

schooner has trimmed her canvass to weather the short-lived tempest, and the traveller in boat or light canoe with haste has made the welcome land. Grand and never to be forgotten is she, when day has passed, and the brilliant moon lights up the scene, and the fine dry northwest breeze impels you along the waves with the speed of the race-horse, and the foam of every billow as it breaks, glances like brilliant fire in the rays of the Queen of Night.

At such times have we revelled on those waters; and seen the old lake too, when the icy bonds of winter had bound her rocky isles together, and far as the eye could reach, was the same stubborn stilly field of ice and snow, varied only here and there by ridges of broken ice, driven together and piled heap on heap in the turmoil of the storm, ere the solid mass was fully formed; and along the shore stretched the gigantic ice-banks—huge hills, that make one wonder how the suns even of a whole summer, could cause them to disappear. Imperceptibly these have been forming, from the dashing of the spray in the early frosts; and when spring returns, the April rains disperse them ere the plough has been placed in the farmer's field.

Nor is Lake Huron without its melancholy associations. Gallant crews have gone forth in the summer storms, and returned no more to their homes on shore; and the deceitful ice has often covered the grave of the venturesome traveller.

And not for these alone, but also for the bold scenery of thy coasts, and the bracing breezes that sweep thy waters, and the pleasant fields and happy British homes and noble hearts that have greeted us upon thy shore—for all these we love thee well; and again may we dash along thy mountain waves, and look out upon the unrivalled beauty of the declining sun as it sets upon thy wide expanse—and grasp the friendly hands of those, who with us have braved thy storms and delighted in the beauty of thy fair scenes.

THE BLIND GIRL.

She sits in silence all the day,
Our little gentle one,
And basketh in the welcome ray
Of the glorious summer sun;
The warm beams falling on her brow
Shed gladness through her mind,
But ne'er may she their radiance know—
The little one is blind.