

messengers in the corridors to sheriffs in the country. The slaughter of the innocents has been tremendous, and the ministers are besieged with office-seekers, and the friends of the dismissed employees, all begging for places. Friends of the new government are beginning to say that the removals have been already too many, and fears are expressed that retaliation at Ottawa may ensue before long. But Mr. Mercier has been in opposition for many years. He must satisfy many friends, and if they must have offices, the nominees of his predecessors must give way. It is the fortune of politics, but civil service reform goes back all the same.

Montreal, March, 1887.

A CANADIAN.

## Poetry.

### A RONDEAU.

BREAK, mighty sea, upon thy silvery shore!  
Thy voice to me sounds of the evermore.  
In foam-edged flatness waste thy giant power.  
Thy wrath is but the creature of an hour;  
A calm, a storm, a tempest, all is o'er.

But can the wounded heart forget its sore,  
As lightly as the sands the ocean's roar,  
Its surf wreaths and its storm-swept shower?  
Break, mighty sea!

Break, mighty sea, and let thy voice adore  
The Hand that tempests make and calms restore.  
That Hand can heal the wounds that griefs devour,  
And guard the soul-like castellated tower.  
Forget and rest, Oh heart, forevermore.  
Break, mighty sea!

539 King St. West, Toronto.

J. A. CURRIE.

### SONNET.—A BACK GLANCE.

MAD, misspent years! if backward ye might move,  
How gladly all your waste I would recall,  
The ribald chorus; the rude tavern brawl;  
The syren-kiss of counterfeited love,  
And all the early errors that do prove  
How foolish are the fairest days of all,  
When reason unto rebel youth doth call  
In vain its mask of folly to remove.  
Experience is a chronicle most sad,  
And chance escapes upon each page we writ  
More thickly than the parry-guards of wit  
In all the life-told tales that men have had.  
To-day is fair; the future bright; but yet  
The past is ever clouded with regret.

Toronto.

E. G. GARTHWAITE.

### SECRET KIN.

THERE are a thousand secrets in the wood;  
There are a thousand pricking in the blood;  
There is no passion stirs the human heart  
Earth does not tremble with its counterpart.  
Nor love nor hate nor birth nor death is ours,  
We share with feathered flocks and wanton flowers,  
Careless I crush the palpitating grass—  
Lingering, there meet and hold me ere I pass  
Soft airs, that creep and purr against my cheek,  
To hint at mysteries I dare not speak.

—Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, in the *Springfield Republican*.

## Correspondence.

Editor ARCTURUS:

I AM aware that there are scores of people who imagine that they know all that is worth knowing about running a paper; who see defects in every issue of every journal they read, and pamper their vanity (all the while fancying that their opinions find favour with all who listen to them) by telling how such a thing might be improved, or in what respect the editor has gone astray, etc. Now, without laying myself open to the charge of belonging to this class, I would like to make a suggestion to you, or rather, to ask a favour of you.

It is this: Could you, in some (near) future issue, give us a sketch of the proper manner in which to prepare MSS. for the publisher? You will think, now, that I am preferring this request for my own instruction. I am, and I hope you will be able to grant it at an early date. Will you kindly answer through next week's ARCTURUS, and oblige

Yours truly,  
READER.

[The editor will have much pleasure in complying with "Reader's" request in an early number.]

### THE REAWAKENING.

THESE are the days when Dame Nature begins tapping on our window-panes to whisper to us sweet promises of spring. She tells of melting snow and bursting buds, of willow wands thickly strung with pink-white pussies, and swamp buttercups almost ready to bloom if brought in by the fireside. She bids us listen in the orchards to the tapping of the woodpeckers, the faint squeak of the brown creepers, and, best of all, to the notes of the bluebirds, which are now sounding in every quarter. She tells us that the crossbills and pine grosbeaks have flown away northward, and that the chick-a-dees will forecast no more snow-storms this year. She may even wager half her crown that before the week is gone the whistle of the robin and the harsh cry of the purple grackle will end our morning naps.

Dear Dame Nature, always so full of hope, so lavish with spring-time promises, made one day and broken the next! Yet she is not altogether wrong, for the snows are melting, the buds are coming forward slowly, and bluebirds are here in dozens. Her delusion lies in the belief that, because the snow goes on Monday, the bluebirds come to the orchards on Tuesday, and the robins to the lawns on Wednesday, therefore fresh snow will not fall three inches deep by the next Sunday morning. The birds do not mind the snow for its coldness. The chick-a-dees have been with us all winter; so have the brown creepers, both kinds of nut-hatches, the downy woodpeckers, the blue-jays, the crows, and a few of the robins. It is because it covers up their breakfast tables that the robins and purple grackles scold so over the last snowfall. The leaf buds suffer from it as little as the birds. But this can hardly be said of men, and they are accordingly wary of Dame Nature's smiles, even when the birds and buds seem most to trust them. We know that snow may surprise us as late as early April; that mild mornings often herald sharp easterly winds, and that May day is apt to be anything but a pleasant reproduction of its English original.

Windows may fly up when Dame Nature first taps. Eager ears may listen for the first note of the song sparrow, due this week; but when it is suggested that furs should be packed, furnace fires put out and double sashes taken down, the prudent answer is "By and by."—*Boston Advertiser*.

### POLITICS ON THE CANADA LINE.

A TOWN ELECTION IN VERMONT IN 1815.

WE hear much in these days about "wire-pulling," "rings," and political corruption in general, and it may be that it has sometimes seemed to us as though things were getting terribly debased; and we have been prone to look back with wistful eyes to the good old times when our revered ancestors were on the stage of action, and have longed for the unanimity and honest dealing which are supposed to have then prevailed.

I know by my own experience that it is very pleasant to linger over the history of the past; but I apprehend that distance lends enchantment, and that we find it more agreeable living in imagination during the administrations of Jefferson or Madison than we should have found in an actual participation in the doings of that period.

In the extreme northern part of Vermont, within a few miles of the Canada line, is situated a town six miles square, known as Westfield. The village of the town is small, and so are the farms, compared with those of the West. In some places the forest