The other version.





As soon as young Jean Baptiste has attained the dignity of pantaloons, he joins a snow-shoe club, and sings, thereafter, his own melodies, "En roulant ma boule," "A la claire fontaine," and "Brigadier," being the favorites in his somewhat extensive repertoire.

GEORGE STEWART.

INDIAN SUMMER IN THE GASPEREAUX.

Calm, like a trance, enwraps the sheltered vale
Save, whence the azure cradled clouds low lie,
Faint whispers reach me of a minstrelsy
Which 'ere November's advent choir'd the dale,
And far away, an even stroking flail
Breathes through the stillness, like the measured sigh
That heralds death. Athwart the woodlands high
Still faintly flames a gold and crimson trail.

No ripple stirs the river's brimming tide
Beneath whose burnished surface, broad, and blue,
The hills dip silently, and cloudlets hide
The treasure, pillaged from the sunset hue,
And tremulous as love, and chaste as snow,
One pallid star hangs o'er the after glow.

MINNIE |. WEATHERBE.