

and received his welcome from the shining ones whom he loved on earth, and who went up the bright avenue before him?

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Away, away, o'er the blue sea's foam,
The nautilus, the dolphin, and sea-snake's home;

Oh! happy are we, and joyous and free,
For our empire vast is the tameless sea.

Oh! we are happy, and merry are all
Who bend to our queen in her coral hall;
Where rare bright gems to men unknown,
Cast their lustrous sheen round her emerald throne.

And swiftly we traverse the ocean wide,
In its glassy calm or tempestuous pride;
By no might controll'd, by no power driven,
But free as the fetterless winds of heaven.

Though fierce be the rage of the angry North,
When the storm demon there in his might comes forth;
Scourging the sea in the pride of his wrath,
And lashing the wave into foam in his path,

Yet with whirlwind sweep, our flight we urge
On the snowy crest of the swelling surge;
And the mariner list's in the shrieking gale,
For our song is blent with the tempest's wail.

And we oft illumine, with flashing spark,
The midnight course of the storm-beat bark;
And cheerily shout the seamen brave,
As onward she bounds o'er the flaming wave.

But the fairy's delight! there the mermaid flies,
Where the coral springs up under Southern skies,

There the clear crystal wave of the South Sea smiles—

Its bosom adorned with its myriad isles.

Oh! many a wondrous sight we see,
Down, down in the depths of the grim old sea;

Caverns sparkling with countless gems,
Mocking the splendour of earth's diadems.

Sea flowers tinted with thousand dyes
In glories unseen by mortal eyes;
Huge monsters, that coil where deep fountains play,
Far, far 'neath the reach of the light of day.

Our parent! our pride! our joy! to thee, to thee,
We tender our homage, oh! ancient sea;
Thy waves we salute in their boisterous play,
And thus we speed on—away, away,

LITERARY NOTICE.

We are in receipt of a copy of a new publication entitled "Great Expectations." It is a monthly periodical, devoted to original literature for the young, to whom it will pleasantly commend itself. It is published in Buffalo, N. Y.; the price is only 50 cents per. annum.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the editorial department to be addressed "Flint and Van Norman, box 1472 Toronto."

L. L. O.—Very good, but hardly up to the standard for publication. Try again.

PETER SIMPLE.—"Talks about the Queen's English" accepted.

S. S.—Declined with thanks. Let us hear from you again.

J. G. (Bayfield)—Let us have the benefit of your "practical experience" before next month.

"Lines written on Lake Huron" accepted.

GIE VAIL.—"The breath of fearless poetry" is accepted.

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