

pany. It is thought that it will not be long before the island will be connected with Europe by telegraph by way of the Shetland Islands, the cost being borne partly by England, France and the United States, which countries take part in the fishing and are also interested in obtaining weather reports from the island.—*The Electrical World.*

ST. MONANS, FIFE.

BY J. K. LAWSON.

There it rests, with its back to the
brae,
The jumbled, zigzag, grey old town ;
Roofs red and brown—roofs purple
and grey,
Blue-dim through reek from the
chimneys blown ;
Roofsslanting, triform, jutting, square,
With skylights yawning wide for air,
And gables—gables everywhere !

Low in the lap of the land it lies,
On the knees of the shore serene and
grey ;
The earth's green arms about it
thrown,
Its feet on the rocks where the sea-
mew flies,
And ever with mournful monotone,
Ebbing and flowing the sea-tides
sway—
Ebbing and flowing forever and aye.

Dark on the sunset's ruddy gold,
The old church-tower on the western
height ;
The sturdy church, six centuries old,
On the edge of the wave, with the
town in sight ;
Where pray the living, where find re-
pose
The generations whom no man knows.

Boats in the harbor—nets on the brae,
Sunbrowned fishers upon the pier ;

Women light-ankled, deft-handed,
gay,
Ready to answer with joke or jeer ;
Children who make the old village
ring
With the games they play, the songs
they sing.

Oh, here Life steps to a heartsome
strain ;
Each for the love of them works for
his own ;
And not for any man's single gain,
For a master's profit to sweat and
groan :
And blithely the sails with a stout
"yo ho !"
To the mast-head rise as they out-
ward go.

Come luck, come lack, one deal to
each :
Nor fear nor favor the fisher knows,
As he sails away from the happy
beach,
When the fish are ripe and a fair wind
blows ;
And what though a grave in the sea
his lot ?
Holds it one hollow where God is
not ?

Ah ! still do I dream of that grey old
shore,
Its murmur of waves, its sheltering
calm ;
The hearty speech and the open door,
And the welcome word that fell like
balm—
Till over my soul in a flood-tide free,
My long-lost faith flowed back to me ;
Yea, the heart of my youth I found in
thee.
Oh grey St. Monans, beside the sea.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

"You may be perfectly sure that if
you thoroughly prepare yourself for
a place of influence, the place will
one day be given you."—*Marcus
Dods.*