

Why did the tree not fall on me  
Which fell on thee my lover.

That wail of woe so long and low  
Is in the distance dying,  
And there the rude sons of the wood  
Are all around him sighing,  
Yes, there they stand the rude rough band  
Untutor'd by the graces,  
As spell-bound there by that wild air,  
Tears streaming down their faces ;

And while their hearts within them leap  
Those hearts unused to weeping,  
O what a silence still and deep  
The maples all are keeping ;  
The grove is all a magic hall  
And he the necromancer,  
The master of the wizard spells  
To which our spirits answer,

Time steals along with tale and song  
Until the warning shadow,  
Is stretching seen from maples green,  
And creeping o'er the meadow ;  
Old folks begin to think 'tis time  
That they were homeward going,  
And so they sing a parting rhyme  
With hearts all overflowing.

The boys must see the girls to home,  
So they hitch up for starting  
And merrily they drive along  
So have a kiss at parting ;  
As Dick trots home that little song -  
He can't keep from repeating,  
While Bill declares, "them backwood airs  
Are good as go to meeting."

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## CANOEING IN THE NORTH.

BY DOZY.

Canada may well be proud of her lakes. She has no cloud-capped peaks to boast of, nor has she snow-clad ranges environing sunny valleys, nor has she any system of mighty rivers which she may call her own; but she has her lakes, her beautiful lakes, from the much vaunted Lake Superior and the sister Great Lakes, down to the myriad lakelets that stretch onward far back into the wilderness of the North,

how far, no one can tell: away on, leading to the wealth of timber, that still stands in the primeval forests, unscathed as yet by the axe, and unseen by the woodman. We hear of trips down to the lower St. Lawrence, and trips up to the Georgian Bay, and the Bruce Mines; we read advertisements drawing attention to the peculiar excellencies of certain magnificent, first class, upper cabin, side wheel, Royal Mail, passenger steamers, stating the hours, A. M., and P. M., of starting with the most creditable accuracy, with a special paragraph in which the phrases: "unrivalled scenery," "by daylight," "pure reviving air," "tourists and invalids," "meals and state rooms," "fare," Toronto and back, are fitted together with the ingenuity of a circus advertisement writer. A stranger to the holiday resources of our country would almost believe that the Canadian routes of pleasure are completely represented in the columns of the "Globe," under the heading "Navigation," but not so, for there is a boundless field of unadvertised "unrivalled scenery," "by daylight," (yes and "by moonlight," too, if you like) and all the rest, with the exception of "state rooms," and "Fare—Toronto and back," and with the addition of "capital sport," "stirring adventure," and "hair breadth 'scapes," furnishing food for many a pleasant reflection, and many an amusing relation. I have an objection to a boat, even though it be a magnificent upper-cabin steamer, that has a certain fixed hour of starting. It keeps you in a ferment lest you be found rushing to the wharf with your valise, like Hercules dragging the three headed Cerberus from down below among the 90's, reeking at every pore; and you see the magnificent, &c., steamer, magnificently splashing away with all its upper cabins wearing a "well,—we're-on-time-see-poster" kind of expression, while you stand among sympathizing news boys interviewing you with "Leader Dexters."

I have an objection to the meals on board the magnificent upper-cabin steamer. I have an objection to sitting on a chair for an hour or more, with a horde of famished ones looking hungrily at a table in process of being spread, and then at a given signal to pounce violently forward