



FORT LA JOIE.

"Amid the high green grass I rest me here,
 And gaze into the depths of space unbounded;
 The cricket's music comes from far and near,
 By heaven's blue I'm wondrously surrounded;
 The fair white clouds in silence slowly glide
 Through deep blue skies, like fair and mute dream-faces.

ON a summer's day last year, oppressed by the closeness within the four walls of my office—for the sake of a little outing, thank God so easily and so cheaply obtainable, I went by the ferry-boat to Rocky Point.

The steamer, puffing and paddling, drowsily made her trip across the bay, and the few passengers—who—like myself, apparently—had come to escape the heat of the town—divided on landing at the wharf; some going to visit friends, others to stroll along the shore—all intent on enjoying to the full the perfection of the summer afternoon.

My ramble took me towards Warren Farm, and my fancy led me to select the old French fort, where I disposed myself to enjoy my few hours of holiday.

The heat was so great that afternoon that it wavered in a shimmering haze over the land and the sea. At irregular intervals, but quite frequently, a zephyr came across the blue surface of the waters of