

surmounting the steepness of the grade. Its monotonous "chug-chug-chug" is most realistic beside the wierd and fanciful sounds of the tree frogs, the crickets and the screech-owl. The bright moon, rising in the heavens, casts strange shadows over the dark forest. The cool night air, heavily scented with tropical flowers, breathed a languorous contentment which overpowered and fascinated me.....

The memories of such a day fade; they are indelibly impressed on the mind of every one whose home is in this "Lotus-land"—this island in the Carribean Sea.—G. O. W. H.

## *Midwinter Storm in the Lake Region.*

Rises the wind, red dawn over the icicled edges  
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,  
And heaving of gray-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks and ledges  
Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.

Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird dark faces,  
Left the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;  
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-plowed, passionate traces  
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath furrowed her care.

Out of the far, gray skies comes the dread north his blowing  
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.  
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,  
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

God pity the sad-fated vessels that over their waters are driven  
To meet the rude shocks of his strength and shudder at blast of his breath.  
God pity the tempest-drove sailors, for here naught on wave or in heaven,  
Is heard but the hate of the night, the merciless grinding of death.

*William Wilfrid Campbell.*

