

am pleased to know that this spirit is of the past; and even if anybody essayed to do the same to-day he would not have the friendly shelter of the woods to hide in. The trees are almost all gone from the woods, and the last few that were left straggling around the old school ground disappeared during last summer.

Yet, often memory will revert to the happy times we there spent. I will not touch the minor chord and awake sad reflections by asking where are those that learned and laughed and played with us thirty-five or forty years ago. Echo answers, where?

J. J.

The Kingdom of Fish.

THE school year had drawn to a close; the birchen rod was set aside; the key was turned in the old school lock; the vacation season was on. On the following morning I took passage on the comfortable little mail steamer, St. Olaf, for the "Kingdom of Fish," the Magdalen Islands, a group some fifty miles north of Prince Edward Island, near the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The day was beautifully clear, a gentle swell on the sea, (three or four *swells* on the boat,) and a soothing breeze from the south-east.

Presently we arrived at Amherst (named after Lord Amherst), the most southerly of the group. Here there is a village of about seventy houses, with two churches, an hotel and some neat little stores. The scenery on approaching the islands is grand. Entry is the first isle sighted. The rock bound coast of Grindstone, its verdant hills dotted with cottages, the spires of the little churches pointing heavenward, is a majestic scene that could not fail to fill an artist's soul with ecstasy or win the admiration of a lover of nature.

As my object in going to the Magdalens was to study