

it had ever been my good luck to see together. I went to work immediately and kept at it until I felt my breath giving out.

I had been warned by the natives always to look aloft before starting upward so that I might not come across any of those ugly monsters I spoke of above. I did look and there saw a wily old shark just waiting above ready to snap me as I came up. I determined not to be snapp'd under any circumstances if I could possibly help it, but how to avoid him I could not for the life of me tell. His age was so great that his' under jaw was entirely covered with barnacles and sea-weed, and he was no doubt thinking what a delicious meal a white man would make him. The mind works rapidly in such situations, and while he was indulging in his speculations I had crept around to the other side of a huge bolder in front of me, but unfortunately, when I looked towards the surface again, there was the same old fellow grinning, it seem'd to me over what he considered my folly in attempting to avoid him.

My breath was fast giving out, and how to get rid of him I knew not. Suddenly I conceived the idea of muddying up the water by stirring up the bottom, thus blinding the monster, and then taking my chances of avoiding him. No sooner thought than executed, and walking rapidly quite a distance from that spot, I commenced my ascent. My tactics no doubt surprised the shark, but he recovered his presence of mind, if I may call it such, and, just as I neared the surface and got above the muddy water, he spied me. He no sooner saw me than he went for me, and you may guess I went for the boat.

The natives had become rather alarmed at my prolonged stay, and

were on the *qui vive* for my appearance. The shark reached the boat just behind me, and his jaws came together with a snap as I was being hauled into the boat regardless of shins or anything else. If I should take off my boot and stocking on my left foot, you would see that the little toe and the one next were missing, and if it had not been that a shark's jaws are providentially situated on his lower side, forcing him to turn over in order to use them from above, I would probably have been at this moment hobbling around on a pair of cork legs, even if I had been here at all, which is very doubtful.

You may rest assured it was my last experience at pearl-diving for I never had the least desire to repeat it.

Written for the Bluenose.

TROUT FISHING.

BY H. L. W.

In genial spring beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead;
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.—Pope.

Who has not indulged in the healthy and exciting pastime of fishing; those blissful excursions that pass away so rapidly, and are filled with so much pleasure; the keen enjoyment of those spring morning walks; such bracing weather that raises the young anglers' spirits to an exhilarating degree, as with rod in hand and pipe in mouth, he gaily foots it o'er the road to tempt the flashing trout to seize the gaudy fly; this is rare enjoyment indeed, and well calculated to refresh the mind and body; a thing so beneficial to dwellers in cities, where one is continually confined in close offices and stores.

As the augler proceeds on his

journey, the various charms of Nature unveil their beauties to his view, all the loveliness of spring bursts upon his senses like a bright vision, he experiences a delight that cannot be explained; the woods seem to be alive with harmonious music, the birds gaily flitting about from tree to tree, their sweet melody, as Cowper has it

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day; and we may add, cheers the angler also, for as he catches up the spirit of the scene, his voice bursts forth in song, and his happiness is complete.

But now the broad, blue lake comes in view, and his musing subsides to a more practical form as his eye takes in the surroundings, with its shaly trees and grassy banks all clothed in verdant green.

'Tis a goodly scene—
You river like a silvery snake, lies out,
His coil 'th' sunshine lovingly; he
breathes,
Of freshness in this land of flower
meadows.

The water glides over the pebbly bottom, with a soft murmuring noise, ever tranquilly flowing onward. The angler now selects a good position, and preparer his line with deftly made flies, having properly fastened, he gently drops them, and they float up stream as if they were imbued with life. He has already have the well played flies deceived, there is a sudden strain and he seeks out hastily to allow the prize exhaust itself in desperate struggles to break away but it has changed its tactics and comes dashing suddenly back; 'tis quick work to reel in the slack line, but the fish is now getting exhausted and the angler is enabled to bring it safely ashore where it lies panting in all its speckled beauty. From the bank it is transferred to the basket.

Thus the angler fishes on till the setting of the sun proclaims that day is done, and as the twilight deepens around him, he shoulder-