

Our hopes may not ripen like blossoms,
 Regrets prove that past joys are vain;
 But there's truth in these dumb, aged treasures
 That the heart loves to scan o'er again.

—Ibid.

FALL.

I hear the sobbing rain,
 As if the Heavens weep at Autumn's breath;
 I see the leaves of Summer fall again,
 Their beauty changed in death

The idle wind is still,
 A spectral vapour haunts the barren earth;
 Upon our teeming joys there comes a chill—
 The chill of Winter's dearth.

What if the tinted woods
 With outward loveliness are gay and fair,
 As if around them blushing Summer broods,
 Yearning to linger there!

What if their beauteousness
 At death's cold touch is strangely glorified?
 Their leaves will crumble soon to nothingness,
 Or else be swept aside.

Their change is type of all,
 The hectic loveliness forbodes decay,
 Steeped with a dying glow before they fall
 To mingle with the clay.

All that we love and prize,
 Changeth like leaves upon our toilsome way;
 Man's hoarded wealth, but dust before his eyes,
 Passing, like life, away.

O leaves and blossoms, fall!
 An after-life shall rise from out the gloom;
 The Autumn mists are but the outward pall,
 That hides perennial bloom.

O children of decay!
 Swept by the blast and trodden by the rain,
 Thy scattered dust shall eloquently say,
 That naught will fall in vain.

—Ibid.

INDIAN SUMMER.

With dying splendor on her face,
 Her robes of beauty laid aside,
 The hectic Summer sighs to glide
 From the flushed earth, to yield a place.

To the dry foliage sere and gold,
 And trees whose rugged arms are bare,
 And the shrill moanings of the air,
 And the dim glories of the world.

Unnatural silence, like a pail,
 Enwraps the world, and the sun streams,
 In mellow waves of glinting gleams,
 A saintly splendor over all.

Hush! is the wind,—discorsolate
 That summer glories all should die,
 While the calm azure of the sky
 Looks down in throned, regal state!

And grand old maples upward gaze,
 Like sentinels upon the road,
 As if they mused of nature's God,
 Who crowns them with a myriad rays.

No summer sun shall pour his beams
 Like those that flood my path to-day;
 Pallid and beautiful each ray,
 Like shapings of our sweetest dreams.

O youthful prime! O golden hours!
 Ephemeral glories that have flown;
 O future yearnings mellowed down,
 Yet tinted with the hue of flowers!

O tempered sunlight! happy calms,
 When nature sleeps, or wakes to see
 The hours gliding silently,
 O'er-loaded with a myriad balms.

Around our hearts the sunshinn waves,
 A calmed splendor, like the morn,
 While summer airs anew are born,
 To sigh amid the flowerets' graves.

O golden moments toucht with balm!
 Temper Fate's hostile storms abroad,
 Instill a tranquil hope in God,
 And in our lives infuse your calm.

—Ibid.

The "Voyageurs" of Canada.

BY W. GEORGE DEERS, MONTREAL.

"And ever and anon they sung,
 Yo, heave ho!
 And loud and long the echo rung,
 Yo, heave ho!"

Have you, my friend, ever been on one of our Canadian steamers, on the St. Lawrence or Ottawa, and met with a raft, or perhaps a dozen of them, on their passage down to Montreal or Quebec? And if you have, you have seen the Voyageurs at work at their big paddles, like a family of Hercules; and perhaps you have heard them singing some of their beautifully simple melodies, while they kept time to the dipping of their oars. You may have seen them on their great rafts of lumber, with arms bare to the shoulder, and their long black hair waving in the wind, while they step backwards and forwards as the long stroke of their oars necessitates; you may have seen them straining every muscle as they pass you in such graceful attitudes, their rich swelling voices keeping time to the simple

"En roulant ma boule roulant,"

or,

"Trois canards s'en vont baignant,"

or,

"Si mon moine voulait danser,
 Un beau cheval je lui donnerais!"

all of which are great favorites of the Voyageurs. But rafts in a current and steamers in a hurry wait for no man; and soon the fine fellows on their lumber home float out of sight—their song dying away in the distance till it sounds like faint echoes on the hills. You have witnessed this picturesque scene, and have thought it very fine and romantic; and you think you would need not only the pen of the writer, but the painter's brush, and the art of the musician to express even half of its beauty. Well, so it would. You never heard songs more melodious than the songs these untutored voyageurs sing; neither Mozart nor Handel could compose songs so peculiarly adapted to their particular application. The simple fascination and *chanson de voyageur* of the steersman, if the raft is not over large, and anon the bursting melodious choros of the entire crew is beautiful. The greatest charm of the voyageurs is their singing. Nothing will arouse them from a lethargy like a song; nothing will keep them in a better humour. They will row from morning to night, singing together some favorite airs, and not appear wearied. That charming melody of

"Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,"

was heard by Moore when passing a raft of voyageurs who were singing it: and I have heard something very like it sung by these men.

Well, I'm sure you'd like to know something about the life and habits of these daring fellows, who sleep on their rafts far more contentedly than the most of us sleep on our feather beds. The voyageurs of Canada are a fraternity of peculiar interest, to be found only in our country—a class of men strangely incompatible with the rest of humanity, as brave as they are strong, as wild as they are happy, as careless of life as they are capable of enduring hardship; always ready to give their heart and hand to a friend, or put their knives through a foe. Born, reared, and living amid the thistles of life, instead of its clover, accustomed to nothing but the extremes of hardship or indolence, "roughing it" in the wilds of our mighty forests, risking their lives on a raft of logs, fastened