

And young lads go alarking,
And no one by with a prying eye,
O that's the time for sparking !

When all the chores are done out doors, -
And th' hearth is swept up trimly,
And th' back-log bright like a jovial wight,
Is roaring up the chimney ;
I listen oft for his signal soft,
Till Tray sets up his barking ;
For dogs, as well as folks, must tell,
When anybody's sparking.

I've sat with him till th' logs burn'd dim,
And the owls were all too-whooping ;
For don't they spark, too, in the dark ?
Ain't that their way of wooing ?
I ne'er could bear love anywhere
That folks were all remarking,
You act a part, but bless your heart !
That's not what I call sparking.

At public halls, pic-nics and balls,
The lads will try to please you—
But it takes the bliss all from a kiss
If anybody sees you,
My old Aunt says, in her young days,
Folks never woo'd the dark in ;
It might be so, then oh dear oh !
They little knew of sparking.

NO. III.

ELORA.

O lovely El ra, thy valley and stream ;
Still dwell in my heart like a beautiful dream,
And everything peaceful and gentle I see
Brings back to my bosom some image of thee,
I've roam'd this Dominion, allur'd by the beam
Of wild woodland beauty by valley and stream,
From lone Manitoulin, all down to the sea,
But found ne'er a spot, sweet Elora, like thee.

There's lone rocky grandeur away at the Sound,
And down the St. Lawrence wild beauties
abound,

Quebec towering proudly looks down to the sea,
And lone Nananogue, there's beauty in thee,
And Barbe the Lady that sits by the lake ;
O would I could sing a sweet song for her sake !
But here is thy beauty alisting the fall,
O lovely Elora thou art queen of them all !

If friends should forsake me, or fortune depart,
Or love fly, and leave a great void in my heart ;

O then in my sorrow away I would flee ;
And hide from misfortune Elora in thee,—
Away from the world with its falsehood and pride
In yon lowly cot where the still waters glide ;
I'd commune with Nature, till death set me free,
And rest then forever, Elora, in thee.

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ROUND THE HORN.

BY CANADENSIS.

The traveller whose journey lies between the North Pacific and the North Atlantic, enjoys perhaps as great a change of Ocean scenery as can be found anywhere. I have made the voyage more than once, but the incident which I shall now most particularly relate, occurred some twelve years ago. Time flies fast, and it seems but yesterday, when standing at the foot of grand old Mauna Loa—the King of Volcanoes—I witnessed the magnificent eruption which for a month shook the island of Hawaii, which drowned the village of Wainanalii and its inhabitants in a sea of molten lava, and scattered desolation over a lovely country amid fire and thunders and earthquakes.

Only those who have revelled in the luxurious climate and the bright ever changing scenery of the Pacific Islands, only those who can appreciate and enjoy the rude but withal kindly associations of the population of those islands, can conceive the delight which abounds in that part of the world, for all who love a placid genial atmosphere, surrounding ample room for gentle industry or attractive study. To my thinking it is the brightest spot on earth, a spot, it may be, associated with many happy recollections, but nevertheless one which from its merits alone, I would select above all others for a quiet and peaceful home under the tenderest skies of heaven.

The contrast between this bright region and the winter seas into which the voyager quickly enters, if he would undertake the much considered journey round the Horn, is great indeed. From a latitude where summer is constant, tempered only with the soft kisses of the faithful 'Trade,' he is plunged into regions where, even in the