

(From Moore's Rural New Yorker.)

THE LAKE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

During our Canadian sojourn, while we dwelt in that loveliest of all cottage retreats,—sweet Shady Side,—which nestled among embowering trees, and overlooked the picturesque and most beautiful Bay of Quinte, our landlord one day proposed we should take a drive to the far famed Lake of the Mountain, which lay about five miles distant down the Bay. Having procured an open carriage, with a black selim gaily prancing before it, the wee birdlings of our nest and a basket of lunch were packed in, and leaving the house and baby Charlie to the care of faithful Jenny, my maid of all work, we resolved to throw off the cares and responsibilities of life, and make the most of our so seldom afforded day's recreation. And none but those who have spent many weary months in the school-room, and sick chamber, can tell how intensely that ride was enjoyed. Report had told us much of the beauties of the way, and a trip by steam up the Bay had confirmed the tale, so we knew a rich treat was in store for us. And certainly, of all the pleasant memories my life affords, that ride is the richest in varied and beautiful views it has ever been my lot to enjoy.

Our route lay along the high ridges and table lands that extend back from the Bay, and its waters, like a sheet of silver, lay gleaming through the trees, with the white sails of the "Sea Bird" and "Flying Cloud" slowly gliding over its surface, now curving round some graceful point, then losing themselves behind the lofty headlands, that rose far above the water, their perpendicular sides half concealed by briar rose, blue bells, and wild honey-suckle which, creeping down their rocky face, kissed their shadows in the liquid mirror beneath. The opposite shore lay in fair beauty, with its green, sunny points, gently swelling hills and plains, luxuriant even to the water's edge with highly cultivated farms, pleasant homes, parks and pleasure grounds, stretching away far as the eye could reach. And amid this magnificent panorama, ever changing, ever beautiful, one forgets in their enthusiasm to wish for the ruined castle or old monastery that should give it renown and perfect its glory.

But one must not linger too long on these romantic shores, though they are fresh and green in my memory as when I last looked upon them, many years ago. All too soon we found ourselves on the shore of the wan-

drous lake, which lay in gem-like beauty on the very brow of the mountain, three hundred feet above the waters of the Bay below. No source of supply has ever been discovered, nor its death fashioned; its only outlet, a tiny stream, rushed in wild, playful leaps, down the precipitous side of the mountain.

With thoughtful and wrapt pleasures we greeted this fair lake-well of the mountain, musing upon its mysterious birth. Was it indeed the child of some ancient volcano, cradled in its extinct crater, and nourished from the hidden depths of the earth? Or was it, as others said, a fathomless fountain, fed subterraneously by distant Lake Erie, with which its attitude is said to correspond? And here fancy, taking a wild leap, suggested imaginative possibilities of its construction long ago, by that extinct race of men who once peopled this continent, traces of whose noble and highly civilized works yet remain. Had it been a reservoir with mains deep laid reaching to that distant lake whence they drew their primitive "Croton" to supply the vast cities that have extended on either side of the Bay, which Nineveh of old was yet the glory of the East? Time had left no records for us to study, and slowly we came back to the Lake before us. Strange and sombre it lay, everywhere surrounded by a dense forest, tall pines ever wafting o'er it their fragrance and solemn music, save where a little hamlet clustered between it and the Bay shore, with its neat white cottages and luxuriant fruit gardens. Here our little party stopped for rest and refreshment. An hour was spent in tracing out wild romantic paths in the woods, or, as the children, willed, gamboling on the white sands that, like a gleaming line of light, encircled the water, contrasting finely with the dark, overhanging shades of the forest. At length, wearied and hungry, we sat down to lunch under the wild grape vines that formed graceful arbors amid the trees. Then with beauty and delight enough to keep our hearts fresh and glowing another three months term, we prepared for our homeward ride, and that, together with the pleasant tea-drinking at the quaint old mansion of "Burnside," was enjoyed with scarcely less pleasure than the morning's ride had been.

Mrs. F. A. Dick.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1861.

When you look at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as generous to your fellow-beings and all will be well.

THE LITTLE SAMARITAN.

BY MISS M. W. TOWLE.

"In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did unto me."

Eddie.—Come, Willie, why don't you hurry? Here goes the old woman I told you about—just see what a comical thing she is.

Willie.—Aye, that she is; let me go round to the other corner and scatter stones for her to stumble over, and you talk with her while I am getting the sport ready.

While the two boys were holding this conversation, a sweet little girl, with a bright, truthful face, passed them, and, hearing a part of their proposed plan, waited to see if the boys (who were her schoolmates) really intended to lay such a cruel snare for the unsuspecting old woman, and then, bounding forward with a quick step, she determined to interpose in her behalf. Ere she could reach the fatal corner, however, the mischievous deed had been done, and the poor infirm old creature lay prostrated on the sidewalk. Mittie hastened to the spot, and with a kind, sympathetic voice, exclaimed, "Oh! I am so sorry you have fallen! Are you hurt? take my hand, I will help you up."

"Never mind, dear child, I am a poor old creature that no one cares for."

"But," said Mittie, "I care for you, and I know you are hurt."

Just then a gentleman drew near, whose face was familiar to Mittie, and she said—

"Wait, Mr. Benton, do assist this poor old lady to rise; those wicked boys have thrown stones on the sidewalk, on purpose for her to stumble over, and she has fallen and hurt herself so badly!"

Mr. B—— paused, and, lifting the sufferer from her prostrate position, set her upon the sidewalk, while Mittie ran home to her papa for more efficient aid.

As she approached her home, she saw her father in the garden, pruning the grape vines, and, hastening to him, exclaimed:

"Father, dear father, I will you get the pony, and mother's easy chaise, and take a poor old lady home, who has fallen on the sidewalk, and hurt herself? Oh, do, dear father, quick."

Her papa thought at first he could not leave his work; but finally, yielding to her entreaties, he took the horse and carriage, which was standing at the door, and drove with Mittie to the place where she had left her charge. In attempting