

city like a panorama; hundreds of promenaders and skaters passed to and fro; carioles and sleighs rushed over its surface, causing a sound like distant thunder to those who looked down on it from the Durham Terrace; ice-boats flew in every direction; it was a magnificent sight. Walter came up to me while I was enjoying the view and proposed that we should take Agnes down for a skate, to which I agreed willingly.

Walter was a good skater; Agnes and I could skate tolerably well. For some time we kept in company and greatly enjoyed the sense of keen exhilaration. The ice was in perfect condition, not more than a few inches thick, and so clear that the water could be seen beneath the surface. Agnes and I were quietly gliding along while Walter was at a little distance practicing some difficult evolutions. Conversation can be more easily carried on in this exercise than in any other, and I was speaking to her of the singular view which the ice-bridge presented, when, as if by instinct, our eyes were directed to the ice beneath

us. There underneath its cold, cruel surface was the struggling, writhing form of Walter Graham, past all help and succor. He had fallen through an air hole. A piercing shriek rang through the air and Agnes fell insensible. My brain reeled, but I started to follow poor Walter. I thought that at one time he recognized me as he gazed at me through the fatal barrier which divided us; his struggles were fearful; at times he would clutch at the ice above him and then sink, rise again and, as if attempting to swim, would search for escape. Horrible were my thoughts and I could look at him in anguish! At last he disappeared, and I returned to care for the living. She was still insensible, and being conveyed to a sleigh, I took her to her home. A brain fever followed, from which she recovered; but her mind was gone. Poor dear Agnes, she is now passing through existence, the inmate of an asylum! Walter's body was never found. And I am left alone in the world, my only dreary consolation being to visit my poor sister.

OH, THE WOODS!

A SONG.

BY W. W. S.

Oh, the woods, the woods! the leafy woods!
 And the laughing face of Spring!
 When the birds return from their far sojourn,
 With their last new air to sing.
 Then let me hie to the leafy woods,
 And banish my woe and care—
 Oh, I'll never repent the day I went
 And learned a sweet lesson there!

Oh, the woods, the woods! the summer woods!
 And the coolness of their shade,
 Where in wildwood dell the Graces dwell,
 To wait on a sylvan maid.
 I'll seek for flowers to deck her bowers,
 And twine her golden hair,
 And I wonder much if she'll think of such
 As I when the winter's there?

Oh, the woods, the woods! the autumn woods!
 And the chestnuts ripe and brown—
 When the leaves hang bright in the changing light
 Like banners of old renown.
 And the south-wind ripples across the lake
 Like a chime of marriage bells,—
 Oh, I should not grieve if I'd never leave
 These peaceful woodland dells!

Oh, the woods, the woods! Canadia's woods!
 And the sweet flowers nourished there—
 The beechen shade, and the sylvan maid
 That decks her golden hair.
 Her name may change with the magic ring,
 But her heart is mine for aye,
 In our sweet canoe there's just room for two,
 And we gently glide away.