

After much exertion, for the rocks were steep and slippery, we reached the point which from the shore we had supposed to be the top of the mountain. But there before us was a narrow plateau, and beyond, a perpendicular wall of rock rose to the height of several hundred feet.

Before beginning the ascent, we undertook the search of a suspicious looking cavern at the foot of the cliff, for a bear that we were exceedingly anxious not to find. Scarcely had we entered its sombre depths when somebody said he heard a rustling beyond us. We decided just then that a party of tourists had no use for a bear anyway, and this conclusion was acted on with considerable rapidity.

At last we discovered a place where the cliff was not quite perpendicular, and after an hour's hard climbing we stood on the summit.

To the southward there was spread out before us a vast panorama. The blue waters of the channel stretched away to the eastward and westward for forty or fifty miles. In either direction they faded away in a hazy suggestion of beauty still farther and farther beyond. Innumerable islands, green, brown, and grey, lay beneath us. Away to the southward the sky rested on the dim blue mountain ridge of Manitoulin. Nearer, the little village which we had left in the morning, scarcely visible, nestled in a little hollow by the shore. That speck of white yonder in the southern channel, from which a breath of smoke is rising, is, so the Captain tells us, the regular mail boat, the Atlantic, just leaving Shaftesbury on her upward trip.

From this scene of beauty and grandeur we at length turned to explore the wild region behind us. Dreary indeed was the prospect. Great stretches of bare rock lay near us; beyond, to the north and east and west, many small peaks rose grey and grim against the blue sky. There are few signs of soil anywhere, and all nature seems dead or dying. The stark and bare trunk of a solitary stunted pine, standing out here and there on a rocky ledge, tells only of a life that has been.

Little wonder it is that these mountains look hoary and desolate. They are the oldest in the earth. A thousand centuries have gone since these venerable peaks first emerged from the ocean, then truly all-embracing. It was the summer suns and the winter storms of the ages since that left this Laurentian range so bleak and bald.

Hidden among these dreary peaks, like a happy memory in a troubled life, we discovered a little mountain lake that charmed us beyond expression with its lonely beauty. There, too, in a tiny rocky bay into which a few inches of vegetable mould had drifted from somewhere, we found water lilies of the most exquisite grace and loveliness. The petals were far more delicate in form and colour than the flowers that feed on the grosser soil of our ponds and lagoons.

Evening was coming on as we descended to the shore. The great solemn mountains became grayer and grayer in the twilight. Slowly and silently the night sank down until primeval darkness resumed its ancient reign over the mountains and the islands beneath them.

We soon had a huge fire of driftwood blazing on the shore, and while the Captain and the crew got ready the supper, the Missionary and the Pedagogue gathered moss for us all to sleep on. We sat down to a royal repast of fish, roast partridge, and a certain ambrosial food provided by the genii of these regions. Then, having replenished the fire, we lay down on our mossy beds, silently watching the great sparks flying like fairy spirits up, up, and out into the darkness. The Pedagogue, moved by some strange influence, burst forth into song, figuratively speaking, and the Missionary joining in with his inimitable tenor, the mountains and the shore re-echoed the strains of "Litoria" and "John Brown." Presently the singing ceased, and each man wrapping himself in his blanket, we were lulled to sleep by the drowsy murmur of the fire and the soft lapping of the water upon the rocky shore.

We made another ascent of the mountains the next day in a

different direction, with varied but equally interesting experiences. Returning early in the afternoon, we struck camp, shipped our empty baskets, and were soon far out in the channel on our way back to Manitoulin.

But our eyes still linger on the mountains. Their spell is upon us, and willingly we yield ourselves to it. Distance has softened their rugged outlines, and the impression of dreariness and desolation has vanished. There they lie behind us, mysterious in their massive grandeur and sublime in their infinite repose. Forever the same, they, at least, shall endure, though men and nations and all things else change and pass away. And so we begin in some measure to understand the indefinable reverence and strong affection with which mountains are regarded by people who live near them.

But now the captain rises from the helm, the crew let slip the lines and down come the sails on the run. We have reached the little Shaftesbury pier, and our trip to the North Shore has become a pleasant memory.

A. STEVENSON.

GOOD-NIGHT.

How calmly, love, the day hath fled!

How soon the sun sinks down to rest;

See how yon quivering orb doth shed

His myriad gems about the west,

And gold and rainbow-tinted shells

That fade so sweetly and are gone;

Amid the music of far bells,

The starry night steals softly on.

The full red moon hangs o'er the pine,

The fields are veiled in misty shrouds,

The first pale star begins to shine

In beauty o'er the sapphire clouds.

Fair night, how thou dost soothe the heart

With sleep and dreams and pure delight

Give me thine hand ere I depart,

Give me thine hand, my love, good-night.

What happy hours I've spent with thee!

Too soon hath vanished this brief day,

Still do I wait and lingeringly

Like unto it must pass away.

Soon youth must die that bloometh fair,

And sadder light into thine eye

Must steal, and gray into thine hair,

And to thine heart the troubled sigh.

Thy lovely face is pure and glad,

And tender dreams thine heart-strings thrill;

No bitter grief hath made thee sad,

Nor yearning wish thy soul doth fill

That only life and love were sure

As death and souls could never part.

From sin and shame and thought impure

God ever keep thee as thou art.

Sweeter than setting sun and bars

Of golden cloud and mellow moon

And silvery sheen of twinkling stars,

Sweeter than thoughts of faded June,

Knowing that thou art in the fold

Of innocence, and wolfish blight

Is far removed from thee, to hold

Thy lily hand and say good-night.

PHILLIPS STEWART.