

This was the end of our coaching trip, the more the pity. Does it need any summing up? Verily it was of itself a poem, and needs no commemoration in a "pome" such as some Ochtwan salamander put, by anticipation, into the mouth of "Old Head" when we left Toronto.

We had had wonderful weather, much kindness shown us on our way, much of Providential care to be thankful for; and we had reason to recall, in our intercourse with one another, the dialogue of Joseph and Father Zebedee in the *Story of Waterloo*: "Everything changes, good sense and a good heart are the only things that remain unchanged." And the lesson of the *Old Burying Ground* was not lost upon us as we passed the "God's Acre," here and there, that

"Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,  
The golden leaves would fall,  
The seasons come, the seasons go,  
And God be good to all."

Upon Burlington wharf we chanced to meet Mr. Brad. Smalley, another of Kimball's friends, who was to have ridden in with us from Underhill, but was prevented. With much reluctance we bade good-bye to our handsome Walker, who

"Stood six foot, A 1,  
Clear grit an' human nater,"

And steamed away on the bosom of the beautiful lake which has gained probably a greater celebrity, on this continent at least, than has the memory of the great Frenchman after whom it was named. The scenery, so charming and described so often, needs no description here, it was seen to perfection in the bright