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THE NORTH ROAD.

THE North Road leaves the lake behind and goes smoothly through the town. In the beginning its way is peaceful. For a quarter of a mile or so it runs over shallow sand between two wide swards of good grass. If it is summer time, and you happen to be seated on the hill near by, you may notice an interval of solemn silence in which the road seems to be receiving a message from the lake before setting out on its way through the dust and heat. You may hear the low lapping of the wavelets on the stones of the beach, and if you know the secret you may hear the message that is carried so peacefully over the changing waters from the happy hearts of the crew of blessed spirits who sail in the soft winds out beyond the horizon. Then in time you will hear the ruffle of the foliage, as a momentary hum from the human hive recalls the old road to a sense of its obligations. For a mile and a half after the first quarter its way is heavy and its burden grievous, so that as soon as the railway tracks are passed, and a long stretch of level pushes through the red clay farms it fairly dashes along in glee, barely stopping to slake its thirst in the tiny stream

where the boys chase fish in the springtime. Presently the road runs recklessly down a steep hill and bounds gaily over the bridge of wood that spans the stream down there in the gully, and then more leisurely, as becomes its dignity, climbs up the steep on the other side.

This check sometimes sets the road to thinking of old times, for after you get this far you pass half a mile of bush, and after the bush a deserted cabin. If there is anything wearisome or lonely about the day there is always a second look at the cabin, whose logs still hold together in the good old way, although much of the clay has fallen out of the chinks and at times the wind goes in and out with distressing assurance. You should know that when the road first reached this point the log cabin was just completed. For a week the men had chopped between the surveyors' lines, and then they took time to clear up this quarter acre, dress the logs, and raise the habitation for the first of their number whose young wife had followed him out from their home across the water. There can be no doubt that this accounts for the habit of the road in looking sidewise be-