

ON THE BAY.

THE mellow moonlight falling o'er the bay,
A lugger trim, propelled by gentle wind,
The rippling sound of sportive waves at play,
The shadow of the sail cast far behind.

A dreamy silence o'er the waters wide,
A song that even in its singing dies,
A dainty, white-robed figure by my side,
The love-light beaming from her dear, sweet eyes.

Far overhead some circling, silent bird
My cheek brushed with one wind-stirred, truant tress,
A question low, that scarcely could be heard,
A blush, confusion, and a whispered "Yes!"

The mellow moonlight falling o'er the land,
The love-blush mantling still o'er dream-eyed faces,
Her lips pressed close to mine, hand clasped in hand,
And I—Great Heavens!—I have bust my braces!

W. C. N.

Toronto, Aug., 1888.

SCOTTIE CAMPS OUT.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Just imagine ye see yer humble servant makin' his lodgin' on the cauld ground, in a tent wi' a lame side till't, an' twa muckle holes in the tap o't through which he can lie an' survey the stars, while hunders o' speedirs, an' ants, an' a' ither kind o' field vermin are overhaulin' ma helpless body an' makin' a comfortable an' sappy supper aff ma sonsy carcase. Eh, but the next time ye hear o' me gaun campin' oot jist let me ken aboot it. Ma first exploit was tae gang in an' hae a soom, for the day was het an' I thoct a gude caller plouter in the water wad dae me nae ill. Sae I strippit, but afore I could get intae the water I had tae wade through twa-rae acre o' reeds an' rashes, for ye see I had pitched ma tent in a spot that wad remind me o' that auld sang, "Green grow the rashes O!" Inded I began singing it the minute I set ma fit intae them, but gade kens afore I was weel in amang them, I was singing wi' the ither side o' ma moo. I felt first ane sting an' then anither in ma legs as they sank in the mud, but gudesake! when I liftit up ma leg, tae luck an' see what was wrang, it was black wi' leeches! Leeches—an' ilka ane sookin' like a youngster six months auld. Horrified, I strippit them off an' then tuk up the tither leg an' there was a snake twisted roond and roond it! Wi' ae jerk I grabbed the wretch by the neck an' flung him half a mile frae me an' hurried in tae-wards the water as fast as I could wade. But the farther in I gaed the deeper I sank, till the first think I kent I gaed plout intae the waist in a mud hole an' there I stuck like puir Christian in the Slough o' Despond. It was nae use strugglin', for the mair I tried tae get oot the deeper I sank, till, seein' there was naething for it but tae wait till somebody cam tae the rescue, I jist stayed still, hangin' on tae the roots o' the reeds. What I suffered nae tongue can tell, the sun cam poorin' doon like liquid fire on ma puir head; ma nose, an' ma shouthers began tae blister; the miskeetys got up a grand concert wi' refreshments in honor o' the occasion, an' there were horse flees an' a' ither kind o' flees o' every color cam samplin' ma bluid till I was a' red lumps frae ma head tae ma waist. At last a bit boatie wi' a lad an' a lass cam rowin' near by, an' I implored them tae help me oot o' my awfu' predicament. The young fellow said it wadna be very pleasant tae hae a mudlark like me in the boat wi' a young leddy, but wi' great gude sense

she insisted on ma bein' rescued then an' there, an' wi' great difficulty I was landed in the boat wi' twa inches o' mud stickin' tae ma bathin' breeks. He very kindly rowed me intae clear water whaur I jump in an' sune made masel luck something human again. I tuk care tae get ashore at a mair handy spot than I gaed in at; but when I cam tae luck for ma claes, deil a dud was tae be seen, an' I had tae walk up tae the tent wi' the sun broilin' ma bare shoothers waur than puir St. Lawrence. Practical jokes are a' vera weel, but I didna thank the fellow that made aff wi' ma claes an' deposited them in the tent. That night I was fit for naething—ma skin was like a boiled labster, an' ma head was jist splittin'. Sae I laid doon early; but waes ma, ye wad think a' the creepin' vermin o' creation had entered intill a conspiracy tae pyke the very flesh aff my banes. However, clean worn oot wi' scartin' an' fechtin', at last I fell asleep. Then in a meenit I was wakened by the most awfu' through the muir ye ever heard, nae less than twa muckle dowgs fechtin' on tap o' me. It seems a bull dowg had been intill the tent an' had ta'en up his quarters there, an' later on anither ane had come snoopin' along, and waukened him, an' they at it tooth an' nail. Up I flew an' seizin' haud o' ma gun I jist laid it aboot the beasts promiscuously i' the dark, whack here or whack there, wi' only a fearfu' yelp noo an' again tae tell whaur I had hit ane o' them. As soon as silence was restored doon I lay again an' had jist gotten weel on tae the land o' dreams, when, crack! I thoct the day o' doom had come, an' up I sprang in great terror. A blindin' flash o' licht filled the tent, that began tae flap an' belly oot an' rock like a ship at sea, an' then sic a doonpoor o' rain cam on as gart me think o' the deluge. Crack gaed the thunder, peal after peal—till wi' a great blow an' a snappin' o' strings an' gude kens a' what, doon cam the tent, buryin' me in the ruins. In twa rea meenits baith me an' the tent were soomin; an' when at last day brak I stud up in that sodden field an' I made a solemn vow afore the assembled campers that never while I keepit ma seven senses wad I ever again leave ma gude comfortable hoose tae gae oot campin'. Yours drookitly

HUGH AIRLIE.



AT NIAGARA LANDING—A FACT.

LIBEL-SUIT SHEPPARD (accosting Rev. Move-on Wilson)—"Ah I greet thee, Brother convict!"