

from the large number of subscribers and the extent of the advertising columns. As to his future profession, little is known since he is reticent in the expression of his ambitions. But judging from outward appearances and relying to a certain extent on circumstantial evidence, we would say that he has been destined for the priest-hood although we doubt not that he would make a shrewd man of the world.



Lilacs.

I.

The smudge from tall dark chimneys,
Lay over Sydney bay ;
A smudge upon the water,
A French ship anchored lay.

But all of peace her mission :
No discord now is here ;
A guardian of the fishers
In far away Saint-Pierre.

A warden of those Islands
That now alone remain ;
The tricolor's last outpost
Of a continent domain.

The same old hills smile welcome,
The same waves greeting spray ;
The Breton name still lingers,—
The name ; all else away.

Ask not of Fate or Fortune
The working of their laws ;
Re-ope no wounds, now healing,
To ascertain their cause.

Let alien lands as brothers,
In amity commune ;
Strike now no note discordant
As longed-for cords attune.

II.

The smudge from belching chimneys
O'er cast the sea and shore;
While booming intermittent
One hears the steel mill's roar.

A band of husky sailors
March down the dusty street;
The sound of jest and laughter
Make music to their feet.

Forgotten for the moment
The grey deck's grim routine;
Restraint of rule and order
For now no more are seen.

Rejoicing in their freedom,
A care-free, happy throng,
Like schoolboys from their lessons,
They jaunting roll along.

But see how from their number
One sudden lags behind;
The cause? What now appealing
To halt that reckless mind?

A bunch of full-blown lilacs,
A violet and white bouquet;
The spoils of two small urchins;
Whence garnered,—who need say?

III.

Ere yet the smudge of chimneys
Marked Progress' breathing here,
The incense of trim gardens
Was wafted far and near.

The spirit of the Bretons
Transplanted o'er the sea,
With strength still nurtured beauty,
So ever might it be!

The first rude fort's enclosure,
As primal records tell,
Bespeak that soul-deep feeling
Whence actions noblest well.

The quiet are not cowards;
The gentle are not weak;
Nor need he be the wisest
Who oftenest doth speak.

And so the pioneer turned
When battle reached its close,
To plant a shrub of lilac
Or gently train a rose.

And thus in all our country
Where ruined forts are found,
Close-by a garden rambles,—
To glorify that mound!

IV.

The air was smudged with coal dust;
His feet were grey with sand;
But now the sailor's spirit
Beheld a distant land.

Forthwith he hailed the urchins,
To them the tongue was new;
The gesture spoke quite plainly,
But not his "Parlez-vous?"

A hush of silent reverence
Suffused that boisterous "Mess;"
Fond thoughts arose in silence
Those fragile blooms to bless.

They're walled with steel no longer:
As that sweet scent distils,
No more "A waste of waters,"
But green Alsatian hills!

Only a bunch of lilacs,—
But oh, what thoughts revolve
Of happy days of childhood,
As those grim walls dissolve!

The sentry's measured foot-fall
Sounds changeless night or day;
The sailor's dreams are happy,—
With loved ones far away.

A. J. McADAM.