

have always admired in the Crown Prince is *his power to wait patiently.*"

And now (25th of January) whilst these pages are preparing for their flight across the Atlantic, this great capital is instinct with simple, unostentatious sympathy for the royal couple here spoken of, who are celebrating their silver wedding, or twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. All festivities connected with this family event have had to be countermanded, owing to the demise of an uncle, Prince Karl, incidentally mentioned at the beginning of this paper. The young and the beautiful, more than five hundred among whom had prepared costly costumes for "historical processions," shed many a tear of disappointment. But everything is done to give pleasure to the Crown Prince and Princess. The city of Berlin has voted a sum

to be placed at their disposal for training nurses for the needy, and another, larger sum has been silently collected throughout Germany, to be placed at their disposal for any charitable purposes they may desire to assist. Several cities have combined to furnish their dining hall afresh. A "loan collection" of pictures in the possession of private owners at Berlin has been opened expressly for the occasion, etc. And the Berliner walks about perfectly contented in the bright sunshine of a frosty day in January.

Frederic William and Victoria his wife with their children are at church. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped. Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

THE STRANGER.

An Eastern Legend.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent.
 The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
 He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent;
 His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
 The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
 But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east.
 Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
 The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
 But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
 The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod,
 "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
 Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship, God?"
 He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said:
 "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
 The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
 But all the tent was filled with wondrous light.
 And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
 "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
 "That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
 Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
 What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?"
 "Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
 With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
 "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid,
 But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
 "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait:
 Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"



THE VILLAGE OF ST. PAUL.

THE CANADIAN HABITANT.

THE *Allegro* stood in for St. Paul's Bay before a stiff breeze from the north-east. A heavy swell rolled up the St. Lawrence, which is here eighteen miles wide. The immense arm of the sea was none the less impressive for being viewed, and even felt and tasted, while sitting in the cockpit of my canoe. Numerous reefs run out from each shore to the channel; they were marked by white-caps where the ebb tide rushed over them at four or five knots an hour against the wind. The great river leaped, foamed, and raged like a sea along its mountain walls. These numerous tide-races often make the St. Lawrence a rough passage for small craft; the water boils over the ledges and eddies in every direction, and the wind kicks up a chop sea of the worst description. The sails shiver with squalls, the currents turn her about, she loses steerage-way, and seems to stand on both beam ends at once. And if she comes out of it right side up, it is due to good luck as much as to good

seamanship. I was hugging the north shore pretty closely to escape these tide-races, when all at once I found myself on the brink of the celebrated Gouffre, or whirlpool, at the foot of the Cap aux Corbeaux, a passage worse than any tide-race. Charlevoix, in his *Voyage à la Nouvelle France*, speaks of this whirlpool as a place much dreaded by sailors. And the Abbé Casgrain, in his *Pèlerinage à l'Île aux Coudres*, sets forth the popular fear of this place to-day. Sailors gave a sinister name to the neighboring cape. Their frightened imagination doubtless peopled the Cap aux Corbeaux (Crow Cape) with these birds of prey, as if they lived there to await wrecks and devour the victims. Navigators who took this northern channel (inside the Île aux Coudres) kept at a safe distance from these currents. Misfortune awaits the boat that ventures into this watery spiral. She is caught in its coils as in those of a gigantic serpent. Carried by an irresistible force, she turns