibacy. The result was failure, political, social, industrial and commercial, as complete as was possible in the case of a hardy, enterprising

and intelligent race. "A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms." Such are the words with which Mr. Parkman concludes his history of French Canada under the old régime.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

NOW, with wild and windy roar,
 Stalwart Winter comes once more,—
 O'er our roof-tree thunders loud,
 And from edges of black cloud
 Shakes his beard of hoary gold,
 Like a tangled torrent rolled
 Down the sky-rifts, clear and cold !

Hark his trumpet summons rings,
 Potent as a warrior-king's ;
 Till the forces of our blood
 Rise to lusty hardihood,
 And our summer's languid dreams
 Melt, like form-wreaths, down the streams,
 When the fierce northeasters roll,
 Raving from the frozen pole.

Nobler hopes, and keener life,
 Quickened in his breath of strife ;
 Through the snow-storms and the sleet
 On he stalks with armed feet,
 While the sounding clash of hail

Clanging on his icy mail,
 Stirs whate'er of generous might
 Time hath left us in his flight,
 And our yearning pulses thrill
 For some grand achievement still !

Lord of ice-bound sea and land,
 Let me grasp thy kingly hand,—
 And from thy great heart and bold,
 Hecla-warm, though all is cold
 Round about thee, catch the fire
 Of my lost youth's brave desire ;
 Let me,—in the war with wrong,—
 Like thy storms, be swift and strong,—
 Gloomy griefs, and coward cares,
 Broods of 'wilderer, dark despairs,
 Making all life's glory dim,—
 Let me rend them, limb from limb,
 As the forest boughs are rent
 When thou wak'st the firmament,
 And with savage shriek and groan
 All the wildwood's overthrown !

—Paul H. Hayne.