

a silver grey on its flank. These animals are of a very sensitive nature, and will take offence and show their annoyance by giving you phits. phits, like a cat when attacked, but at the same time when tamed, will get to know you, and are as playful as kittens.

CROCODILE AND MOUSE.

TWO LITTLE BOYS BELONGING TO
THE AFRICAN CHOIR.

O where are the bright little African
boys,

With merry dark faces and hair?
Their play and their laughter, their
romps and their joys,
Untainted by time or by care.

O they have the little brown faces
so gay,
And the dark hair so close and so
curled,

Where among the black locks in the
prettiest way,
A downy white feather is furled.

O they have the red lips oft parted
in glee,
And showing the teeth gleaming
white,

O they have the young hearts so
pure and so free,
And black eyes so sparkling and
bright.

O theirs are the voices so silvery
sweet,
Like songs of the bird in the dawn,
And theirs are the active and nim-
ble young feet,
That leap like the shy spring bok's
fawn.

I hope when your travels are ended
and o'er,
That safely you'll cross the sea
foam,
And spend many long hours toge-
ther once more,
In your sunny South African
home,

D. W. K.

LETTERS.

MADOC.

May 7th, 1894.

My Dear Editors:—

The other day I received a copy of your REVIEW, when I decided to write the first chance I got, which is now, and as about the only thing I have to tell you is what I did in the Easter Holidays, I'll sail right in.

As soon as school closed, the books were packed away for the week, and setting to work I loaded cartridges enough to last during the Holidays, and almost every day found me at the woods, after squirrels or woodchucks, or in fact, anything worth the powder and shot. Finding the woodchucks had taken to coming out to feed at night, we (my chum and I) took over a pair of traps, and had the luck to catch a pair, but they had not been out long enough, the hair being so full of dandruff that it was not worth the trouble of skinning them.

Toward the end of the Holidays, I went fishing, but I won't say anything about the fish. It was very cold on the water, only a small portion being free from ice, the wind seeming to pierce to the very marrow, and when school opened the next day, it was with no very deep regret that we returned to books and football.

Last Saturday I took my canoe down the two miles of creek which join us with the Lake, but found it a much harder task than I expected, having to get out and pull the boat over the logs which barred our passage: and I think the young lady that accompanied me must have been thoroughly tired of roosting on a log in mid-stream, while I lifted the canoe over, which happened about every few yards. But the worst is still to come, for after reaching the Lake, and disposing