

We'll stop a racket now and see
 What always is ahead;
 Now we'll transform a child to find
 A build ng in its s ead.

The man who gives will disappear,
 You'll find the passage way;
 And what was once a bunch of yarn
 Is on your hand to-day.

A TRIP TO SUGAR LOAF.

To the tourist intent on viewing the beauties of Nature there is no better vantage-ground than far famed "Sugar Loaf." Thither, therefore, together, with two boon companions, the writer of this sketch bent his steps on a glorious Autumn morning. We started at eight o'clock sharp, laden with lunch-baskets, guns, cameras, and all the other paraphernalia suitable for a trip of this kind. It was an ideal day for an excursion. The air was invigorating, the scenery all that could be desired even by the most enthusiastic lover of Nature. In the space of an hour we arrived at the base of the mountain. Here a sight met our eyes that was truly inspiring, so inspiring, indeed, that one of my companions, who is known to the boys under the heavenly cognomen "Paradise," perched himself on a stump near by, and with wistful eyes and mou'h agape, refreshed his poetic soul with the autumnal scenery. We were somewhat afraid that he meant to put his o'erwrought feelings on paper, as we noticed him toying with his pencil, and consequently we feared much for the laurels of our collegiate poet-laureate "Alex." Evidently on reflection he thought better of it, for, in response to the invitation of "Gutsie," couched in language more expressive than poetic, "to get a hustle on, and not sit there like a moon-struck old maid," with his usual unruffled dignity, he descended from his perch and we began the ascent.

Our path was somewhat impeded by windfalls, notwithstanding which, at the end of an hour, we gained the highest pinnacle of Sugar Loaf. Perched in the branches of a lofty maple we feasted our eyes on the magnificent scenery which lay before us. To the east lay the placid waters of Antigonish Harbour, dotted here and there with pretty islets, a scene which drew from "Gutsie" the remark that it much resembled *Shakespeare's* description of Loch Katrine in *The Lady of the Lake*. To the south a splendid view of the town of Antigonish was to be had, with its clusters of pretty white cottages; its massive Cathedral—a monument to religious zeal; its magnificent institution of learning, wherein the young idea is taught how to shoot, and well taught, too; the whole surrounded by fields of verdant green. At our feet thousands upon thousands of noble trees dressed in Autumn's gay and gorgeous livery swayed in the gentle breeze. Overcome by the enthusiasm of the moment, I turned me to "Paradise" and in tones of gladness not unmixed with awe exclaimed—"Behold, O Paradise," has not your heart yearned, and your eyes hungered for a vision such as this! Is not your poetic brain fired at this sight of prodigal, bounteous Nature?—"Ah, come off, w'atcher giv'n us"—was the truly non-poetical reply, uttered in a voice resonant of beech nuts, and disgust. I looked, and beheld my companion seated on the limb of a huge beech-tree, most faithfully attending to the wants of the inner man.

At noon we proceeded to investigate the contents of our lunch baskets. Here is where "Gutsie" shone. From the remarkable aptitude he displayed in setting tastefully before us an excellent spread, one would think he had just graduated with honors from Delmonico's, New York. But it was at eating that he was particularly strong, for the way in which he laid away huge slices of cold-roast beef would have made the heartiest Englishman turn green with