

THE HARP.

to land upon the lone island. There he was, equally distant from either shore and unable to go ahead or return. To trust himself into the water was certain death. No timber or boat in passing could stop to take him on. No help could be sent him. There upon the lone island he passed the night. The day dawned but brought with it no consolation. The day passed and another night came on with its horrors and greatest of all the horror of starvation. In fine upon that island Cadue died and unburied his corpse lay by the shore until a wild storm one night lashed the waves of the stream which rising higher than ever carried off the body of the unfortunate man. Even unto this day the Indian and many of the white men dread to pass the night near the Calumet and they say that Cadue's moans are preserved by the winds, and are heard on the shore at night. Others more superstitious declare that he is seen walking the island and beckoning to the raftmen to come and take him.

But to all those who live in that region or who travel along the Ottawa no spot is better known for its wild terrors than the Calumet rapid—no place more famous than the little island now generally known as Cadue's Grave.

ANOMALIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
And a hare with downy hair;
A hart with all my heart I love,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one take a plane
To shave a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
And tears away all tares—

And Wright in writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong;
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to wrignt belong.

Beer offends brings a bier to man—
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as some other things.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline reclining.

A quail don't quail before a storm—
A beau will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son;
All Deys must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
To Him who weighs his ways.

'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.

A lass, alas! is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stay'd, she is not staid.

The springs spring forward in spring,
And shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
Their leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale—
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

[In entering on this, our Fifth Volume, we intend to make the "Children's Corner," more than ordinarily interesting and instructive. To this end we publish in our present number the first of a series of chapters on the "Earth we Inhabit." These to be followed by papers on the "Wonders of Astronomy," and other kindred subjects. From the clear, simple, and objective manner in which these chapters will be presented to children and the facts deduced and developed therefrom, it is our firm belief, as well as earnest hope, that the "Children's Corner" will have a strong attraction for many who have long since passed the Rubicon of childhood.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW MANY POUNDS THE WHOLE EARTH WEIGHS.

NATURAL philosophers have considered and investigated subjects that often appear to the unscientific man beyond the reach of human intelligence. Among these subjects may be reckoned the question, "How many pounds does the whole earth weigh?"

One would, indeed, believe that this is easy to answer. A person might assign almost any weight, and be perfectly certain that nobody would run after a scale in order to examine whether or not an ounce were wanting. Yet this question is by no means a joke, and the