

Then tap the Tambourine
 And jangle bells,
 That gladdened hearts may see
 The joyous mood which plainly tells
 Your guileless heart is free!
 And let fair maids and stalwart youth
 In lands of meadow green,
 Welcome your childish Muse uncouth
 Whose plainest note is o'en,
 Tap, tap, the Tambourine!

Montreal, 19th January, 1867

THE BREATH OF NIGHT.

BY A. E. PURFANE

A mountain slept by a purple wood,
 Its rock-ribs clad in haze;
 Flames on its crimsoned snow-top stood,
 And danced in giddy maze.
 From out its breast a brooklet fled,
 The silver tear a Giant had shed.

An oak watched by a wood-path drear,
 Laughed with the wooing wind,
 And tossed a bough to larch tree near,
 Their friendship true to bind.
 An eagle grim on high crag perched,
 The valley's depth with quick glance searched.

Pinioned on air now Twilight came,
 In robes of sober gray;
 Gold on her wings, her eyes a flame,
 Star-browed to kiss the Day.
 But lo! the Night, eternal thought!
 Breathed on the Mount and all was naught!

Montreal, 19th January, 1867.

The Secrets of Sable Island.

(Continued from our last.)

Throughout all this flying trip not a stone is to be seen or a pebble of the size of a pea; no trees, nor shrubs of scarce sufficient height to cast a shadow; only a little withwood or low-spreading juniper. Yet the diversity is remarkable, and the scenes shift with the rapidity and freshness of a kaleidoscope. Here in one place is a long barren, shut in by hills, on which there is not a blade of grass visible. It is called the "Desert," and its sands are as desolate and as constantly shifting as those of Sahara. Standing within its dreary precincts one can give his imagination flight, and without time, fatigue, or money, spend a season on the wastes of Africa. Again "rub the lamp," give pony whip and spur, and in an instant we are transported to a Western prairie, whose rank grass rubs the horse's sides, and where grass and sky bound the horizon as palpably as in Texas; and strange coincidence! herds of wild horses roam as freely here as there, plunging through the billowy verdure, and scurrying away at the approach of man, just as if he and they had been forever strangers. Here, in secluded pastures, the wild mare suckles her foal, unsuspecting of danger, while the omnipresent stallion stands faithful guard on an adjacent eminence. Or, perchance, in the early evening twilight, some solitary outcast of the herd strolls down to an unfrequented spot on shore and stalks the lonely beach; or leaning against some crumbling wreck, ruminate on the fickleness of fortune and the vicissitudes of this sublunary sphere. Once again, if we would entirely change the scene, a ten-minutes' gallop will carry us over the ridge and on the bank of the rippling lake, where, taking one of the quaintly constructed Island boats, with their broad floor and lofty stem and stern, a fair wind will dry the perspiration from the forehead and carry us a dozen miles down toward the other end of the Island. And if we should wish to go so far, a horse procured at Farquar's, at the East End Station, will take us to the very extremity, where the huge back-bone of the Northeast Bar stretches

far away to sea like a Giant's Causeway, bristling with wrecks for full five miles of its extent. Over it the spray dashes in showers, and forms little ponds in its centre, which empty themselves by miniature rivulets running back to the ocean. Here we find another House of Refuge like that at the West End. No one lives here, and it is only occasionally visited by the patrol, unless, perchance, some Vandal fishermen should land (as they have frequently done), and steal what philanthropy has provided for castaways. It is incredible that men exist so utterly devoid of humanity as to wantonly destroy or carry off those necessities without which their fellowmen would die, and they have done this immediately after receiving the hospitality of the Superintendent's house. Sometimes there have happened hand-to-hand encounters between the honest wreckers and the fishermen, and for a time it was found necessary to take away every thing from the Houses of Refuge as soon as the fishing season commenced. Nevertheless the wrecked seaman will always find fire-wood and matches, with provisions and a few articles of clothing to supply immediate wants, and there are finger-boards and directions, printed in various languages, how to find water and inhabited houses. Truly the lone castaway who warms his benumbed limbs at this hospitable fire, and eats the food that has been provided, will ever have occasion to bless those generous Nova Scotians who founded this model colony, as well as those who have for years contributed to its support. Bread cast upon these wild waters will certainly return again.

Thus touching lightly, as the bee sips, we have traversed every part of Sable Island. Our illustrations faithfully portray its most interesting features, and show every building except those of the East End Look-out, which do not differ materially from the rest. Every foot of this singular territory is hallowed if not classic ground, made memorable by the great and good who are known to have perished there, as well as by the colonies of nameless dead who lie buried in its sands. Every grassy knoll or barren hill is distinguished by some dead man's name or old ship's tradition; every grinning wreck is monumental. Here, in some barren spot, if we turn over the sand, we may find, as others have done, traces of some encampment of centuries past, where ancient coins, antique inkhorns, ornaments of fantastic design, knives made from iron hoops, rusty bayonets, and kindred relics are mingled with ashes and the bones of animals and men. An English shilling of the reign of Queen Bess, sharp as when sent from the mint, furnishes the date of the misfortune, but nothing is left to give a clue to the sufferers, who they were, except that they were Englishmen. There is a rotten strip of red bunting, and here and there an ancient shoe, worn by many a fruitless step to the eminence where the tattered rag waved long in vain for relief which never came! Again, casually glancing up some sand-cliff lately caved away, we may discover curious strata of burned and decaying fragments etched in dark line across its face, or bits of wood and canvas projecting; and, digging there, exhumate mementoes of another wrecked regiment which, like the "43d," was cast away here when returning to Halifax after the siege of Quebec. Alas, how many strong men did battle with famine before the present Establishment was founded! We might also gather from old housewife tales how, in 1820, the *Juno* drifted ashore without spars or rigging and with only one tenant, and he a dead man in the hold; or how a gentleman and lady were found in the surf lashed to a broken mast. More than all this, if we are content to take assurances for facts, we might give credence to traditions of the old Vikings, who claim the Island's first discovery, or to semi-legendary history like that of the old regicide, who, it is said, hid, lived, and died here, and whose ghost every 29th of May (the anniversary of the execution of Charles I.) marches about the Island with a broad-brimmed hat on, carrying a drawn sword and singing psalms through his nose so loud as to be heard above the storm! Again, could imagination supply the functions of the palate, we should in our brief tour have breakfasted, dined and supped with the reader on the abundant good things which the Island provides—