

vigorous effort made to rear up a homogeneous Canadian people.

It has required nerve on the part of the people to do this, but the first steps have been taken, and in the mind of most there is the conviction that the battle has been won.

And yet the people of Manitoba are not intolerant. They are, as Mr. Ewart knows, a generous people. Last year the general election in Manitoba turned on this question. There was no abuse of Catholics or Mennonites or foreigners. There has not been the slightest animosity manifested. Violence was unknown in the campaign or at the polls. There was simply the conviction that public

schools are a great necessity for the province; that they are the only fair system yet devised for meeting prevailing ignorance; and that in order to make us a united people, a patriotic love of our province demands this expedient.

Our French-Canadian and Mennonite fellow countrymen are coming to see this. Among both of these classes the public schools are spreading. The Department of Education and Advisory Board are both in a thoroughly conciliatory mood, and earnestly desire every locality to avail itself of government co-operation and the government grant. So mote it be!

WINNIPEG, Aug., 1893.

## THE RAINBOW.

### I.

Up from the West the dull, grey clouds are rolled :  
 All day their gloomy mist close veiled the sky.  
 As sobbing earth winds drove them slowly by ;  
 And now, like ghosts in their cerements stoled,  
 They flee beyond the hills of purple cold,  
 And burn with palpitating light on high.  
 In sparkling foam the waves of vapor die  
 Along the margin of the sea of gold ;  
 While on the quiet palms of myriad leaves,  
 Fall clear and bright the sun's receding rays.  
 Like drops of amber on the golden sheaves  
 The rain drops glisten in the shining haze,  
 And from the heavy boughs the spider weaves  
 The filmy meshes of her faultless maze.

### II.

See, in the Orient throbs a mighty song,  
 A symphony majestic, writ in light,  
 Whose numbers roll with grand, harmonious might  
 From earth to sky, in measures sweet and strong —  
 A hymn of Truth triumphant over Wrong,  
 Clear rising from the purple in swift flight,  
 Through waves of emerald to the amber bright,  
 Ending in crimson cadence low and long.  
 Thus the cathedral earth, at vesper's chime.  
 When from the west the veiling clouds are blown  
 After the rain in the still sunset time, —  
 And in the light is her great altar shown, —  
 Proclaims, as with an organ's voice sublime,  
 The praise of God before His hidden throne.

—GERTRUDE BARTLETT