

plying an oar in the stern, and the animated attitude of another relieved against the fire-light, standing in the bows, spear in hand, recalling to the classic mind the Stygian marshes, with their dusky ferryman. What a pleasure to behold by the glare of the pine-knots, the various finny tribes amid their own chosen haunts, leading as Leigh Hunt has exquisitely written :—

“A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear!”

And now brothers of the gentle art, may ye lure many a speckled beauty from the mountain stream, and silvery salmon from the placid pool; may you return from your summer expeditions with a stock of that glorious fresh feeling, which even a slight taste of bush life and mountain solitudes afford; and in the moments of silent contemplation by the river's brink, recall those fishermen of old, to whose simplicity of life and innocence of mind, we owe our hopes of eternal happiness through the Son of Him who “saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good!”