

bank, although it is rather hard climbing, for the sand is so loose that our feet sink into it at every step. From the summit of these mounds we have a delightful view. The lake, the piers, the light-house, the long line of sand-hills, sweeping round the crescent bay down to Mohawk Point, burst at once upon our sight. Far as the eye can reach, the great inland sea lies before us, clear and peaceful. The spirit of repose seems to have shed its influence over it, and to have lulled it into slumber as deep and as sweet as the sleep of a child. Away out we catch sight of the white sails of vessels, and the smoke of a steamboat. Here all is quiet; there is nothing to disturb the pervading tranquillity; not a sound is to be heard save the murmur of the waters as they ripple on the sand.

Our surroundings "breathe immortality" and invite us to meditation. While we are in this mood, it will be good for us to linger for awhile in the little churchyard, which lies yonder, just at the upper end of this chain of hillocks or dunes. You can see the tower of the church through the trees. A wild, solitary spot it is, lying amid the sands, with the vast lake in front of it, and an atmosphere of mingled sadness and sweetness pervading it. The grass has grown high and rank in places, bramble has cropped up, the sand has drifted in and buried portions of the fence, and of some of the gravestones, but there is a charm in this secluded God's acre, which the more pretentious cemeteries of great cities do not often possess. The spirit of the place awakens tender feelings, and inclines us to deep and solemn thought. There is nothing to break the spell which it casts over heart and mind. No crowd of sightseers, no elegant equipages sweeping by, no gay flower-gardens and inappropriate decorations to turn our attention from the things that are afar off to the pomps and vanities of the world.

The little wooden church is Anglican, and is old, as age is reckoned in

this country. Some of these tombstones have been standing for more than half a century. As you walk round, and read and ponder, you will observe that a number of old officers lie buried here. The lake shore for several miles west of us was originally settled by military and naval officers from England, who came out here to form a little colony, and live the free, independent, pleasant life of country gentlemen. Some of them laid out much of their means in improving their farms and in building substantial dwellings for themselves, but they found, generally, that farming in Canada was anything but profitable in those times, except for practical, hard-working men, able and willing to endure privation and rough fare. As most of them had regular incomes, they managed to live comfortably, but their descendants, with a few exceptions, have left the neighborhood to seek more congenial employment in our towns and cities.

You wonder why the grave we are approaching is made of such extraordinary length,—as if it were that of a giant. Beneath that mound of earth rest the remains of a band of gallant soldiers, who belonged to the famous Twenty-Third, or Welsh Fusiliers, and who were drowned near this shore in 1849. They were on their way from Montreal to London, and were going by steamboat as far as Port Stanley. Their vessel was run into by another and sunk a little way out from this place. Assistant Surgeon Grantham, some non-commissioned officers, and more than forty men perished, and their remains were interred in this churchyard, as may be seen by the inscriptions on the headstones. The accident happened in the night, and it is said that one of the vessels did not have her lights properly displayed. Be that as it may, the poor fellows went down, and

"They laid them by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave."