

strive to enter in at the straight gate. There are frequent selfishnesses to put obstacles in your path, there is *constant pride* to push you down, there is *constant indolence* to seduce you, there are open and red-mouthed passions and appetites constantly declaring that you shall not enter; but there is the constant and sweet inspiration of God's all fortifying spirit, and all Heaven unseen shall still syllable to you if you have faith to hear:—

Onward! Upward! Heavenward!

#### WINTER'S NAP.

For a moment in the north,  
On the jagged dark pine steep,  
Drooping low his starless wings,  
Wizard-fingered winter sleeps.

Fast are closed the Gorgon eyes,  
That turned man and beast to stone,  
And his vast sun-slaying shield  
Lies uncharmed beside his throne.

From between his awful feet  
Speed the children of the sun,  
Weaving golden mist and light,  
Weaving, laughing, every one.

Like swift subtle dreams that creep  
From beneath the wings of care,  
Smoothing out the knotted brows,  
That had been so bleak and bare.

And the gentle mother earth,  
Who when winter kissed his bride,  
Looked upon his mighty shape,  
Looked and touched his feet, and died—

As the child of Cadmus old  
Looked upon the awful grace  
Of the King of Gods, and fell,  
Biding not her master's face—

Now looks up again and smiles  
Through her wide eyes wan and wet,  
Lifting white arms to the sun,  
To the sun, that comes not yet:

While away the spirits sweep,  
Southward, till the sunless plain  
Drinks the sunlight from their feet,  
Quailing with the joyous pain.

Beating off the clinging glooms  
From the haunted forest lines;  
Shaking out the sombre dreams  
From the winter-loving pines:

And the blind beasts from their caves,  
Blinking in the sudden light,  
Hear their spirit voices say,  
"Winter sleeps a day and night;"

And the snow pearls in the locks,  
Ever green and ever new,  
Of the cedars, killed by them,  
Tremble into silver dew.

Then with music-shafted wings,  
Mount they upward, swift like fire,  
Beating out a golden path  
For the golden sun, their sire.

Then across the sky, and round  
Many a pillared mountain form,

Run they chasing the dull clouds,  
Sightless children of the storm.

Lighting up the altars dead  
Of the sea-waves, dark and dun,  
From the altar fire divine  
Of the temple of the sun.

Thus all day o'er earth and sea,  
With swift hands of flame, they go  
Till night hears their footsteps die,  
In mute music on the snow.

And a strident sound is heard,  
Cleaving earth from zone to zone,  
Of the winter's wings unfurled  
Flapping from his caverned throne.

—A. LAMPMAN.

#### THE END OF A SUMMER'S SHOOTING EXCURSION.

It was a stormy afternoon in August last, when a small weather-worn yacht succeeded in making the mouth of the River Saugeen, after a very tedious and, technically speaking, "dirty" passage down from the camper's island of Main Station. As she nears the old fisherman's wharf, many a loving face smiles to the rough-looking men, who, for three long weeks, have missed, without forgetting, those gentle looks, in the excitement and hurry of a good sporting ground. While all the consequent kissing, hand-shaking and questioning is in full swing, and our poor pilot stands by with a lonely, half-forsaken, half-amused look in his keen, black eyes, a sudden shout is heard, and the annoyed face of my cousin is seen searching amongst the luggage in the boat and along the wharf for his gun, a very costly weapon of first-rate English make. No! that gun cannot be found, hunt as we may, think as we may, hunting and thinking; are alike ineffectual to produce his lost treasure, at which we are finally forced to the reluctant conclusion that it must have been left behind in Main Station Island.

What was to be done? To desert such a valuable piece was out of the question. There was no telegraphic, railroad, stage, or other kind of communication between that island and Southampton; the wind was too high and the lake too rough to permit a return by water, and delay would only put it into the hands of some of the wandering lumbermen, with whom that coast abounds, and who have not the most enviable reputation for honesty. At last we learned that an old road ran along the shore as far as we could go by land, and that in all probability we might find some punt or canoe, the property of a settler, in which to cross the four miles of lake that lay between the main land and our last camping ground.

After trying every horse and every rig in a decidedly "one-horse" stable, we managed to get a light vehicle and a very shaky span, which the owner affirmed would easily bring us back before morning; then driving round to the door of that most hospitable lady, Mrs. L.—y, we received a parcel of sandwiches and other good things