

sky overhead grow dark, but almost imperceptibly. Once or twice low, rumbling thunder could be heard and odd flashes of lightning darted across the lake in the distance. At once I turned and came back, for I was aware that a storm was coming up. Looking off in the west, I could see the storm approaching at a terrific rate. Then came the rain, with a very heavy wind. Whitecaps were on the lake. I managed to reach shelter in good time, and indeed I was fortunate, for the terrific wind would no doubt carry my canoe far out in the current and I could never hope to battle with such a strong wind.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the huge billows come racing down, the mountains of water leap and plunge, dance and rush on. The black sky, which showed me clearly that a bad storm was near, was vivid with chain lightning. The thunder roared, and truly the flood-gates of Heaven were opened. It was a wonderful sight to see the sky light up now and then with huge sheets of fire that darted and raced on and then disappeared.

When the storm had spent its fury, I went up to the village to see if any damage had been done. The storm had evidently been a bad one. A regular mountain of sand was carried down from the hills, making a channel as it went along, till it reached the river. The culverts along the railway tracks were overflowing. Fences were torn down and crops were destroyed. A giant maple tree was split in two by the lightning. The spire on the village church was also struck, but the building escaped serious harm. For days after one could go down to the lower street and wade knee deep in the sand.

When evening came, the air was fragrant and sweet, a beautiful freshness pervaded the atmosphere. The western sky was all crimson and golden. Slowly the sun sank to rest. All was still. Nothing could be heard but the silent rippling of the waters or the faint murmuring of the breezes.

J. J. B., '10.

