

southern portion of the peninsula, from its eastern end to the place where our journey commenced, is not without its charms. The coast-line keeps the characteristics of the other side. It is low and broken—a series of alternating stubby projections of rock, and sandy coves.

Heavy winds from the south-west throw up before us a sea that is too much for our little craft and which compels us to alter our hours of sailing and make the night take the place of the day. Here came in the pleasantest part of such an excursion as this: To leave as night comes on, and the wind comes back, as it were, from across the land, a little patch perchance of shelterless beach—the close acquaintance of which in our wind-bound helplessness we have been making during the dreary length of a sultry day, and with a brisk land breeze abeam of us, and to follow in and out the twists and turns of the shore-line. The last hours of the twenty-four slip quietly past as we dart in and out skirting the dusky shore, bringing midnight supper on some pretty stretch of beach. No camp-fire ever looked half so glorious as that we quickly kindle. No camp supper ever tasted half so well. And when with, "incense kindled," we follow on our track, now silver strewn as the moon begins its downward course towards the west before us, it is with one more added to our store of pleasant recollections.

With a few words on the well-known natural phenomenon of this shore, the Sand Banks, we will close:—

Commencing about two miles from the town of Wellington, they extend for another three miles in the southward line. The strip of shore on which they are divides the waters of Lake Ontario from the water and marsh of West Lake, a familiar spot to sportsmen all over the country. The sand has been piled in ridges, drifting with the wind. At places these ridges rise to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and form a curious and pleasing spectacle. Here and there, where the wind has drifted away the surface sand, tops of dead, branchless pine trees come to view, apparently at first the barriers of the drifting sand against which it piled itself, but now and for a long time its victims. These mountains of sand are a curious and novel sight, and are well worth a visit, especially in the afternoon, when the sun, striking full upon them, dries them to a uniform whiteness and causes the sand to glisten and sparkle as they reflect its light and heat.

Two days after the sand banks fade from our view we bid farewell to Prince Edward County, and leaving the snugest of the half-dozen fishermen's huts that line the Consecon shore, into which, by an art in which we were fast becoming proficient, we had gained an entrance, and appropriated to our use; scribble our compliments and thanks to its owner over a square foot or two of pine board, cross Weller's Bay once more, and commence our homeward journey.

From start to finish, from the time of the commencement of it up to the time when we kindled our last fire and consumed our larder's remnants on the point of Toronto Island, our voyage was without a drawback. Four weeks, not an hour of which was without its pleasures, and not a day of which, even in our present recollections, was without its quota of happy incidents.

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A SUMMER DAY.

The stars are shining clear overhead, and clear in the still dark water below. The anchor-chain of our little pilot boat is taut, and her bows divide the rapid ebb-tide that laps and gurgles along her sides, in its broad swift stream towards the Gulf. Black, to the northward, lie the Laurentians,—their giant mysterious shadows stretching out into the mid-stream of the river, vaguely suggesting immeasurable distance. Here and there, over the silent expanse, a light-house sends a steady beam, a beam that, broken by no ripple, is reflected ruddier than the pale stars. The hour of night

when everything, but the unwearying tide in endless ebb and flow, sleeps. The soft breath of the night-wind, that bore us gently on our way, is hushed, and brings no longer the sound of the water's flow over shallowing reef and bar.

Ere midnight has passed two hours, the sway of night weakens in the east, and the low stars tremble and disappear in the lightening background. Down the river the vague shore lines take form, and the heavy blackness of their shadows grows less dark. Still to the Westward reigns the night, and contests the slow advance of day. The pale light spreads upward, curtaining the stars one by one, and darkness rolls sullenly away. Up from the pallid East comes a salty breath, twining the night mist into fantastic shapes, and bringing a smell of sea-weed and shores at low tide. Swings our boat uneasily at her cable as the slack water feels the returning flood, and now she heads down stream and the morning breeze steadies. Cheerily the chain rattles in and the sails fill, while her bows are turned from the golden streak in the East.

Borne on the broad bosom of the flood-tide we glide past sweeping beach and point of rock and reef brown with seaweed. Suddenly the sail is dyed with red, for the great Sun is rising from his ocean bath, and long shadows of mast and cordage stretch far away before us. This first air of the morning, blown from the rising sun, fades in his warmer beams and has passed away, no one knows whither, before the world has opened its eyes on another day. Then comes another time of calm, when the sails hang in idle folds and the current alone floats us onward. No ripple on the surface of the great river disturbs the deep-sunk reflection of cliff and rugged promontory, or plashes against the water-worn granite. Lovingly does it encircle the old gray rocks, and with gentle fingers lay the sea-weed, the dead men's hair, smoothly over their weather-beaten sides. Willingly would it live at peace with them, and forever pass quietly on its course. And yet when the North-Easter in its whirling mantle of ragged storm-cloud rules the heavens, will it fling itself high on the iron shore and bellow forth the fierceness of its wrath, or mourn resurgent the hopeless fate that urges on to never-ending strife.

Now in the infinite stillness of the morning air, the sea-gulls' harsh notes come mellowed by miles of distance, and their wings flash snow-white as, driven by the deepening water, they circle from bar to bar. Far over towards the low South shore a nearing line of steel-blue shows that the day-wind is coming, and slack sheets are hauled down as its first breath swells the sail. Sure and steady it blows, ever freshening and veering with the sun till the heat of the mid-summer day is past. Our little boat careens and dances merrily through the ripple. Tiny waves begin to try their strength against the bows and are tossed back in foam that hisses to the wake. Moment by moment the shore changes. Now escarped rocks, bare and white, the bleached bones of this mighty range; now a ravine, with a stream flashing down through the dark hemlocks, opens a vista to the darker distant mountains cut clear against the sky; now a slope clad with silver birch and thick with moss and fern, skirted with smooth white sand on which the sea breaks rhythmically.

But the tide has run its appointed course, and braver ships than ours must wait its time. The anchor drops in the shelter of a point of rock where we shall rest secure until the down-tide has swirled and eddied away its strength. Here to us, lying in peaceful harbor, comes the sound of breaking waves, and the voice of the wind in the trees—the ever-melancholy sough of the pines, the light rustle of birch and aspen, and the fragrant sigh of the cedar. Sandlarks and plover pipe cheerily as they dance along the wet marge, and the lonely call of the Northern diver drifts down the wind as he steers his solitary way against sea and tide. High up in the blue float a few downy clouds, and their shadows trail a darker shade over the river and the mountains.

Bare black rocks, stretches of wet sand, and the slackening eddy show that the ebb is nearly spent, and on the young flood we venture forth again and trim the sails. In the struggle of wind and water the