

Mother seemed to hear it too, for the cradle stopped rockin' all of a sudden, an' she got quite still. Then it came again and mother jumped up and ran to the door. In a minute she came back and into my room. 'Tommie,' says she, and I could see by the candle she had she was as pale as death, 'don't be frightened, but I'm afraid suthin's happened father. Jump up like a good boy and watch baby. I must go an' see what's the matter.' And I'm blessed if she wasn't gone. Out into the bush, and the cold, and the storm, and the darkness, just as ready as she would have gone anywhere for *him*.

"Gosh, boys, but the time seemed slow! The wind howled dismallier than ever, and all kinds of queer stories come into my head—bears an' wolves, an' wild cats, an' what not, for livin' here then was different from what it is now, you may believe me! I hadn't set long though, perhaps a quarter-hour or so, when I heard the same queer cry. Well, sir, it made me shake all over. It was mixed up with the wind, and the dullish roar of the river down there an' all, but I knowed it was father, and *somethin' was wrong!*

"I grabbed up a light, got on my togs as quick as I could, fixed up the baby a bit, and, youngster as I was, out I started. I hadn't gone far when I stopped, so scared I couldn't move an inch. I could hear down yonder the crashin' of the ice and the splashin' of the water in the river. I knowed then what had happened. A deathly fear struck to my heart. The ice was broken through, the current was terribly swift, and father—

"For a minute I couldn't stir. Then I set my teeth and made for the spot. It was a fact; the ice had given way. But it wasn't father; it was the old man's best ox.

"Well, I'll be darned, boys, if I could help laughin'. There was old Jerry, kickin' like mad, right in the middle of the river. Father was sittin' at one end holdin on to his horns, and the old lady kneelin' at the other, haulin' the beast's tail taut, an' keepin' his hind quarters out of water. It was the all-firedest, queerest sight I ever seen. And the two of them settled there as sober as you please an' hangin' on like grim death.

"I didn't laugh long, though. Oxen stood for horses in those days, an' cattle wasn't so plentiful but that they had to hang on, ye see, to what they had. An' 'twas nothin' to laugh about, I can tell you. Sittin' on the ice, in the middle of a river on a bitter cold night, mayn't be the most onpleasant place for a woman brought up in comfort in England, but it's *somethin' near it*, boys, it's *somethin' near it*.

"So there was nothin' for it, but I should go for help. Off I set, a good two mile through the bush, to the nearest neighbour, and left mother haulin' on the ox's tail, like the brave old lady that she was. She durstn't leave go, mind you, fur the minute she did the current, which was mighty strong in those times, would sweep the poor brute under and away he'd go.

"I don't want another tramp like that there. I'd gone over it many's the time in daylight, an' 'twas bad enough then, but it's a leetle different at night, with the woods gettin' darker, an' the snow cracklin' louder at every step. However, I got there, an' Big Alex. Macdonald—dead and gone now, poor old boy—started back with me on the trot. An' there they were yet, fingers nearly frozen, cramped and numb and aching, but hangin' on for dear life to the two main ends of that blessed beast. Boys, that's the kind o' folks that made the country.

"Well, we got the poor brute out at last. He was nearly used up himself, an' could hardly stagger acrost the river. So up he came, slow enough, to the house, an' we got him close by the fire to thaw out. That night, sir, he was the best treated old ox in the county. They did him up in blankets, an' poured a whole bottle of old rye down his throat. He slep' here all night, an' next mornin' he was hale an' hearty.

"An' mother? Bless your heart, she thought nothin' of it. Ye talk of men for pluck, but I tell you they aint shucks to women when they *hev* got the grit in them."

The old man stopped. "I have often wondered, Uncle Tom," said Fred, after a pause, "why, when you hold women so high, you should never have married."

"Married," he cried, almost harshly. He went on in a slow, nasal, monotone: "Boys, when I come across another woman that kin hang on to a cow's tail for two mortal hours without budgin', I'll take her. I've been lookin' for forty-five years for a woman like *her*, and I aint seen her yet, boys, I aint seen her yet!"

UBIQUE.

LITERARY NOTES.

CANADIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE (1)

Dr. Withrow and Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of this city, have just issued, from the Methodist Publishing House, a small text-book, "Canadian History and Literature," intended, we understand, to be used by members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles. Dr. Withrow's part, in the present instance, has been confined to the abridgement of his large history, and the result is a compact and readable compendium of the chief facts of Canadian history down to the present year. Mr. G. Mercer Adam has written a most interesting outline of the history of Canadian literature, which supplies an admirable appendix to this useful little volume. From the array of names and careful enumeration of the literary works of Canadians to be found therein, we think that there will be few to be found who will agree with the *Globe's* gruff comment that there is no Canadian literature. Such a list as Mr. Adam gives is ample proof that literature, though in its infancy, has taken deep root in Canada, and though only as yet in the blossom, gives ample promise of a glorious harvest hereafter. Mr. Adam generously mentions in his list of writers some few who have made the beginning of their literary reputations as contributors to THE VARSITY. Many owe much to Mr. Adam's kind encouragement and influence, of which their mention in this connection is another proof. The little volume before us contains 232 pages, of which the History occupies 176, and the Literature the remaining 56 pages. It is neatly printed, well bound, and will answer its purpose excellently as a compendium of the history of Canada and its literature.

A SONG OF TRUST. (2)

Mr. W. P. McKenzie, '84, has published, through Hart & Company of this city, a dainty little volume of some two-score pages, entitled "A Song of Trust, and Other Thoughts in Verse." The poems contained therein, about twenty in number, betoken a love of nature and a deep religious feeling, which finds expression in easy, melodious measures. Mr. McKenzie is fond of drawing analogies between the facts of nature and phases of religious sentiment, and this may be said to be the chief characteristic of the verses before us. He often accomplishes this very gracefully and poetically, as for instance in his sonnet on "Faith," wherein he likens Faith to white pond lilies—

"Keeping golden wealth in chalice white,"

And in "Offered Gladness," where sorrow is likened to a stream flowing sullenly on its way refusing the "offered gladness" of a tiny streamlet which joins it on its way, at last being comforted and strengthened to endure and overcome difficulties and obstructions. The best pieces, in our judgment, are: "A Song of One Weary," and "The Troubled Sea." Mr. McKenzie has been a frequent contributor to THE VARSITY, and we are glad to welcome the first-fruits of his Muse, and hope that he will be encouraged at some future time to include, in a second edition, some of the fugitive pieces which we miss from the present collection.

(1) "Canadian History and Literature": by W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C.; and G. Mercer Adam, Esq. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room. Cloth, 232 pp., price 60 cents.

(2) "A Song of Trust and Other Thoughts in Verse": by W. P. McKenzie, B. A. Toronto: Hart & Co.