

somewhat expressive of the chaos of horrors presented to my mind as the possibility of such a contingency arose. I cannot express what my feelings were at that moment; I leave the reader to draw his own inferences from the — ?

The station at last! Thank Heaven! The runaway tears into the yard, but not deeming himself capable of clearing either the fence or the shanty, he comes to a dead standstill. I'm saved! I rush into the shanty, where I find the station-master fast asleep in his chair. My hurried entrance awakes him, and he starts up red in the face with anger and surprise, at such a display of energetic impatience in his private domain.

"What do you want, young man?" he asks, severely.

"I want a ticket for Montreal. When does the next train start?"

"Is that all ye disturbed me for? Well, I guess," he replied, with provoking deliberateness, again settling himself comfortably in his chair, "I guess you're afraid of being late, ain't you? I likes punctual young men, that I do ?"

"When does the train start ?" I cried angrily.

"Well, I rather think she's got to get here first. *But*, if all's well, she'll start from this 'ere dee-pôt in three hours" time."

Three hours!—three mortal hours to wait. Horrors! Why, that gave time for Wiman to return home and start in pursuit. I paced up and down the yard like a caged lion, glancing every few minutes in the direction of the lake. At length the train came in sight, and almost simultaneously I noticed a team galloping with incontinent haste through the blinding snow, half-way across the lake.

It was a race between the iron horse and thews and sinews. On they come. Which will be the first in? With breathless interest I glance from one to the other.

Hurrah! the train is in. My baggage is checked and in the van.

"All aboard there! Right away !"

Here comes Wiman through, puffing and blowing like a grampus; and standing with easy grace upon the platform of the hindmost car, there goes "yours truly."

#### A NIGHT PADDLE.

AMID the lilies in the marsh  
The frogs in solemn chorus croak;  
The owl's hooting, weird and harsh,  
Is sounding from the hollow oak.  
And far upon the hillside dark  
I faintly hear the foxes bark.

Across my face the bat's light wing  
Just brushes with a strange dismay;  
And from the shores some frightened thing  
Slips softly down and swims away.  
A fish leaps up—a silver flash,  
'Mid widening ripples—and a splash!

A thin, wan spectre of the moon  
Is rising late behind the hill;  
The strange mad laughter of the loon  
Peals o'er the lake—then all is still,  
Amid, the reeds, a gleaming spark—  
A fire-fly dancing in the dark.

I hear the heart of Nature beat!  
The world of men is far away.  
O Soul, thy tameless brothers greet!  
Thou art, to-night, as wild as they.  
The savage blood is coursing fleet!  
My heart with Nature's heart doth beat!

M. E. Gorham.