

A Phenomenon.

At times he sees the sky-blue dog
Tackle the pale-green cat,
While fiery serpents sizzle round
As umpires of the spat;
And purple horses shod with fire
Are climbing lofty trees
And fanning with their scarlet tails
The circumambient breeze.

—*Skiffing's Prize Temperance Poem.*

THIS is a tale of an experience that befell a friend of mine, a truthful sailorman who is in no wise descended from the Ancient Mariner, and has never read the Vision of Mirza. If any of the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE doubt the truth of this story, I can give, as guarantee, the oath of the man with the dyed goatee, who saw the schooner on which the sailorman had the experience. I will relate it as nearly as possible in the graphic style in which my friend communicated it to me:—

"On the 29th of July last we were anchored off Sydney Harbor, C. B. Rain had fallen early in the morning, but towards noon the weather changed to fine and the wind died away, so at our anchorage we had to stay for the rest of the day.

"Shortly after twelve o'clock we had finished dinner, and to while away the time I went up on deck, and stretched myself on the hatch preparatory to enjoying a "good smoke."

"I composed myself for enjoyment. Before me stretched the calm waters of the harbor, bounded by the Cape Breton hills, save where the gap betrayed the outlet to the ocean. I had hardly time to survey the view before me when I gazed upward, as though compelled, and, almost immediately, in the sky above, I beheld the most wonderful and beautiful phenomenon I have ever witnessed.

"A cloud appeared to be scarcely a quarter of a mile