

'What care though owl did fly  
About the great Athenian admiral's mast;  
What care, though striding Alexander pass'd  
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?

Juliet leaning

Amid her window-flowers, sighing, weaving  
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow  
Doth more avail than these; the silver flow  
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,  
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,  
Are things to brood on with more ardency  
Than the death-day of empires."

### ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 92.)

AT reveille, next morning, we jumped out of bed and peeped out to see if Old Probs. had favoured us. The captains will only shoot the bad rapids under certain circumstances. The wind must be from the right quarter and the weather clear. But the most fastidious could find no fault with the outlook that met our sight. There was not a ripple to be seen, and the haze that hung over the horizon on every side seemed to promise a glorious day. Filled with joy we rushed out of the cabin *in puris naturalibus* and flung ourselves recklessly into the inviting stream. An early morning bath like that is delicious. The water is so cool and bracing, and there is such a lot of it. A bucketful in a bath-tub does seem so paltry afterwards. We swam about for a few minutes, clambered up again, dressed, and then responded to Moses' invitation by a vigorous attack on the noble array of conestibles he had prepared. A warning whistle from the "John A. Macdonald" (that was the name of our tug—can you wonder that we felt secure under its guidance?) a turn of the paddle wheels, and we were conducted to the head of the rapids and there left to our own devices. It was not long before we felt the influence of the current, which increased in force every yard, and after we swept round the corner of a large island the whole panorama burst upon us. Instead of a narrow passage between high banks, as in the Sault, the river here was comparatively wide and studded with pretty little islands, in and out of which we raced and dodged until fairly bewildered at the narrow escapes of collision. This skirmishing did not last long. The islands suddenly disappeared and we found ourselves in the open channel. Immediately in front of us were the rapids proper. It was curious to watch the men at this juncture. They seemed fully aware of the risks they were running and were now to be seen, each man down on his knees, telling his string of beads and crossing himself as fast as ever he could. All this parade of religion, however, does not amount to much, for, on another occasion, we noticed that when Aimé shouted out an order of some sort at a critical moment, from their very knees these fellows sprang up with a volley of French oaths, and

after they had done what was necessary dropped down again to finish their prayers!

S— and I took up our positions in the bow and were kept tolerably busy skipping out of the way of the big swells as they broke on board. It was in the most exciting part of the trip, when the size and ferocity of the waves had impressed me with the most intense awe, that a sight loomed up before me that filled me with dismay. Nothing less than a precipice of green water, as steep as the prices of a New York tailor, and over which I felt we must be inevitably hurled. I gasped "good-bye, S—, we're goners," and leaned back hard to try and stop the dram. "Now we're off," yelled S—, as the bow bobbed down and the stern tilted up in the air. "Everything goes when the bell rings," I muttered in desperation. "Hang on tight," I could hear my friend shriek, as we were poised on the top of the slide, and next minute away we went into the thick of it. There was a mighty crash of the big logs as they felt the strong grasp of the waves—a swish of the water as it poured over us. What to me seemed a century of frantic suspense and lo! we bobbed up serenely on the other side of the chute. It was good fun after we slid down that hill. One really does not mind a wetting in July, and we knew the dram was well put together and in good hands, but that "dip" was coming it "rayther" strong. For a long time afterwards I felt that I had left an important part of my anatomy sticking to the top of the slide. We were now past the first chute, of which there are three—the "Little Coteau," "Cedars" and "Cascades"—the whole being usually called the Coteau Rapids. They are planted by the Creator in the midst of most enchanting scenery. The islands are covered down to the water's edge with a dense growth of cedars and lofty pines, so that the swirling torrent, clear and green, that dashes about their bases has almost the appearance of passing beneath them. Along the main shore we could see that strange "back-water" tearing up stream, undisturbed by wave or whirlpool—a dark, treacherous looking mass. A dram would be in a sorry plight if ever caught in its toils. Add to all this the beauty of the river itself, the exquisite colour of the water that seems peculiar to the St. Lawrence, the patches of white foam here and there, betraying the presence of some sunken rock, and the noble appearance of the mainland that rises abruptly out of the river and casts its dark shadow far out. I have never seen a more beautiful picture. As soon as our dram had reached quieter quarters, I proceeded to repair damages, and was engaged in wringing out my flannel trousers when I heard a "wee sma' voice" call out close behind me "beats tobogganing, doesn't it?" It was S—, who was collecting his shattered person together with a rake. On walking back to our shanty we met the old foreman: "Bonne sautage Aimé, n'est-ce pas?" Oui oui, Messieurs, bonne sautage,—comment est-ce que vous avez trouvé Coteau? We told him we trouvey-ed it pretty fine, but slightly wet. He laughed and mumbled something about