

the place, and this idea seems to be authenticated, to a certain degree, in a book of travels—little known, and perhaps less deserving—in which the author, in travelling through the country, following the course of the St. Lawrence, tells us that “the Long Sault is a dangerous rapid, in the midst of which lights have been placed to warn mariners of their danger.” It would, therefore, appear that our author has also seen the jack-o-lanterns, or whatsoever lights these may be.

With these superstitions or phenomena, however, the writer has nothing to do; they are simply chronicled on account of their connection with the loss of the ill-fated “Bellé Marie,” upwards of a century ago.

Original.

ON THE WATERS.

BY ISABELLA, ONSLOW, N. S.

Out at night upon the waters;
On the waters wild and wide;
Out when not a star was gleaming,
As a bright and friendly guide.

Out when our frail bark was tossing
Like a waif upon the sea;
When the moon's calm face was folded
In a cloudy canopy.

Out, but Faith's celestial angel,
Pointed to the sleepless eye
Watching o'er us on the ocean,
When no lamps were in the sky.

Out upon life's surging ocean;
On its swelling waters wide;
Blest are those whose fate is trusted,
To the great, unerring Guide.

Original.

OUR SONNY BOY.

BY AUNT MARY.

We have a boy, a little boy, just two years old. His father calls him “Willie,” but I call him “Sonny Boy,” and he calls himself “Tarles ’illum Draham.” He is only two years old, but everybody says he is smart enough to be a year or two older.

His father says every mother thinks her child the smartest, but I know no one could be cleverer than my Sonny Boy, and I am sure no one is better loved. He is a bright little fellow; his father calls him “my white-headed boy,” but his hair is not quite white, and then it is so curly. I am sure when he grows up it will be as dark as my big Willie's. He laughs at me when I call him handsome, and says all children are alike; but I don't think there ever was one looked half so nice as my Sonny Boy. He loves his father, does my boy; and I love to sit and watch them play together. He'll climb his father's knee, and clasp him round his neck, and then run and hide; but I love more to see him when he is in a thoughtful mood; when he sits on my knee, and asks me such strange, old-fashioned questions about everything; and then he has such a wise, old look that something tugs at my heart, though I love him more than ever. I try to tell him about God, and how Jesus came down from heaven to be a little child; how good and holy He was, and how, when He grew to be a man, He always loved little children; how once, when others would have driven them away, He took them up in his arms, and blessed them. Then he looks up in my face with such childish attention, as if he understood it all, and I believe he does, for he kneels down by my knee, and prays that the child Jesus would take “moller's” Sonny Boy in His arms and bless him. I pray at the same time that he may not get too dear to his mother, for something seems then to whisper,

“Your boy is only lent you for a little while.”

So said the young mother in the pride of her loving heart, over her first born, “He is only lent me.”

One day he came in early from his play, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, but with a wearied look on his face.

“Moller,” he said, “Sonny Boy is tired; take me in your arms, and tell me about the *dood* Jesus.”

With her heart throbbing with a sudden