Sonnet.

Many a night I watched the pale moon rising
Over Ktaadus lofty three-peaked pile,
And saw the silver rays creep down the hillside,
Making each rugged spur in beauty smile.
Often from those same peaks I've watched the dawning,
And marked the sun's long lances flashing bright
Over the world, that lighter grew, as morning,
Sparkling with dew, chased the dark shades of night.
And yet, the winsome grace that wrapped about me
Became more winsome when it thought of thee;
For true love teaches us to find a beauty
In things where else we ne'er should beauty see.
Thus is thy love to me a richest treasure,
Which I do give thee back in fullest measure.

W. L. S.

A Singular Adventure.

Who has not passed his summer's holiday,
or a part of it, at some of the many more
or less famous watering places that fringe our
Atlantic shores? Who has not done the
mountains,—Green, White, or Blue,—camped
in the Adirondacks, or enjoyed the dolce far
niente on a smooth-sailing yacht?

With a fancy for stepping quite out of the
wake of the vast crowd of pleasure-seekers
who make these, and kindred spots, their ren-
dezvous, I selected for a few weeks' diversion
a wild and unfrequented portion of Upper
Canada. There, in a dense forest, among
huge trees that serve alike as protection from
the piercing blasts of winter and the scorching
suns of summer, I pitched my modest tent.
We were but a few rods removed from the
banks of South Yamaska, and the nearest
village was that of St. Ours, some thirty-four
miles distant. What situation could be more
romantic or desirable for a true sportsman,
leagues away from any human habitation, his
only companion the lone river, moving with
stately grace through mossy green banks and
entangled and almost impenetrable under-
brush?

Here, upon its banks, during the frequent
and necessary absences of Francois, my half-
breed guide, I constructed a rude seat, and
spent many idle, happy hours.

After a hard day's tramp, in the evening's
 gathering gloom one could almost fancy that
the stream was watching you as it glided
noiselessly along; and if you lingered until
the pale moon arose, you might see the beasts
of the forest creep stealthily down, and greedily
partake of its cool waters.

While seated upon the river's bank one
night, reveling in the weird yet lovely and
lonely scenes before me, my attention was
drawn to the shadow of a man, who was
slowly creeping up behind me from the oppo-
site direction. I grasped my Winchester, and
jumping to my feet, beheld a tall, sparely-built
person advancing toward me, his rifle cocked.
A glance at his face, which had assumed a
menacing and malign aspect, convinced me
that his warlike appearance bespoke his mur-
derous design.

I saw that decisive action could alone pre-
serve my life. Without taking aim I fired,
and the resulting smoke served as a moment-
tary disguise, enabling me to rush at my
adversary and wrench away his gun, at the
same time discharging it, that it might be use-
less should he recover it again.

I had scarcely accomplished this feat when,
with an unearthly yell, he sprang upon me.
Winding his long arms about me he gave me
a hug that forced every particle of breath from
my body. I grasped him by the shoulders,
and placing my foot against the butt of a tree,
threw upon him the whole force of my weight.
There was a moment's unsteadiness, and then
together we fell to the ground. His grasp
gave way, his head fell back, his eyes closed.
Fearing that the force of the fall had been
fatal, or that at least he had suffered serious
injury, I half raised his prostrate form. I
could discern only a slight scalp-wound, from
which the blood oozed slowly. I had now a
fair opportunity of observing my antagonist.
He was a man of about forty years, well
formed, with finely-cut features, and a mouth
and chin which suggested firm determination.

But what attracted my attention most, as