

## AUTUMN.

Now sings the hoarse wind thro' the glade,  
 Whilst the bright leaves are roughly made  
 Whirl swiftly round and round,  
 Then flutter to the ground,  
 Where on the earth's cold cheerless breast,  
 With the dead grass, they sink to rest.

One other summer come and gone  
 Whilst winter's king is marching on  
 To victory. Good-bye! Good-  
 Bye summer. Thro' the wood  
 The sad wind of thee is sighing  
 Softly, Summer's dying, dying.

But thy going is not as Death  
 Doth often come, thy last drawn breath  
 Doth clothe the wood in varied hue  
 And dress, 'till in the sky's bright blue  
 Expanse, it all is one.  
 Come back, sweet Summer, come  
 Back again to rejoice  
 The forest with thy voice.

W. G.

## INTO THE LAURENTIDES.

One morning in last August a party of eight, of whom the writer was one, left Buckingham village for one of the numerous lakes with which the Laurentide region is dotted. The du Lievre, up which we sailed, is a typical Laurentian river; it is a narrow stream flowing in a swift and tortuous course between very steep banks. Here and there a ripple on the water indicates that not far from the surface lie rocks that would be the death of the craft that might unwarily run upon them.

On this part of the river there are no wharves; owing to the depth of the water near shore the steamer can run right in to land and let the passengers step off. This method of procedure has its drawbacks; occasionally a passenger is drowned, but there, owing to forest fires, timber is scarce, and so it is cheaper to lose a passenger than to build a wharf. It was all plain sailing for us until we reached Little Rapids, but here we found ourselves stopped by a steamer which was stuck in the channel. In the interim we looked at the canal, which our paternal Government is building to circumvent the rapid. In a piece of work, not over one thousand feet in length, there has been already expended over two hundred thousand dollars, and the canal is by no means near completion. After a couple of hours' detention we were at last enabled to proceed on our way. Above the rapids we entered the phosphate region—a region in which lies the wealth of this part. The mountains rise from the very edge of the water, and as far as the eye can reach there is an unending succession of mountains, on whose bare sides nothing seems to grow. The derricks of the mines were in plain view from the steamer. Judging by the amount of phosphate that lay scattered round, the party came to the conclusion that the mountains must be very weary, in fact very much bored.

At High Rock we transferred our precious selves and belongings to a rowboat. We soon came to the Long Rapids; here we had to get out and scramble along the bank, clinging to trees and rocks as best we could. Meanwhile the boat was poled up the rapids by the boatmen, and at length we embarked once more. We now came to a portage, known as the Chute Hill. Here the natives have, by letting a mountain torrent flow down the steep hillside, made what, with their innate French politeness, they call a road. But such a road! Imagine a slant like that of a toboggan-slide; then dig holes in it, then scatter boulders all over it, and you have a faint idea of the road in question. But notwithstanding this, we managed to get

our traps taken over. When we reached the other side it was so dark that we concluded to stay for the night at a house near by. Supper was soon prepared, and the edibles were discussed with a relish that an epicure would have given worlds to possess. We then turned in, shanty fashion, on the floor. I had the pleasure to strike a part of the floor which had a knot protruding some five or six inches; I found this very uncomfortable. As soon as I got nicely balanced, and got settled down to sleep, I would fall off the knot. My fellow-travellers didn't seem to like my actions, and I heard some muffled remarks about my hurting their feelings.

At last morning dawned, and we sallied forth to see the celebrated High Falls. We had heard much about them. When we left Buckingham they were one hundred and fifty feet in height; when we were ten miles above Buckingham they were two hundred feet, and when we came near the falls they were anywhere from three hundred to ten thousand feet high. However, they are a sight worth going miles to see. Several of the party had seen Niagara, and they said that the beauty and impressiveness of High Falls were second not even to that of Niagara. At High Falls the river leaps in one mad, whirling mass of foam over a ledge of rock one hundred and fifty-eight feet in height. There was a weird fascination in gazing at the never-ending onward rush of the water. But at length we recalled ourselves to things prosaic, and again prepared to set forth on our journey.

The lake, for which we now set out, was called Whitefish Lake, principally because there never had been any whitefish in the lake. We had to pack our baggage on two primitive contrivances called "jumpers," and at length we set out. One of our drivers was a treasure; he was with us from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m., and during that time with the exception of a short stop for dinner, he swore fluently and copiously all the time without repeating himself once. When we started out the lake was about six miles away, but as we advanced it seemed to get a spurt on and advance also, and soon it was about nine miles ahead of us. One of our jumpers now broke down, and we had to spend an hour or so, in the midst of a drizzling rain, in fixing it. At last it was fixed; we advanced six feet further and it broke down again. At this juncture a native came along and informed us that we were ten miles from the lake, and that all the bridges had been swept away by a flood.

We now determined to direct our weary steps to another lake, called Lake Rouge, and after a considerable amount of walking we reached a house, where we remained for the night. In the morning we set out, and without further adventure arrived at our destination. Of our camping experiences it is not my purpose to speak, for the main features of camp life are everywhere the same. Suffice it to say that two weeks of chequered toil and pleasure soon passed away, and we started travelling again. As we travelled homeward, those obstacles which seemed formidable before were now easily overcome. When we reached the Long Rapid, instead of scrambling along the shore as formerly, we now sailed down the swift-flowing stream; before, half breathless, we had clung to rock and bush; now, reclining at our ease, we listened to the rhythmic stroke of the oars, or watched the sturdy form of our steersman as with his deft paddle he directed our course so as to shun the cellars and rocks ahead. Soon we were aboard the steamer. As we sped onward, with the combined force of steam and current, the places on the banks seem to fly past. At Buckingham we got on the cars, and ere long were home again. The physical benefit obtained from the trip amply repaid any toil or privation undergone; and there was not one of the party who did not return with renewed strength and vigor, better fitted in every way for his part in the drama of life.

The students of Harvard University propose to raise \$100,000 for a new library and reading-room.