

one occasion, said: "I design hereafter to have God's glory my supreme object, and to work for what will conduce to the highest good and true prosperity of my fellow-men." Reader, is this your life object.

Fredericton, March 19th, 1875.

CECIL.

THE SWORD OF THE CID.*

The wizards up among the granite,
 Lava, trap and arraganite—
 (Basis of this planet Terra,)
 In Calatayud's snow sierra,
 Went about with mineral rods
 And lodestones hung on spiders' threads,—
 Along the dried-up torrents' beds,
 Aslant the slopes of hummock sods,
 Up through the shelving glens of mist
 Bestrewn with sharp-edged slates and schist,—
 Across the sward where grey backbones
 Crop out and show where arteries are
 Of molten metal, prism and spar,
 And dykes of metal-bearing stones;
 And underneath the combs and cliffs
 Of jutting rocks with oxides tipped;
 And through the canons' walls and rifts,
 Until the rods and magnets dipped,—
 Then cried the wizards: "Here is enough
 Of fibrous iron, light and tough,
 For the forging of Tisona."

From the holes where were their homes
 Out there came the mountain gnomes,
 And went to work upon the ledge
 With spade and crow, and chisel and sledge,
 And all night long rang "click,—click,—
 Click!"

Said the peasants of Guadalaxera,
 And the burghers of Alcantera,
 And the monks in Albuera,
 "Something is going on in the hills."
 For the sound of blows rang fast and thick,
 Like rocs rock-tapping with their bills,
 When the gnomes were at work with hammer and pick
 To dig the fibrous iron-stick
 For the forging of Tisona.

High the mounds of dirt were thrown
 Till out-cropped the nut-brown stone,
 This with mauls they cracked and seamed
 Till the steel-blue crystals gleamed.
 Then the gnomes lit up the pyre,
 And heaved the pot with "yo! heave O!"
 Into the roaring furnace glow,

* The sword of the Cid was named Tisona. It was forged A. D. 1002 but did not come into possession of Rodriguez Diaz de Vivar till long afterwards. Balmung the sword of the Niebelungen, Arthur's blade Excalibur, Charlemagne's Joyeuse and Roland's Durindale had all more or less of magical origin. I have no particular authority for the legend rhymed above.