

AD UXOREM.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

I.

Dear Love, the years have swiftly sped,
Since strong in love, we two were wed.

II.

If I had looked beyond the day
When our two ways became one way,
What weary tract of time and tears
Had seemed these overpast few years.
Now, looking back, past tears and time,
Labour and pleasure, prose and rhyme,
They seem but pleasant passing hours
Spent among books and babes and flowers.

III.

What magic touches thus the days,
What light makes bright the darkest days,
What fairy causes flowers to spring
And babes to smile and birds to sing?
What makes the hardest labour light,
The desk by day, the lamp by night,
Inspires ambition, nurses hope,
And widens life's enlarging scope?
Thy love, thy faith, thy trust, thy truth,
That crown my manhood, blessed my youth,
These, these above, by Heaven blessed,
Have been the buckler for my breast,
My staff for strength, a light to guide,
My joy, my life, my hope, my pride,
The magic, fairy, what you will,
That blessed me and that blesses still.

IV.

Dear wife, my fancy ranging round
O'er many a scene of storied ground,
Has loved to find your wifely face,
Your human heart, your woman's grace,
In each new scene that came to view
By mountains brown or waters blue.

V.

By those glad waters of the Seine,
Like blade of steel on field of green,
That sweep by village, tower and town,
Beneath the eyes of maidens, brown
And sweet as any that the sun
In any land may shine upon—
My fancy painting torn and face,
And adding richest grace on grace,
Has never failed to find your eyes
Beam on me with a glad surprise.

VI.

And never by the winding Rhine
Have I found sweeter eyes than thine,
Or woman's heart, or truer faith,
In any storied maid or waif
That lives on earth, in tale or song,
The Rhenish hills and vales among.
Not even her eyes and truthful heart,
From life and love foredoomed to part,
Who saw her warrior lover keep
His watch on lofty Rhineland steep,
By day and night through months and years,
With too much of despair for tears,
She died within her convent walls;
Her face across the centuries calls
On poet hands the grave to deck,
Of Roland's love, of Roland's seek.

VII.

And not amid these colder climes,
Dull scenes and more prosaic times,
In town or village, far or near,
In dreams, or poets' fancies dear,
In prose or rhyme, in field or street,
Have I found woman half so sweet.

VIII.

Dear heart, dear wife, this day 'tis ours
By rite ordained of heavenly powers,
Ours to enjoy and to possess
By God's will, whom we praise and bless.
Our hearts are true, our babes are sweet,
Our labour gilds the bread we eat;
Our faith is fixed and cannot change,
Our fancies do not wildly range,
Our hopes are high, our feet are set
In ways that lead to Olivet,
High source of creed, and faith, and prayer
For men that are, are not, and that were;
Be always ours, the faith that binds,
The truth that trusts, the love that finds
Its own fulfilment, loving more,
And spending maketh large its store.

G.

Halifax.

Our readers will thank us for the publication of these sweet lines. And their pleasure will be enhanced on being told that the poet who wrote the verses is a Canadian.—Ed. C. I. NEWS.]

A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANE.

Is it the desire of thine heart, my friend, to pay a visit to a survey camp in the North-West, and to know life? Lay down that facile pen of thine, which, for aught I know, may be annihilating a prime minister, advocating some patriotic scheme, or mayhap in mood more sentimental, dropping pearls of poetry upon the page before thee. Or it may be that thou art just laying from thy hand the ghastly shears with which thou hast purloined the last piquant joke of a contemporary.

Whatever be thine occupation, let it cease for one short hour, and come with me some fifteen hundred miles away, and I will give thee a week of camping life.

It is Monday morning, and we are all snoring (that is, all who indulge in that vicious habit) in our tents, which are pitched on a delightful point just above the rapids on the river. We have already passed all the monotony of following ox-carts over sky-bound prairie swamps, tugging exhausted oxen out of bog-holes, of crossing lakes in barges towed by infernal machines called Government Steam Tugs.

We have left the last trace of civilization behind us at the Hudson Bay Company's little Fort a few miles down the river. We have just begun to feel free. From this out we must be our own ox-carts, our own barges and steam

tugs, our own everything. We are beginning camp life in earnest.

We are fast asleep when the cheerful voice of the cook calls us to our feet, for breakfast is nearly ready.

Wait not to put on a bathing dress or any such modest article of apparel, jump up as thou art, and like a savage, if thou sayest it, emerge from the tent door and scamper down to the river bank for a morning plunge. O, it is glorious! huge! Come on, thou shivering son of a goose-quill, and don't stand there flirting with the virgin stream, with thy toes—leap in over head and heels in love with her at once.

Almost drowned! Then art thou well punished for thy stupidity. Why was thy mouth open? didst thou think this was an alcoholic stream? Let me tell thee that tea is the strongest beverage thou art allowed to tinkle the internal economy with in this country.

Ah! where is thy acme of cleansing, thy Turkish bath, compared to this? where is it I would inquire?—not that I would lessen the pleasures of the "Hamman" where I so oft have thrown off toil and trouble and a superfluous pound or two of flesh.

But what have we for breakfast, Jimmy? Who's Jimmy? Why Jimmy is the "hash constructor," the "pot wollopper," the great appetite destroyer—yes, the cook.

"Bacon, beans, molasses, bread and tea." Waded in old steel-pen, here's a tin plate and cup, and a knife and fork. Help thyself. Where is thy Windsor Hotel now?

Come, pack up, boys, and get the canoes ready, must start by seven o'clock.

"Only three canoes for ten of us and two thousand pounds of baggage?" Why of course, didst thou think that the *Great Eastern* was lying at the dock to transport us to an Indian Reserve. Safe! Safe as a church. Four of us in each of the big ones, and two in the little fellow. Shove her off.

The wind does rise rather suddenly in these bays and lakes, but sit steadily and paddle along, these bark coffins can ride any sea, and buffet almost any breeze that rises here. O that's nothing, only a bucketful of water over thy knees, the sun will dry thee before evening.

I say, thou man at the wheel, if thou art anxious for us to swim the rest of the way, just intimate that such is thy desire and we will accommodate thee by getting out; but if not, pray keep her head up to those waves, and steer her for that little cove in the island ahead, it seems a good place for dinner.

Hungry, art thou? What's for dinner, Jimmy? "Bacon, beans, molasses, bread and tea." Sumptuous repast. O, what would this land do, how could it exist, without the hog? He is the muscle, the backbone, the marrow of every expedition that ever found its way into these wilds. Then let us respect the hog. Not the educated gentleman of the side-show, who points his flattened snout at the ace of spades with such unerring precision, and who lives upon gingerbread and sponge cake from the hand of every sixpenny visitor. Not to him give honour; but to the poor swill fed rooter, who, when chance affords, finds pleasure in ploughing up farmer Jones's fine potato patch or cabbage garden. He is the animal who is immolated upon the altar of necessity, and who gives his oleaginous flesh with many a heart-rending cry, to the furtherance of civilization in this wild land.

But what thinkest thou of our scenery here, now that thou hast time to look about thee? Thou art no longer a sceptic. Thou dost believe these are finer than thine eastern Thousand Islands?

Look at those clear stretches of water bounded by a fret work of trees and mossy rocks, every part of the horizon filled with islands lying one beyond another, intercepting every space with different tints and shades according to their distance from us. Is not this a perfect Paradise for the artist and pic-nicer? I had almost said excursionist; but alas! no. The excursionist is a being who would die of loneliness in this beautiful solitude. He is the man who buys a ticket for himself, family and baby-carriage to go to the Niagara Falls on Dominion Day. He revels in the unwholesome odour of a thousand breaths, mingled with the fumes of bad whiskey and tobacco smoke. He loves to lower his left shoulder and elbow his way through the steaming multitude. He makes a hearty meal of lukewarm lemonade and peanuts, and laughs loud at the incoherent jests of the tipsy fireman who is "running this train." Such is the average excursionist. He takes no note of the country through which he passes, and never looks at the thundering cataract he came to see.

He is, however, but a peg or two lower than the ordinary tourist, who with guide-book in hand, gapes open-mouthed at everything there-in mentioned, and exclaims:

"O how beautiful! wonderful!" &c., &c., but passes, very probably, the real beauties of the scene unnoticed.

However, my friend, we are neither artists nor pic-nicers, excursionists nor tourists. We are nothing but a survey party travelling in a country where there are no twenty-five cent guide-books to intimate what parts of the scenery to go into raptures about. So, guided by our own untutored tastes, we sit up and feast our eyes upon whatever we choose to admire, or lie down at the bottom of the canoe and smoke or sleep in peace, without the fear of being madly shaken up to gush over some tired, worn-out piece of nature.

Ah, my friend, those sunsets are common

here. Common enough to make an Italian jealous for the honour of his native skies. Grand and beautiful indeed. Something to defy the pen of a Ruskin, or the pencil of a Turner, that crimson sunset. See that peculiar mist, like the blue flame of excessive heat, that shoots out from the spot where the intensest brightness is, and dies away in the gold and purple clouds that cover the rest of the sky. The islands on one side glowing with the warm sunlight, and on the other, cool dark green, dotting the water like little edens. What vistas! what skies! what islands! what lakes! what dawns and what sunsets has this great land of the North-West Wind!

Ah, thou benighted wanderer from the warm fireside of civilization, thou may'st vociferate about thy parks and palaces, of waving cornfields and tides of commerce, of the hum of industry, or of the pealing organs in thy sculptured churches; but all, all is artificial. What are thy hand-made parks and palaces to these uncultured edens and fantastic rocks? What thy waving cornfields and thy tides of commerce to these boundless prairies and rushing torrent rivers? or what thy hum of industry and the pealing organs in thy sculptured churches to the ceaseless murmur of the waves and trees, or the rolling thunder as it echoes from highland to highland,—rock temples not made with hands,—till from some distant pinnacle or unseen island it dies away in a whispered farewell.

But why do I thus prate in thine ear, dost thou not see with thine own eye and hear with thine own ear, and what poor babbling words of mine can lend a further beauty to the scene or help thee to understand its grandeur and immensity?

Draw her up high and dry, boys, and don't scrape the gum off; this is a good place to camp for the night, there's lots of dry wood and brush. We won't pitch tents, the weather is fine.

And now that our evening meal is done, draw closer to the camp fire and tell us what is going on in the lands of civilization. Tell us of the Eastern struggle. Has the Russian Bear swallowed up the follower of the Prophet, or has that Christmas dish again proved an unwholesome viand for the stomach of that aggrandizing monster? But come nearer home and tell us of our friends. Does "A" still in his leisure hours run his fingers over the ivory keys, weaving some sweet romance of sound; and does our friend "W" still wield the shears and pen to burst financial bubbles and chronicle the rise and fall of stocks? Does the attenuated "M" still wander listlessly into the sanctum to peruse the English papers and criticise the last new novel? What of the genial "R," does he still pray you "to pass with your best violence" the foaming pewter on a Saturday evening, and does he still call the "giant" to order when his speech outlasts the given period?

And what of the Nestor of the scene? Have his anecdotes still their ancient charm, and is he still the respected censor as of yore? Tell us of all these and many more that were wont together in the "Kuklos" from the deep-toned, witty tragedian, and quiet, earnest comedian, to the restless, smiling Ganemede, whom Jove himself could scarce have told apart.

And now we must to rest. How likest thou this bed of cedar boughs, and buffalo robe quilt? A cloudless, starry canopy above thee, and the music of lapping wavelets and swaying trees to lull thee to rest. Sleep on and dream of home.

Wake up! wake up! 'tis Tuesday morning and we must soon

"Push off and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows for my purpose holds."

To reach our final camp to-day and pitch
Our canvas houses on some sheltered shore,
And on the morrow start our survey lines.—

I'll talk no more to thee in poetry, thou slug-gard. There—follow thy scattered blankets, take a tumble or a plunge, then have thy breakfast.

Two or three hours' paddling and we are almost at our destination, that sheltered cove about a mile ahead of us. So here we are at last and shall erect our little canvas town. Four tents. Staff tent, the men's, the cook's, and the provision tent. We are well provided.

Hold hard there, thou potent wielder of the quill, pray let some one whose actions will not endanger the limbs or lives of the party in general, and his own in particular, cut those tent poles.

Thou canst brandish this little hatchet and make gay pegs; but even then, have a care that thou dost not lop off thy left thumb or forefinger, or it will go hard with thee when thou wouldst propose a toast with thine ancient grace of manner, lifting thy glass daintily with thy left hand, and holding thy right hand so.

Now what think'st thou of our canvas home with its carpet of elastic brush; is it not fit for a king? Now thou canst unpack thy canvas trunk and bring forth thy priceless Shakespeare and thy precious Tennyson, and we will wile away an hour till supper; thou with the unhappy Lear, or murder-stained Macbeth, or perhaps to chuckle over the logic of Launcelot Gobbo; whilst I will to the days to Arthur, and that other Launcelot, and listen to the quips of Dagonet, or hear the deep rich voice of Tristram singing to Isolt.

But it is tea time, and then another smoke and chat round the camp-fire before turning in for the night. And yet not for the night either, for I had almost forgotten that the chief must take an observation to-night. Ah, it is a

mysterious performance this catching of stars "upon the fly." If it should happen to be *Polaris* that is to undergo the operation, the first thing done is to find it. This being accomplished, one man points an instrument at the star and squints most horribly through it. Then he looks at his watch and squints again, while the other fellow holds a candle at the other end of the instrument to help to light up the star, or the intellect, or something. Then the fellow squinting tells the other fellow to move the candle round in all sorts of positions, so that the grease can fall well upon the glass of the instrument and well upon the other fellow's hand, and then generally ends by telling him he is an eternally perditioned fool because he can't hold a candle in twenty places at once, and keep the flame from flickering in a gale that would blow the *Great Eastern* out of the water.

That generally finishes the out-door part of the observation, and all retire to their tents, while the man who squinted takes out a book of tables, and with its assistance and a pencil, he spoils two or three sheets of paper making calculations. After a while he shuts the book and folds the papers, and says in a dubious voice, "All right." But I must off to hold the candle, so good night.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

BRYANT wrote in his old age a hand as neat as that of a writing master.

MISS "Little-Women" Alcott is said to be suffering from overwork.

MR. EMERSON is quoted as saying that he "had written nothing for several years"—his "work was done."

It is a singular coincidence that on the very day of Mr. Bryant's death, D. Appleton & Co. issued a new edition of his complete works.

THE gentleman who wrote the song "My Maryland, My Maryland," is now thirty-nine years old. His name is J. R. Randall, and he is one of the editors of the *Atlanta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

HERBERT SPENCER was given a free meal in Paris, and said the Exhibition surpassed his expectations and that Frenchmen understood his works better than Englishmen.

THURLOW WEED and William Cullen Bryant, two of the best known men in New York, did not know each other by sight. Such is the isolation in a big city of even a very great man.

EDMOND ABOUT has just a tinge of German blood. He is big chested, is growing gray and gets angry easily. He gives elegant family dinners, at which his daughters distribute roses.

YUNG WING, the Chinese mandarin who graduated at Yale in the class of 1854, has presented the library of the college with a most valuable collection of 1,300 Chinese classical, historical and poetical works.

CHARLES READE is a tall, slender, fine-looking man, with gray hair and a moustache, a broad forehead and peculiarly dilating blue eyes. He claims to have forgotten even the names of some of his early books.

VICTOR HUGO rivals the American George Francis in his love for children. He invites troops of them to his home, loads them with presents, romps with them and tells them stories, and the greatest difficulty he finds is to get them to leave.

N. P. WILLIS was the most foppish editor New York ever contained. He stood about five feet eight, was handsomely shaped, and always looked as though he had just stepped out of a handbox. His associate, George P. Morris, was a short dumpy, and could only be graceful when on horseback.

THE site of Thoreau's hut on the shore of Walden pond is now marked by a cairn begun several years ago by a western lady. So many pilgrims have added stones to the pile that it has grown very large. The Alcotts now live in the house at Concord which was occupied by Thoreau in his last days.

DICKEN'S popular prestige is said to have abated wonderfully since the publication of his life by Forster. At the Gad's Hill sale his "vacant phair," with some library knick-knacks, sold for £200; the same articles have just been sold and only brought £239. The copyright of the "Sketches by Boz" has just lapsed, and that of "Oliver Twist" has only a short period to run. Popular editions of these works are already being prepared by several publishers.

THE Poet of the Sierras is handled rather roughly by Mr. A. G. Bierce. He says: "Mr. Miller never in his life wrote three consecutive lines without violating some eternal principle of taste or sense, but in his verse there is at least an occasional outburst of true genius that makes us regret his lack of the intellectual training without which the finest faculties are disobedient, the noblest natural gifts are in vain. His prose, on the other hand, seems the result of a fairly successful attempt at making the ideas of an oyster march with the rhythmical movement of an aching tooth."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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