there was no chance of getting through that night, so we were obliged to wait until next morning.

We spent that evening strolling around in the vicinity, and when we had tired of walking, we sat on the bridge and listened to a vocal concert by some of the natives, though I regret to say the music was not exactly of an order best fitted for the Sabbath. Early Monday morning we went through the locks, and having paid our two cents a ton toll, left for Port Hawkesbury, where we were to obtain some necessary supplies. Our trip back down the Nova Scotia shore was uninteresting unless one takes pleasure in storms and head-winds.

Wednesday morning, August 26th, we passed Cape Sable, the southernmost point of Nova Scotia, and we were soon out of sight of the Cape Shore. Late in the afternoon the wind increased to a regular gale, compelling us to run under greatly reduced sail. By midnight the sea was tremendous, and many of the waves threw their spray entirely over the yacht, while some washed up enough to fill our standing-room completely. However, the full moon gave us light enough to enable us to continue; otherwise we should have been obliged to lay to, on account of the heavy sea and wind.

The next forenoon was a repetition of the past night, but by evening the breeze had abated considerably, and the sea was rapidly dying down.

That we had made considerable leeway we were aware, but our surprise was great when, at ten o'clock that evening, we made the Highland Light and the Nauset Beacons on the outside of Cape Cod. And now the gloom of the evening, As the day's busy callings depart,

Now the gloom of a mist-laden evening,
As the day's busy callings depart,

Banjo Mine.

Turns my thought, unconstrain'd, into brooding.

On the things that lie close to my heart.

Then come out of your leathern case, Banjo,
And, while resting your head on my knee,
Tune your strings to respond to my dreamings,
Let quick sympathy touch you through me.

There are so many things I would tell you,
As you whisper your low, plaintive strain,—
Disappointments, and great, throbbing longings,
In a mingling of joy and of pain.

There are deeper and sweeter chords, Banjo,
Never finding expression in you;
It is only humanity's heart-strings
That will answer their vibrating true.

So I'll play with you till softer fancies
Lead the way to my innermost soul,—
Then go back to your leathern case, Banjo,
While my thought goes beyond your control.

G. K.

The Ghost of the "Old Turnpike."

I HAVE a great liking for old roads—those abandoned highways which one finds so often in New England. From my boyhood I have always felt an uncontrollable impulse to explore everything in the semblance of a path, which chanced to attract my attention. Now, in mature years, I find no more pleasant relaxation from the cares of stock-broking, than to stroll along some narrow path where the grass and bushes creep up lovingly, as if to hide this last trace of former noise and bustle.

Such a road as this I discovered in a little New Hampshire town, where I was spending a summer vacation several years ago. The "Old Turnpike," as it was called, was a part of the old stage-road, and in its earlier days had seen a great deal of busy, active life. But ten or twelve years before, the brook which flowed harmlessly beside the road had been turned by a great freshet into a raging torrent. Overflowing its banks, and tearing its way down the hills, it had cut out deep gullies, and tossed about.

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