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No

Goldenrod.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN,

Spring is the morning of the year.
And Summer is the noontide bright.
The Autumn is the evening clear.
That comes before the Winter at comes

And in the evening, everywhere Along the roadside, up and down, I see the golden torches flare, Like lighted street-lamps in in the

I think the butterfly and bee, From distant meadows coming back, Are quite contented when they see These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost; For when the darkness falls about, Down every-lighted street the Frost Will go and put the torches out!

MORE ABOUT VOLCAONES.

The following is an account of the adventures of the Editor in his ascent of Mount Vesuvius:

The grandest excursion from Naples is that to Mount Vesuvius. In order to avoid the heat, I left Naples with a friend, by carriage, shortly after mid-night, and rode through the silent streets of the beautiful city-the tall. white houses gleaming like marble in the glorious moonlight. At many of the corners lamps were burning before the shrine of the Virgin.

hrine of the virgim.

Like the red eye of Cyclops burned
ha dull fire of the mountain. But all the dull fire of the mountain. day long the mysterious column of white smoke ascends "solemn and slow as erst from Ararat the smoke of the patriarch's sacrifice."

After an hour's drive we reached Resina, a village at the foot of the mountain. Our veturino knocked loudly at a door, and we were almost instantly surrounded by a swarm of guides, all anxious to prey upon their victims.

suppose they sleep in their clothes and turn out at a moment's notice. Making a bargain with the chief we were the chief we were soon mounted, with the aid of much on good stout horses. Through the stone-Through the stone-paved streets of the little town we clat-tered, and soon be-gan to climb the mountain, between luxuriant vineyards and fig and almond orchards growing orchards growing upon the fertile vol-canic soil. Our train was soon increased was soon increased by four hangers-on, besides the guide. They well deserved the name, in its most literal sense, for they would catch hold of our horses' tails, and so for part of the way we helped them instead of their help-ling us. At leavest ing us. At length the road became so steep that horses could no longer climb ould no longer limb, and we were orced to dismount. Now the use of the forced

guides whom our horses had dragged became apparent.

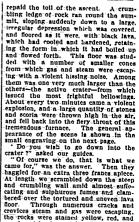


CLIMBING VESUVIUS.

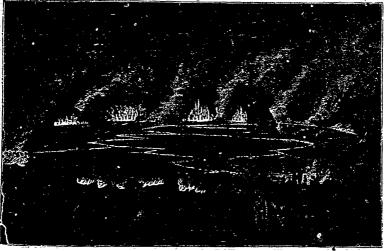
drag us up One stout fellow tied a leather strap to a stick and gave me the stick, which I held with both hands, while he took the other end of the strap over his shoulder, and another guide pushed me from behind. Between the,

two, by scrambling in zig-zags up the mountain's side—the most fatiguing climb I-ever had in my life—I at last reached the top and stood on the edge of the crater.

The weird grandeur of the sight well



was mere bravado on their part.
From the summit we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay, with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. sickle-shaped shore sickle-shaped shore shore the mountain ton, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace we descended much more rapidly than we went up All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders and down we went with tremendous savides By means savides By means savides By means atrides strides By means of the inclined railway up the tourists may ascend in a cone now



CRATER OF KILAURA.

cent eruptions, which (Continued on nezt

minutes cost us weary hours We remounted our

horses. and down through vast slopes covered with the black-lava of redown

VALV

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