

Gilded by the moon's pale light,  
Stretching to the northward white—  
Rests the Bay of Sturgeons.

Huddled round it, sleeping soft,  
Looming their great forms aloft  
As the gables of a croft  
In the moonlight ;  
Bearded gray, the great rocks stand,  
Silent, hushed on either hand,  
As if some dusky warrior band,  
To-night, hushed from the spirit land,  
Come back once more.

Gliding here on either shore,  
Lingering near the haunts of yore,  
But to hear the waves once more,  
As in nights long, long before,  
Whisper 'Medwayosh.'

Towering stern each blanket round  
Have the silent ages wound,  
As they watched above each mound  
O'er the grave or battle ground,  
Where each warrior sleeps.

Year by year their watch they keep  
Above the dead, who softly sleep  
Beneath their forest-battled steep ;  
Where far below the waters weep,  
And whisper 'Medwayosh.'

Once by these shores these warriors played,  
Here lover bronzed and maiden strayed,  
And as they parted coyly stayed  
To plight their troth.

And oft when summer moons were young,  
When swaying branches murmuring hung,  
Whispered their loves in unknown tongue.

Oft in the autumn harvest feast  
Through purple mists from out the east,  
They watched old Ghissis golden-fleeced,  
Rise o'er the forest.

Here many a warrior sleeps below,  
His place of rest full well they know,  
Marked where the midday's glorious glow  
Turns to the west.

The world of men may burn and burn,  
But in these dreamy walls of fern,  
Swathed in deep rest, they never turn.

Through the dim ages soft they sleep,  
Wrapt in calm slumber, long and deep  
While Nepenthean dew drops steep.

A wild, strange banquet long ago,  
Whose lamps, in midst of festive glow  
And mirthful sounds, burnt sudden low.

O, sunsets old, long wandered down ;  
O, ancient Indian shore and town,  
Time's strange dark roll hath wrapt around  
Thy dreamless sleep.

O saddest picture of a race—  
A wild and passionate, broken race—  
That melting nighward leave no trace,  
No camp fire on the sweet, loved face

Of their own land ;  
As shades that wander to their rest,  
Towards those dim regions of the west  
And setting sun.

No wonder that in sternest close,  
The last wild war cry weirdly rose,  
To break the settler's short repose  
In midnight hour.

Sleep, sleep, by dreamy bank and stream ;  
Sleep through the dim year's afternoon ;  
Let no strange babblers break thy dream,  
No softer, weaker voices wean  
Thee from thy rest.

Sleep, sleep by dreamy shore and glen ;  
Sleep on through murk, and mist, and moon,  
Through the mad years of modern men,  
While only dreams of cave and fen  
Fill each wild breast.

But still these watchers ever kneel  
Through human woe and human weal ;  
And as the ages onward steal,  
The soft waves o'er their stayed feet feel  
And whisper 'Medwayosh.'

HURON.

#### OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

SPOT says it's no joke to be overcharged by one's shoemaker, even if plunder is booty.

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A MAN hoo beleves in reformed spelling thinks that another man hoo rites 'dilema' with wun m, and yet puts fore s's into asesment, ot to reserv wun of the s's in order to rite himself down an as.

\* \*

Two policeman had an idea that at an unlicensed refreshment place wines were being sold, and they laid themselves out to get a conviction. They went in and ordered some coffee. 'Let's have a bottle of champagne,' said one of the peelers. The drink was brought, and well they enjoyed the unaccustomed tippie. To their indignation, however, they found after the summons had been called on that the wary refreshment house keeper had supplied them with teetotal zedone!

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THERE is a Fenian waiter at one of the magnificent Toronto restaurants. He asked me, 'Would you like some celery, sor?' 'I would,' I answered. 'So would I, sor,' said he, 'but there's none.'

\* \*

THE other day an Irish agent, having been instructed to raise the rents on his employer's estate, called a meeting of tenants to apprise them of the intention. 'You can afford it,' said he ; 'see how prices have risen.' Silence was broken in by an old farmer observing, 'Yes, there's no denyin' that. It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now, be jabers, it can't be done under two.' The agent advised that the rents should not be raised.

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THE last invention of which we hear is a steam bicycle. This will supply a long-felt want. There is always a chance of a steam bicycle exploding and killing its rider.

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'MR. THOMPSON presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds.' 'Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in the future he will not spell pigs with two gees.' 'Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter e to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady.' 'Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity.' *Mayflower.*

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OUR office is not gorgeously fitted up except in one particular—the window. We have, or rather had, a beautiful window ; it was a