that nation as a hostile nation. There are many American citizens who do not share in that ani-But we have had such proof lately that we would be blind not to see that as a nation they are hostile to us. (Applause.) There ought to be perfect amity between the two great nations, and with the second properties of the second properties. and when perfect amity exists Annexation may be looked at in a new light. But Canada will never give nor sell herself to a hostile nation. plause.) Mr. Mowat concluded this part of his speech by expressing in the strongest way his conviction that the loyalty of Canada was so firmly rooted that it could stand the strain of improved trade relations with the United States.

OUR EYES MET!

Eyes that loved to meet Star sisters answering under crescent brows.

Once in a fairy shallop,
That plied from shore to shore, Chance voyagers we floated; A maiden rowed us o'er. Together for a minute, Doomed evermore to part; Your mien was cold and stately, And I was sad at heart. You gazed toward the sunset I watched the wavelets roll;— Our eyes met, one swift moment, And flashed from soul to soul.

We parted at the willows,
And never changed a word,
But from your eyes, () Sweet Heart,
A madrigal I heard. It whispers low at matins,

By noon it fails the ear, In moonlight and at sunset
It carols true and clear. And when your white soul wingeth Its flight to heaven above,

Think, ere from earth it springeth,
That our eyes met, my Love.
That our eyes met, my Love.
F. C. EMERSON.

комон.

When shadows interwoven grew, And earth put on a sterner hue; Slid softly o'er the waters dark, As feathers light, a birchen bark. Fleet is the foot of caribou, When skims he o'er the frozen wild; And thou, morose and tawny child, With hand to bough and paddle true. Lightly o'er the wave thou slidest, Like a meteor on thou glidest; Neath the veiling of the night, Indian doth his vengeance light Indian vengeance burneth bright. Winding o'er the forest ground All day long, the noséd hound, Tonggolago, the counting ro Tongueless, ran the scenting round, Nor a print of Indian found. Lies he stretched upon the sward, A faithful watch, a warning guard; Cause but one dry twig to part, From his whining sleep he'll start. Arrow standeth in his heart! In the fort, the fair is sleeping, Camly lieth on her bed; Slumber o'er the senses creeping, Sinketh heavily like lead. Fancy cometh, hand in hand, Walk they in the long'd for land; Sunny land of mirth and dance— Pleasant many load of France. Pleasant, sunny land of France. Feel the hour of trial nigh,
The long black line is fading fast;
Feel the breeze and breathe a sigh:
She ploughs the wave—at last! at last! Now a dream of yesterday, When her lord, to bring surprise To the savage, sped away. See! the tears are in her cyes Tears of anguish. Lo! the night, Like a phantom or a fear, Flyeth from the wings of night; Dawn is breaking, he is near. Soon, caressing and caressed, Breaks the truant spell; her eye Sees an arm uplifted high. God! the knife is in her breast! From the bone the flesh is torn, With its flood of yellow hair, Komoh at his belt will wear. Quebec.

A WELCOME LETTER.

The two beautiful sonnets which we published last week, entitled "Isaac de Razilly," were sent us in a letter, most complimentary to the author and ourselves, from Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. It is the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart himself who writes us as follows:

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Whittier, Mr. Pickard (who is, by marriage, a relative of the Bard of Amesbury), Mr. Lighthall, and yourself, have made a pretty effectual appeal (pray, mention not this aloud), to the vanity of your correspondent. I am desirous, not very effectively, of doing something by which our Canada may be more, as was Burns for dear Auld Scotland's sake; but as one of my literary confreres observes: "The fate of a writer who can tell?"

tell?"

One thing—I am delighted with the Dominion Illustratate and your editorship of it. I show it to everybody, and it is looked upon with a sort of astonishment, because of the beautiful pictures and the elegant grace of the whole thing. The illustrations are an attraction to me, but it is more that I am brought en rapport with the literary and poetic cultics of the Dominion, yourself conspicuously among others. Before I had seen his book, I had noted the strength of certain of John Reade's sonnets, and thought him then, as I do now, one of the foremost of our verse writers. Weir has a rich flowerage, coming to fruit; and why should I mention Mair, Duvar, Roberts, Lampman, Sangster, and the others, save to acknowledge well established excellence?

By the bye, Lampman's "Among the Millet" is a very

By the bye, Lampman's "Among the Millet" is a very notable contribution to our letters. I hope you will notice it shortly in your appropriate department for such things. He deals felicitously with Nature, and loves her much, and there is luxury and Keatsean richness of phrase in his descriptions of her. His sonnets are particularly fine in some instances.

Some instances.
Your poem, and Mair's, Reade's and Miss McLellan's are very attractive features this week, and Duvar's Egyptian picture, of a former issue, were bewitching in their artistic

realism.

I thank you most heartily for your friendly notice of my volume. I have found a most brotherly welcome among Dominion authors hitherto. Mr. Lighthall and Mrs. Curzon have made me feel indebted for many kindnesses, and I must ever hear their names and read their words with peculiar pleasure. liar pleasure.

With high regard, Yours fraternally, ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

East Corinth, Me., January 4, 1888.

P.S.—Since I wrote this have read your song, "Empire First," and account of it. I jumped and clapped my hands. So did Mrs. L. Why, that beats all. A Methodist can't help shouting "Hallelujah!"

THE STAGE.

This week Nellie McHenry and the Salsbury Troubadours are administering fun in a varied programme to the frequenters of the Academy.

Madame Albani, our own Canadian prima-donna, is coming. She is on the way hither across the ocean now, and is expected to sing at the Queen's Hall on the 26th and 29th inst. No comment is necessary. Seats will be at a premium.

at a premium.

The Stetson Opera Company have been performing "The Yeoman of the Guard," "Ruddigore," and "The Mikado," at the Academy. The company has a good bass voice in Brocolini, and a good contralto singer and actress in Miss Alice Carle. Miss Lamont's soprano is very ordinary. The chorus is weak, but works well together. The orchestra is good. "The Yeoman of the Guard" is a pretty play, but a poor opera. Apart from the prayer chorus, in the execution scene, and the glee-like quartette, in the second act, there is no remarkable music in it. It is not to be compared to "Patience" or "The Mikado."

The M A A A Dramatic Club played H. I. Byron's

compared to "Patience" or "The Mikado."

The M. A. A. Dramatic Club played H. J. Byron's comedy of "Old Soldiers" in the Gymnasium Hall, on the 10th and 11th inst., most creditably. The stage setting was good and the ladies and gentlemen—all amateurs—that took part in the play, shewed histrionic ability and careful study. The principal parts, Lionei Leverett, by Mr. D. Rennoldson; Cassaly, by Mr. J. B. H. Rickaby; Mary Moss, by Miss Phemie Allan, and Mrs. Major Moss, by Mrs. Rickaby, were filled in a natural and easy manner, that would have done credit to professionals. Miss Mary Prowse, Mr. J. D. Miller, Mr. S. Brodie and Mr. S. M. Baylis, each did well, the constraint exhibited by one or two depending probably on the ungrateful nature of the characters they were portraying. The Club is to be congratulated on the successful opening of its season's entertainments.

"My boy," said a father to his young son, "treat every-body with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust.



A good woman is seldon the cause of any evil. It was not Eve, but a crawling reptile, that dispossessed the Adam family of its pleasant pre-emption.

"Do you like poetry, Nellie?" "Yes, George." "What kind do you like best?" "Well, whenever I see you walking I admire the poetry of motion."

"Ah!" exclaimed a dude to a somewhat noted dudine; "why have you dyed your hair?" "Oh, because George wished it. He wanted my hair to match the colour of his horses."

A Milwaukee man has struck an excellent idea. He charges the barber at the rate of a dollar an hour for time spent in waiting for his turn, and generally comes out even at the end of the year.

With this regard be ever turned away And lost in bliss or living? Soft you now; O critics, scribblers, in your comments Be all pros and cons remembered.

A Michigan woman practised with a revolver until she could hit a suspender button at eight paces. Then there came a burglar into the house, early one morning, and she sent a bullet pinging through her husband's left ear.

Mr. Fickleby: "Do you know, Miss Dewitt, you looked charming at the ball the other night." Miss Dewitt: "Nonsense; I don't believe it." Mr. Fickleby: "Oh, but you did. Actually, I didn't recognize you at first."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

Cowboy (by moonlight on the prairies): "The preachers say as how folks die and go to live in the stars. Can you b'lieve that, pard?" Partner: "It mought be, Bill. Now there goes a shootin' star; some cowboy must hev got sent thar."

Philadelphia editor: "I understand you have bought a newspaper in the West. Is it a well equipped office?" Old friend (from the West): "I should smile. There are seventeen Winchesters in the composing room and two gatling guns at the head of the stairs."

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus, who is driving a mule with a heavy load on): "Oh, I say, Uncle Rastus, I want to speak with you a moment." Uncle Rastus: "Kaint do it now, boss; 'deed I kaint. I got dis yere mule sta'ted, 'an ef I stop him now he'll neber go agin."

Before the first baby is four months old its photograph must be taken, and copies sent by its doting parents to relatives and dear friends. The second baby, although it may be as beautiful as a poet's dream, is a mighty lucky youngster if it gets its photograph taken before it is four years old.

Some gentlemen once urged upon Mr. Lincoln that Secretary Chase was ambitious and should be removed. Mr. Lincoln's reply was a story of a boy who was trying to whip a fly from a horse with which he was ploughing. The father said: "Let that 'ere fly alone; it's what makes the old horse go."

The dialogue between the United States and Canada in regard to their future relations would, if the idea of a proposal by the former is negatived in Congress, take the shape of the nursery rhyme:
"I'll not marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Young sister: "Mother, I think it is too bad. I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly." Mother: "My dear, you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married." Younger sister: "Well, she is as good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I'm entitled to an extra flounce."

Two friends, G. and H., are in the French Cathedral in Two friends, G. and H., are in the French Cathedral in Montreal. G. notices a number of pews near together, each ornamented with a large white card, containing the words A Louer, and remarks, in all seriousness: "H. this man A Louer must have a very large family. See how many pews he has." H. explains, and takes great pleasure in showing G. the various houses owned in Montreal by the same man, A Louer. (Fact).

A lady once visited the Hon. James Bridge, a famous Augusta lawyer, who acquired a large fortune and was a power in his day and generation, and asked him to subscribe to a certain charity. A liberal donation, she told him, would redound to his honour. "I must disagree with you, madam," said Bridge. "My experience has taught me that in this world people are respected more for what they have than for what they have given away."

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue." Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?" "Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterkill, in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it, perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."