

we believe, did he set down aught in malice. And in these days of self-glorification and free-thinking, social-lucence and fe-fi-fo dum of equality, thankful indeed should we be that one son among the Immortals thought it worth his while to tarry by the way, to correct a fellow's erring, to lift a fellow's burden, to plant another post on the highway of lofty purpose to point to a purer and truer perfection.

And so we will leave him, not dead, but sleeping, his spirit barque afloat, we trust, upon the bosom of a larger and less tumultuous tide; leave him, trusting that in his own end he found that peace which he has so

beautifully imagined for the soul upon the river of Time as it nears the voicings and breaths of the Eternal Sea:

A solemn peace of its own.

trusting that he realized in all its fullness and intensity the comforting assurance of the sentiment embodied in his own grand lines:

And the width of the waters, the lush
Of the gray expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

A LITTLE-KNOWN FLOWER.

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THE eastward-journeying traveller along Lake Erie's northern shore while passing from Walsingham Township to Charlotteville, cannot fail to notice that the flat, lacustrine, brown clay plain, to whose fertility vineyards, peach orchards and fields of waving grain bear witness, merges gradually into an area of billowy hill and dale of blown sand—"the pine-barrens of Charlotteville." He must see how maple, elm and tulip-tree give way to oak, pine and chestnut; how crops become scantier, how drifts of sand appear here and there, and how finally he reaches a nearly flat area, the pine-barrens proper. Let the reader note well on the map of the Province the situation of this area, for small and inconspicuous as it seems it is of interest. It—a mere sanddrift a hundred and thirty feet above Lake Erie—showing in descending order on a newly-made section near the lake, blown sand forty

feet; yellow and brown clay, stratified, ten feet; sand, eighty feet, and blue Erie clay to the water's edge—it, a square mile of dwarf pine, scrub oak, thin wiry grass, with snowy glades and breezy opens—it, abandoned by farmer and by artisan alike, yet traversed by roads and paths—it, on this bright, cloudless May-day, claims attention from traveller and reader for a little while. And to roam this plain or the surrounding hills and dales, to gaze down and out from its edge, far beyond the Long Point sandpit and the enclosed bay to the blue waters of old Erie beyond, to breathe the ozonized air off pine and oak is indeed a pleasure—especially if when tired and hungry one plunge down the winding, hilly, shaded road, across the fresh, babbling, ever-flowing trout-brook to the comfortable, white-porticoed hotel of the little hamlet of Normandale, nestling against the hillside—a small hotel of a small hamlet which wants