

PAUL EBBELON.

Hid at the foot of the frowning hills
 A valley lies where a thousand rills
 Sparkle and leap in the noonday glow
 Seeking their way to the banks below.
 Saskatchewan's river bounds its slope
 And bison and elk and antelope
 Cluster in groups on either side
 To quench their thirst in the flowing tide.
 I've roamed the valley. I knew full well
 The grassy height and sequestered dell
 When the peaceful lowing of flocks and herds
 Blent with the notes of the minstrel birds,
 And the wash of waves on the golden rim
 And the rustle of trees in canyons dim,
 Echoing, echoing through the days
 Joined in a jubilant hymn of praise.
 To-day, on the verge of the river sands,
 A dreary and desolate cottage stands,
 And the cry of birds, as they coyly call
 From the shelving shade of the ivied wall,
 Is the gladdest sound that the speeding years
 Can draw from that terrible tomb of tears.
 Hunter and trapper and Indian pass
 O'er the tremulous trail of the waving grass;
 But hunter and trapper and Indian, all,
 Shun the shelving shade of the ivied wall,
 Urging their steeds to a frenzied flight
 From the fancied glare of the haunting sprite
 Yet, but eleven short years or more
 'Twas an Eden of bliss by the river shore;
 Simple and rustic—a lovely spot—
 Bordered by rows of forget-me-not,
 And a garden bloomed and the scene was fair
 For the Spirit of Love breathed everywhere.
 Here, in the flush of his early life,
 Paul Ebbelon came with his winsome wife;
 Hither he came in the early ray
 Of a dreamy and nebulous April day,
 When the mists were heavy on stream and bar
 And the whirl of waves as they broke afar
 Sounded like flitting of birds apace
 In the golden gleam of the morning's face.
 Oft, when the sun in its ceaseless quest
 Had leaped down the heights of the further West,
 And the arrogant day had stilled its tones,
 And the shy stars peeped from their silvern thrones,
 In the sheltering nook of a cosy bower
 The twain would sit in the twilight hour,
 Merrily laughing o'er vanished fears
 And the hoped-for joys of the coming years.
 Save once, when the terrors of future pain
 Had mingled with thoughts of her present gain,
 Elsie had turned with her wearied eyes,
 Grey as the grey of the summer skies:
 "Paul, this happiness cannot last,
 For, oh I feel such a wintry blast
 Sweeping over my soul at times.
 I dreamt last night that the abbey chimers
 Were pealing merrily over the plains
 Their dear old well-remembered strains,
 When, lo! they stopped, and a solemn knell
 Told from a single abbey bell!
 I strive to chase the unwelcome fears
 But the ominous sounds are in mine ears."
 And Paul bent low with a smile and said,
 "Ah, lass, dear lass! thou hast nought to dread,
 Sing me the song I have heard thee sing,
 The song of the 'Mermaid's Welcoming.'"
 Sweetly and softly over the plain
 Floated the notes of the gay refrain,
 Yet suddenly ceased as she closer drew
 Like a sensitive plant in falling dew
 And the cadence sweet of the floating trills
 Was drowned in the depths of the silent hills—
 The months flew on and the autumn sped
 And the ice-bound stream in its shallow bed
 Groaned as it strove in its binding chains
 Like a soul in penitential pains.
 One fearsome eve, when the hounds of Hell
 Seemed loosened o'er sleeping Asphodel,
 The summons came and away! away!
 For help in the dusk of the failing day!
 Over the braes in their vestments white
 Stretching to ultimate realms of sight!
 O! think of her, left, in that chamber rude,

In the gloom of her awful solitude!
 For maternity's pangs have added stress
 When linked with the terrors of loneliness
 And day breaks forth as his gallant steed
 Flies homeward bound o'er the frozen mead,
 Nearer and nearer, though far from home,
 Her flanks are flecked with the freezing foam;
 Nearer and nearer—they gain the height—
 The valley unfolds to his aching sight—
 Nearer and nearer, and lo! he sees
 The well-loved spot thro' the wind-stripped trees—
 Nearer and nearer—with hope elate
 He leaps from his steed at the garden gate—
 And stands within. Is it fearsome dread
 That ties his tongue and that stays his tread,
 That pales his cheek and that fills his eyes
 With the horrible look of the hope that dies?
 Ah! yes, for Paul, as he stands aghast
 In the light of eve that is closing fast,
 Sees all, knows all, and his wild despair
 Rings out on the cruel and startled air—
 For, frozen as stiff as the frozen mould,
 The mother and babe lie stark and cold!

* * * * *
 Brother and sister, the daylight fades
 For you and for me, and the verdant glades
 And the sunlit heights from our mortal ken
 Must vanish for ever—but when, ah! when—
 The summons may come in our morning's pride
 Or the last faint flush of our eventide—
 God knows. As we sink with our latest breath
 In the outstretched arms of awaiting Death,
 Ere He summons us hence to find surcease
 Of woe in the realms of His endless Peace,
 May God in His mercy calm our fears
 With friendship's touch and with friendship's tears.

F. M. DELA FOSSE.

TRINITY EXTENSION LECTURES.

THIS course of lectures began on October 31st, in Association Hall, the Rev. Professor W. Clark beginning the series by an able lecture on History and Literature. We give a brief outline of his address:

In the larger sense of the word literature embraced history, and was distinguished from writings on science, or intended to convey knowledge. It was, however, convenient to distinguish history from the literature which consisted of poetry, fiction, essays and the drama. His main thesis was to set forth the mutual dependence of history and literature. The lecturer remarked that if all the formal histories were to be destroyed the real character, progress and development of a people could be learnt from its literature. On the other hand, although literature was much more independent and self-sufficient than history, we should gain a good deal in the understanding of writings by making ourselves acquainted with the circumstances in which they had been produced. The connection of the two subjects was first illustrated briefly from early church history; but the main examples were taken from English history. First the lecturer remarked that if we knew nothing of the process of the formation of the English language, its very structure would reveal its history. German in its origin, it belonged to the low German division of the language, which is represented in Anglo-Saxon and Lowland Scotch. Then we became aware of another element, the Latin, and this in a form which showed that it came through the medium of Norman French. Passing on to the epochs of English history, he referred to the thirteenth century as one of the greatest, in men, in events, in architecture, the age in which arose the Franciscan and Dominican orders, the age of the most beautiful ecclesiastical architecture that the world had ever seen, the age of Aquinas, of Duns Scotus, and of Dante. Passing lightly over the age of Langland, Wycliffe and Chaucer, as that which would be considered in the next lecture, he referred to the Eliza-