

OUR MONTHLY.

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THE HERMIT OF THE HIMALAYAS.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.



VIEW ON THE UPPER COURSE OF THE JUMNA.

TEN years ago my face was set toward the Himalaya Mountains. Among the lofty peaks of Northern India lived a man whom I had long wished to see, the naturalist Wilson. A solitary priest at the shrine of Natural Science,

this man lives, year after year, among almost inaccessible mountains.

Over twenty years ago, Mr. Wilson arrived in India as a trooper in a regiment of dragoons. Being taken very ill, he was sent to Landour on sick leave,

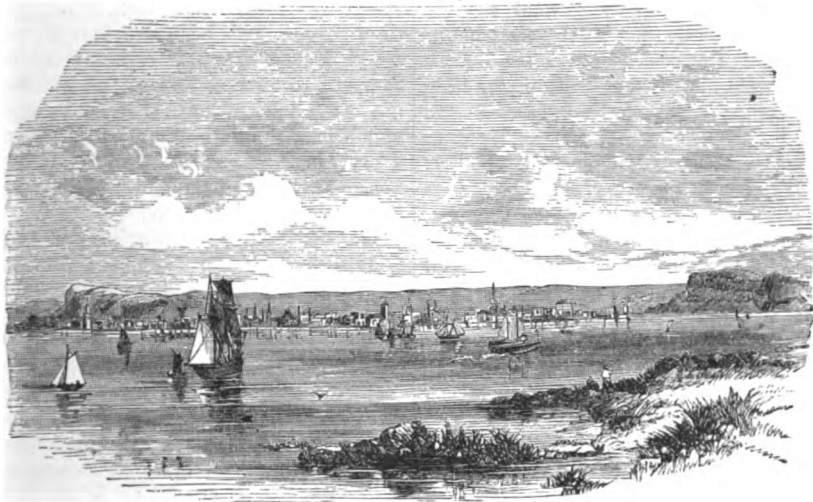
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jungle-fowl and the loongee-pheasants stood apparently preening and ruffling in the windows; the *moonel* and the *cheer* perched on the rafters, and flocks of *hunyal* and *koklass* kept guard over our beds. Little gray goats and barking deer seemed leaping at us from behind doors and out of cupboards. Among them all sat the naturalist, with the happy look of a man who has found something to do, and is doing it; a new Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed, surrounded by his speechless dependents. Our friend is not forgetful of the world he has left, but he turns in his conversation frequently to the new, strange world, in which for twenty years he has passed his whole time.

No hardy traveller could traverse scenes of greater beauty than are to be found among the Himalayas; the vastness and sublimity of these ranges are relieved by a wonderful variety of striking and beautiful details. The steepness and ruggedness of the pathway, the keen cold air, the wildness of the whole locality, demand other than dainty and feeble tourists, but give a man nerve, muscle, and a love of nature in all its first simplicity, untouched by art, and his trip through the Himalayas will be the glorious holiday of his whole lifetime; more especially if in the course of that trip he visits the Hermit of the Himalayas.

OUR NEW SUMMER RESORT.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.



A VIEW OF CHARLOTTE TOWN.

LYING north of Nova Scotia and east of New Brunswick, is a bright, beloved isle, for some time the puzzle of geologists. Was it worn off from the mainland by the greedy gnawing of that remorseless ocean, now slowly cutting the one island into three; or in some long gone æon did volcanic forces

fling to the surface of the waves that rock strata, whereon soil and forests have now held their empire for centuries?

After all, to us Americans, panting for a cool retreat in the heated term, these dark queries matter little; enough for us that laughing across the gleaming waters of Northumberland Straits, this old-

fashioned, restful Arcadia beckons us to come out of our heat and hurry, to its quiet, coolness, and undeniable slowness.

Making Boston our point of departure, those public benefactors, the railroad and steamship magnates, do, for a suitable consideration, open before us two lines of travel. We may go by land, or by that merciless sea, which Horace tells us only hearts of oak and triple brass can brave. There is a line of fine steamers between Boston and St. Johns, or we may go by rail, sweeping north and east, upon a newly opened route. Whichever way we take, we reach Shediac, and on a bright, late June afternoon, behold, the haven of our hopes, lying eastward still, calls us to make one more remove across the sunny straits. Forth go the travellers, sure that they have found Elysium. Two hours more, and we are at Summerside. It is true that the place is muddy, and the houses are small and unshaded, but then nobody thinks of tarrying here; let us on to the royalty.

On we go; along shores of a vivid green, such as we see nowhere else; heavy dews and frequent showers keep these northern fields and forests from parching and fading; all things look so clean and new—

"This lovely world, the hills, the sward,
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them."

Perhaps this little outer fragment of the world has just been finished—made all for us!

It is a dream that will vanish away, but a pretty dream while it lasts. We would not break the spell, but lo! we are disenchanted by a smart shower, which comes whirling down from a black cloud overhead, while all around us the sunshine lies on land and shore. We retreat to the cabin, and watch the scenery through the open windows.

At last, we have steamed out of the storm, and we receive our compensation; the sea is as blue as the sky, and all shot with sparkles of gold where the light lies on the ripples; overhead is a great rainbow, every color clear and bright; its feet rest on yon green cliff of Prince Edward's Island on the one hand, and

on the other hand, touch the verdant shore of New Brunswick; under this grand arch of seven-hued light we sail rejoicing; we have had the sign which was given to the world's second father.

Now the twilight gathers; in the misty evening the shore is only an irregular dark ridge, lying low, with home-lights gleaming along it at intervals. As it grows late these lights seem suddenly concentrated at a given point; sharp, slender lines rise against the starry sky; they are the masts and cordage of ships in port.

All is silent; there is no sound save that of our steamer's paddles. On the black pier, a dark figure or two flits un-easily along, and vanishes. Apparently we have missed our way, and sailed outside of the living world to some city of the dead. We are in advance of the season for tourists; indeed we are almost the pioneers of pleasure-seekers in this quarter; we take up shawls and sachels, and go meekly across the gangway. A little light shines here from the torches in the hold, but anon we lose it, and are delivered over to the blackness and silence. Not a hackman, not an omnibus, not a vestige of any of these harpies which prey upon the public. Evidently we are in Arcadia, and if Arcadia only boasted street lamps and a side walk, how happy we should be!

Our steamer has brought the mail. This has been flung upon a wheeled something, which now tears furiously along the narrow pier. One peculiarity of this corner of the earth is, that all the street is made for horses and their drivers; foot-passengers have only to get out of the way; no provision is made for them. If we do not make room, this rattling monster will run us down; if we step too far aside we shall doubtless, in the darkness, drop into those waters which we hear sucking among the timbers beneath our feet. However, we step as near the edge of the dock as possible, and so creep on at a snail's pace; the starlight showing us now and then the water at our side, or sliding under the broken planks. Thus we go for some rods farther, and reach the solid street, and then the hotel,

indicated by a solitary lamp swinging in front.

It is so quiet here, and the deserted parlor is so domestic in appearance, that our hearts misgive us we have entered a private house. A mild dame appears in the doorway; she has so much the air of an accusing spirit that our tongues falter in the profane demand for communicating rooms. She departs—such gentle reproach has dwelt on that matron's countenance, such condemnation of those who roam the world at nine o'clock at night asking for lodgings, that we are unspeakably penitent—for we know not what! We hear the mistress summon her maid; they confer in the hall. "These people are Americans; they would not come to a hotel and seek rooms at this unearthly hour, if they were Arcadians. They demand two rooms and three beds—communicating rooms! Only Americans make such singular demands. How strange that people do not remain at their own homes, and not traverse the world, disturbing hotel-keepers at night. This is the burden of the conference; and after an hour of waiting on our part, and preparation on theirs, these publicans announce the rooms ready. We are tired and cross, but our beds are clean, the linen well aired, and the pitchers are full of water; we have not a shadow of cause for complaint, especially as we are lighted to rest by a genuine American lamp, filled with foul-smelling coal oil.

The dock is near, and we are roused in the morning by the sounds of ferry-boats coming and going; the lading of little coast steamers, and the rattling of ship's cordage.

Arcadia breakfasts at eight, and breakfasts well. Beside every plate stands a cup half full of cream. There is no humbug about that cream, and you are to eat it on that bowl of oat-porridge set by your plate. That is the legitimate fashion of beginning your morning meal; the waiter is evidently resolved not to give you a mouthful more to eat and drink until oats and cream have disappeared in company. After that you may have delicious little trout cooked to perfection; coffee, also, as you are Ameri-

cans, and several other dishes which go to make up a satisfactory breakfast. By this time we are fairly introduced to Prince Edward's Island, and now let every man help himself. In the first place understand that there are no railroads here. You can hire a hack, or an express wagon, at a reasonable rate; and there are some places where you can go in the little coast steamers.

People who seek this island should resolve to stay some time, to get the full benefit of the sea-bathing, and the air rich with the breath of pines. He who reaches only Charlotte Town, and in a few days returns home, is sure to think his trip a poor investment. Charlotte Town offers you good meals, reasonable prices, excellent stores, and very hospitable and amiable citizens. These are admirable to enjoy for a few days, but after that, ho! for the north shore, if you would indeed appreciate Arcadia. Along the north shore you will scarcely find a stretch of two miles where there is not excellent bathing. But here let it be understood, that one does not go to Prince Edward's Island to bathe in tepid water; the foaming rollers which come trampling over these hard sands are cold, but rush into them with enthusiasm, and you come out invigorated and rejuvenated to a marvel. The beach slopes very gradually; there is no undertow, and no one could get drowned if they should try. Sharks and other monsters are unheard of. In the convenient recesses of the Red Cliffs, every one can with small trouble and expense fit up a bathing house of canvass boards, or pine boughs. Visitors are not very plentiful here, and every party may rely on pre-empting as much beach and bathing-house as they choose.

People going out here board in the farm-houses. These are built almost invariably on the edge of a dense clump of pine woods, which shall be a shelter from the fierce winter storms. Near the house you will always find a reach of *barrens*, where fuel has been cut for years; and these barrens are covered with a luxuriant growth of strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and wintergreen.

Nobody here cuts their hay until late in August, so all summer one has the delicious scent of the ripening grass, and the red clover blooms.

Charlotte Town is famous for a race of hardy, fast-going, well-tempered little ponies, and for these are provided small low pony carriages. The judicious tourist will hire one of these establishments for the season, and the price will not be unreasonable, and take it to his boarding place. Pony will be boarded in a luxurious pasture for a trifle.

Almost all these houses are built precisely alike, and the parlor is furnished with a bed-room opening from it. These two rooms the summer boarder hires; he can make an arrangement for a private table set in the parlor, and this is the true plan for comfort. And here, for the utter amazement of all Americans, let us declare that now, and until by our tourists Arcadia has been demoralized, a family of four, two adults and two children, will be able to get board, washing, these two rooms, this private table, and the board of master pony, for—twelve dollars a week!

After this statement, a bill of fare will be at once demanded. Come then, you shall have fresh mackerel and fresh cod, veal and mutton, potatoes, eggs, lettuce, oats, and milk or cream, as you like it, good bread and tea, and execrable coffee, unless you revolt, and make it yourself. The fruits which were noticed as thriving on the barrens you will have also, but no others; as for vegetables, beyond the two we have mentioned, you will not get one, but lobster salad is at your service as often as you choose.

And now, if one is fairly settled in a clean place, with a new carpet, Windsor chairs, set exactly on line, a table that *must* stand in the centre of the room, a bed of the neatest, and a ceiling not quite low enough to bump your head against, let us see how the day shall be spent in Arcadia.

Breakfast first, by all means; one is always in a state of starvation here unless one is eating, the air gives such a terrific appetite. Come out now, threading the shadowy aisles of this pine wood,

and presently you are on the high cliff, and the sea, all shining and beautiful, is at your feet. Yonder, with broad wings spread like sails, rushing far off into the blue, behold a pair of gannets. These white villains nearer shore, who are waging war with that black and white duck, are gulls, with red bills and snowy feathers. Along the wet sand run the gray sand peeps, hunting their endless breakfast in the weeds just washed in. Out on that tongue of rock running into the sea, is a crow standing on a dead lobster, whereof he eats voraciously. Lean carefully over the red cliff, and look down; here the ducks and other little birds have made their nests in the hollows, and you see their cunning heads stretched out to look at the loved waters below them.

Along the edges of these woods you will see clusters of pale, delicate blossoms, such as in warmer climates welcome the early spring. Where the creeks run down to greet the sea, blue iris crowds a thousand evanescent blooms. Here, luxuriously throned on a fallen tree, you may watch the varied panorama of sea and shore. This way, along the swelling upland graze the cattle and horses for which the island is famous. Dotting paths and pastures are evergreens of such perfect shape and growth as would throw nurserymen into ecstasies, and each tree holds aloft its new growth, like a tall Christmas candle against the sky.

However, we came here for the sea. Turn, then, to these sparkling waters. The tide is slowly swelling in; all along the horizon you see white sails of boats and schooners, lying almost at rest. This is the fishing fleet. Every farmer here is a fisherman; he finds the prodigal waves more ready to enrich him than the long frozen earth. Early in the spring the herring swarm near shore; next come the cod, and then the mackerel. Visitors get to the island when everybody is busy with mackerel. The boats bring in from four hundred to twenty-four hundred each day; the fish are caught by hook and line, using herring for bait, and if three men bring in



COAST FISHING.

their two thousand fish in two trips, made during one day, they have had very good luck. Eight hundred and a thousand fish form the ordinary daily catch of a moderately good season.

Yonder the farm boat is coming in with its load; it may be well to go down on the sands and meet it. This shed, out of reach of high tide, is the fish-house; the machine like a hay-cutter is used to grind the herring into small bait. These dozen hogsheads hold the herring netted early in the season, while the other barrels are filled with codfish and mackerel. Behind the fish-house, on large frames, you will see scores of salted codfish drying; and behold that red cow stealing softly toward these dainties; she politely takes a dry fish by the tail, and eats it in a few mouthfuls; a second fish follows it, and more might, did not a small boy wake to a sudden sense of his responsibilities, and chase her away.

The boat is in; its keel grates on the shingle as they draw it close to shore. It is the first boat to float homeward from the gold and blue, where

"Yon moored mackerel fleet
Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
Or a clustering village street,
Foundationless built on the seas.

"I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine."

They pile the fish alongside of the cleaning tables; they shine in the sun like a mass of shattered rainbows. Mackerel is the Beau Brummel of the sea; his vest is white as silver; his coat is now blue-black, now bottle-green, smooth and shining; his figure is unexceptionable, and about his neck he wears a collar like that of the golden fleece; in this he eclipses Beau, who probably did not have one; all the buttons on his clothes are jewels; rubies, emeralds, and turquoise shine prodigally upon him; he was very happy just now, *schooling* with some few millions of his comrades in the open sea. A short life and a merry one was his motto, and the one desire of his soul was to keep out of the way of that imperial pair of gannets. It seemed a jolly thing to eat chopped herring *ad*

libitum; he did not know that a wretched man was *slicking* the water up above, and presently he was in a new, abhorrent element, beating off those beautiful scales wherein he lately delighted, nobody heeding his miseries now. Here he is dead and ashore, and this endeth the *idyl* of the mackerel.

Behold, there is no more space to moralize, for it is eleven o'clock, and bathing time; those bright waves, breaking into crests of foam, lure one irresistibly. Come out now into the waters, having donned a bathing suit in this little green bower. Stoop your head and listen; if you have had a fairy god-mother, you can hear sounds to which other ears are dull. Hark you, this sweet note, twined of elfin glee and human sorrow, is Lurlei singing in the Danube and the Rhine, plaining because she has not but desires a soul. All the sea is full of the longing of Lurlei—for those who know how to hear. Hark again; these are the carols of sirens, sung when the waves are calm. These ravishing sounds have thrilled in the water for centuries, ever since Ulysses passed the fatal isle in safety.

The water is so clear, that no matter how far out you wade you can still see every curl, pebble and weed on the sand beneath your feet. Great streamers and little feathery clusters of weeds drift by. Calypso, the "nymph-queen," sends them with these sighs, breathed after her lost Telemachus.

Every lover of sea-bathing comes out of these delicious waves with that reluctance and delay with which Shakspeare's schoolboy goes off to school. Still, as every one knows, life is full of compensations. If dame prudence forbids any more pranking in the water, we can speed to this strawberry-filled pasture up above the cliff, and console ourselves by feasting on small but well-flavored fruit. Even when sufficiency has put the berries out of favor, there is pleasure left you, for this rippling creek leads you by a roundabout course to the house-yard, and said creek is swarming with most lovely little pink-fleshed trout, to be had for casting a line at them. Every sensible

tourist has a little fishing reel in his pocket. Take out the line, cut a lithe twig to be ready for emergencies, and now come on; scramble through this tangle of weeds and bushes and iris blossoms somehow, catching fish as you go. When you reach home you will have your twig hung with fish, weighing a quarter of a pound *and less* apiece, but they all taste well, and mine hostess shall add them to your dinner. In ten minutes they will be smoking on the table.

This morning you saw a small boy coming from the shore with his hands full of bright green moss. That was Carigeen moss before it is ruined by bleaching. Our desert, therefore, is a pudding made of said moss, boiled in milk and sweetened. It tastes infinitely better than any of the varieties of moss you can buy at shops.

No tourist out for a summer of health-getting will be so foolish as to stay much in doors. When dinner is over, it is time to be off again. The carpet in your parlor is protected by some dozen of queer rugs. We call them the Arcadian mat, *par excellence*. They are made by working bits of cloth and flannel into coarse canvass, in patterns to imitate Brussels rugs. They are thick, soft, clean, and gaudy. Being wise, we take one of these mats over our arm, and providing ourselves with a book, depart.

Come again to these fragrant woods; here we can find a nook carpeted with soft turf, four or five firs and cedars make a green bower; the birds are not afraid of you, but feed their babies close at hand. Here one is lapped in elysium. You can spread your mat on the grass, lie down and read, take a nap when you are sleepy—it is impossible to get cold with this salt air blowing about you, mixed with the rich scent of the pines.

Read and dream the summer afternoon away; you feel that it is good to be alive; there is a genuine luxury in living. When dreamland and your book fail you, look about and read nature; learn how the leaves grow; how moss and lichens cover death with life; study the fungi that abound under the thick

piners. Listen to the birds; hear their stories of loves, and hopes, and losses—very like your own. Life repeats itself.

“A song of a nest:—

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses, and knot grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.”

Such nests are scattered all along the grass; and the little birds leave them

ning smoke, or clustered about a fire made out of doors, whereon is set a pot, and clams, just dug from the mud at low tide, are boiling. You drive by the harbor, and all the bright painted ships are making for the shore as fast as possible. The French fishers, with little round caps on their heads, are pitching quoits, singing, and being jolly.

When the drive is finished, the moon is up, shining over the sea, and some



FISHING AND CRABBING.

suddenly, spread their wings, and are away, sailing up into the “heavenly blue,” before we are aware. So very many little human nestlings have gotten their wings and gone!

When five o'clock comes, a bell peal will wake the echoes about you; that is supper time; not “ridiculously early” at all, for as usual we are like to die of hunger, despite that big dinner we ate lately, and, moreover, there is much to be done after supper.

When the meal is over, you must have out the pony-carriage, and spend two hours trotting over these smooth roads; watching the sleek cows go home, the sheep finding their resting-places; the French *paysans* men and women sitting on their cabin steps for an eve-

ruddy daylight is lingering still. Down to the beach now with all speed, for something is going on. Watch this busy group; they are lobstering. Here are fifty lobsters piled, struggling and twisting, on the sand. A half dozen lads, armed with mackerel gaffs, are clambering over the rocks, and seizing the unlucky shell-fish hidden in the crannies. Near the shore the boat is swinging idly on the tide, and two boys in it are fishing lobsters. We sit on an upturned dory and watch proceedings. The daylight dies; the white moonshine rests in broad tracks across the quiet sea. Those dark clouds lying low on the horizon are Atlantis, isles of our romance, and we people them as we will. Among them our hereditary Spanish

castle towers high, and plumed chieftains keep ward on its battlements.

A great fire of drift-wood is lighted on the shore, and over it hangs a huge black pot; the unhappy lobsters are flung into the boiling water; they come out red as masses of coral; the boys crack the claws on a stone, and stand eating the pink meat as enjoyably as if they munched sticks of candy. The amount of lobster they will devour in this fashion is amazing.

Life here is especially primitive. Let those who do not wish to be encumbered with fashions, rich dressing, numerous society calls, and late hours, fly here for a refuge. They will leave the luxuries, the expenses, and the fatigues of watering-place life behind. Here one gets tanned, rugged, hearty, merry. He wonders that each day is so short, and neither fears nor longs for to-morrow.

An advantage in coming to Prince Edward's Island is that one does not need to take much luggage. There are no hot days; all the season is a pleasant, spring-like weather, and spring and travelling suits, few and plain, exactly meet the demands of the situation. Books can be procured in Charlotte Town much cheaper than in the United States, and as the people here are very hospitable and enjoy the change occasioned by strangers visiting them in the short summer, there will be enough of pleasant persons to see; just the amount of society and visiting to be agreeable without becoming wearisome.

To vary the days, picnics to the barrens can be projected; as the season advances there will be opportunity for expeditions to gather raspberries and blueberries, while every wise tourist will drive to Charlotte Town to stay a few days several times during the summer.

Besides these simple pleasures, this care and *idlesse* so delightful, especially when one is rather overworked, there lies before the traveller the joy of a long excursion along the north shore. Take your pony carriage and go slowly; spend three days in going north and three days in coming back, varying your route a little. Visit the Micmac Indians on their

little island; stop at the small towns and harbors, enter the country schools—wonderful good ones are they, and not in the least afraid of reading the Bible daily—get your dinners at the farm-houses, be friendly, and every one will be friendly with you. These farmers and fishers would as soon think of essaying a trip to the moon, or turning mountebank and travelling the world with a show, as of going hither and thither to see *places* after the manner of Americans. However, being American covers a multitude of oddities. The islanders have a myth, religiously believed in, that United States people have more money than they know what to do with, that they gain it easily, *somehow*, and spend it freely, *every how*. To be perfectly candid, they trade a little on this opinion. The laundress, divining with one quick glance her patron's nationality, coolly puts an extra sixpence per dozen on his washing bill; the livery stable man is prone to accord a like favor; and the individual you board with knows quite well that an *American* will pay more, and wink at more extras than an islander.

It is human nature to take these little advantages; it may even be that in our own line of life we do it ourselves!

Some travellers are almost entirely interested in scenery; others in antiquities and curiosities, others in the people whom they meet. Prince Edward's Island has fine sea views, but for the rest, it boasts only calm, fresh, homelike English landscapes; as for ancient relics, it is entirely destitute; its settlement is comparatively recent, and its buildings are modern and very plain. It has lain outside of wars and commotions; it has had little internecine troubles, for, as everywhere else, the Romanists have striven hard to get the upper hand, have sought to drive the Bible from the schools, and curtail educational privileges. However, they have failed to succeed. Orangemen and Orange lodges are plentiful, and there is a sturdy Scotch Presbyterian element strongly established in the Principality, which will hold its own in spite of conflicts.

During the Revolutionary war a

couple of American cruisers sailed into Charlotte Town harbor. The island capital was then a very small village; its few inhabitants ran away, and the valiant crews of the Federal vessels found no one to oppose their career of victory. They captured two men who had stayed at home, and plundered the town of a small amount of property. Their valorous deed was not especially commended by people in power. General Washington ordered the immediate return of the two captives to their homes, and restored to them the property which had been carried off. Here began and ended all hostilities between the United States and this easy little island. Prince Edward's flourished, and to-day is a charming refuge for us, when we are warm, and tired, and out of sorts generally.

The people of this island are especially moral and religious. We admit that the royalty is somewhat demoralized by trading vessels, and sells a terrible amount of whisky, a good deal of which is drunk on the premises. However, the Temperance Societies are thriving and alert, and are doing a grand good work. The Young Men's Christian Association is also prosperous; they have started a library and established themselves in a commodious building, whereof our countryman, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, laid the corner-stone. The Methodists are strong and zealous, having established a large school, and otherwise taken their part in religious work. The United Presbyterians are very flourishing, while the Scotch kirk holds its own, and its minister seems to officiate at most of the marriages.

As for our Presbyterian brothers, family feeling compels us to say more than a word for them. They will not soon be caught napping; they bring up their children to have the Shorter Catechism by heart, sing Rouse's version, listen to sermons two hours long without once winking, relish sound doctrine, and are not to be satisfied with assertions that are not entirely orthodox. When a generation is trained in this fashion, they know whereof they affirm, they can give a reason for the faith that is in them,

and are not to be driven or coaxed out of it. They have *religious stamina*, and I wish we had more of it everywhere!

Educational interests have not been neglected in this little commonwealth. Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics are taught, and that thoroughly in many of the common schools, even in the country districts. French is also a part of the regular course of study, but this, doubtless, is because so many of the people are French, and the language is often spoken. A college with professors from Edinburg has been established in Charlotte Town lately, with considerable prospects of usefulness and prosperity. Books are more generally possessed and read by the farming portion of the community than in the United States; those published in London or in the Provinces are cheap; we remember buying of a Tract Society Colporteur a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" complete in both parts, and with one illustration, for the price of—one penny! This wonderful volume was in paper covers and very small pages, but the type was clear and readable. The long cold winters, with roads almost impassable, serve to encourage a love of reading; shut in their homes, particularly for such long evenings, the people are driven to betake themselves to books, and their strict religious education gives them a bias in favor of solid reading.

During the cold season this island is almost entirely cut off from the rest of the world. The mails reach them once a week by an ice-boat, the navigation of which across the Straits is a taste of the experiences of Hall and Kane. Passengers are of course very few, and only men; when the boat can no longer be forced among the floating ice, the crew and passengers leave it, and drag it after them across the miniature icebergs, until they come to more open water; they cross in the narrowest part of the Straits, and the passage occupies six or eight hours. When one considers the fatigue and the intense cold, it will be seen that there is little pleasure in such an expedition.

The last of May beholds the blue waters free of ice, and navigation resumed. The snow has melted away, the sharp

winds cease to whistle through the pines, and in the sunny barrens green grasses and frail wild flowers proclaim the swift approach of summer.

Now the mails bring news of the outer world three times a week. As writes Whittier:

“ At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!”

Near to our country as this island lies, and possessed as it is by another government, it is pleasant to note the warm and friendly interest experienced in American affairs by all its people. We frequently hear the remark, “we are more like the United States than like England.” Our political and social life are subjects of constant study among the islanders; they have lately adopted our money standard, using decimal currency; our newspapers and magazines are to be found in every house, and we have heard a Charlotte Town audience burst into hearty applause at a hint from their orator that Prince Edward’s would be vastly improved by taking shelter under the American eagle. If such an annexation should ever occur, the island would shoot suddenly about a century ahead of the place it occupies to-day in commerce, manufactures and improvements; but at the same time the tourist would find high prices inaugurated; his Arcadia would become a crowded and fashionable summer resort; hackmen, hotel-runners, saucy waiters and lengthy bills of fare would abound; the easy, happy-go-lucky, *dolce far niente* life of the health-seeker in the island would be a thing of the past; somebody would invade his pine-tree covert of hot afternoons, his bathing grounds would swarm with strangers, a fast young man would race with his pony carriage in the evening, hundreds of traders would be busy in the blueberry barrens, and the little boys would

no longer have all their own way among the lobsters. *Carpe diem!* If you are going to Prince Edward’s Island, go before Uncle Sam’s enterprise has invaded this blessed, cool, quaint, behind-the-times Arcadia!

Now-a-days on the island Death is still an old-fashioned reaper, swaying his scythe, and Time is a gray individual with an hour-glass and a long forelock! Here one can still be pastoral, and Virgil in the *Bucolics* does not seem absurd. In a little while all will be changed; the myths of old days will have passed away, Death will be abroad doing his work mounted on a mowing machine, and Time will be a jockey on a race-horse, with an Elgin watch to note his rate of speed. There will be no more lying under trees, and fishing trout in these little streams; when you pass a school-house these French children will no longer file out and stand in line on either side of the road, bowing and dropping curtsies; in the churches the pews will be cushioned, the sermon will not exceed a half an hour, and the babies will be left at home; the Sunday-schools will have organs, libraries, black-boards, hymn-singing, annual picnics, and fewer texts and verses of Scripture laid up in memory, weapons of defence against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Therefore, let every one who cares to see a primitive spot, and be jolly without being grand, go to Prince Edward’s Island as early as may be, while our new summer resort is yet new in every sense of the word. We think that now this quiet corner of the world can grant us mental, physical and spiritual refreshing. Go watch the sun and shadow creeping over those swelling verdant uplands; seek out the homesteads sheltered in the edge of pine woods; marvel as you mark where the fierce storms of winter, hurling the salt spray against the woods have left the tall forests scathed and blackened and twisted, as if a tempest of fire had swept over them; go drive along those shaded roads, and see how at every opening the smiling ocean greets you, sparkling in the sun “beyond the level browsing

line." Whatever of luxuriant vegetation, of bright-winged birds, and glorious successions of blossoms may have been denied this northern isle, it has been bountifully dowered with a pure and exhilarating atmosphere; health breathes in each one of these strong salt breezes, which have received the added tribute of the fragrant forests.

"The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And pausing, takes, with forehead bare,
The benediction of the air."

It is true that Prince Edward's can only be the resort of tourists who have much time to spare, those who can make a long trip pay, by tarrying long at the

end of the journey. Therefore many will be debarred the very simple pleasures of a summer in this far northern island. Business and home cares will ordain that the majority of my readers shall reach this place only on the wings of fancy, guided by a rambling description such as mine. This might prove a pleasant dream for the dog-days, despite the high authority that we can never become cool by thinking of "frosty Caucasus." Business and care, duty and necessity arouse us from our reverie.

"I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe blooms to-day!"

MAGGIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY E. R.

"YOU cannot mean such words, Maggie! Think what you are saying! After all my long waiting—after our years of love—you turn and tell me both have been for naught."

"Yet I can only say over the same words. I can only repeat, I must not marry you."

"Must not? Who will prohibit you? There are few girls who stand as alone as you do. Who is there to say you nay?"

"For that very reason I must be more careful. If I had some one to shift the responsibility upon, I might perhaps hesitate. But having no one, I must keep the more steadily before me the single purpose of what I am very sure is my duty."

"But it is not your duty. Your duty is to go with me. Did you not pledge yourself to me two years ago? You cannot take back your word."

"But I must, Evan. When I promised to marry you everything was different from what it is now."

"How different, Maggie? Am I not the same now as then? Wherein lies this difference?"

Maggie did not answer him. A weary

look came into her face. She had gone over this same ground with him more than once, and would fain escape it now.

"Is it possible, Maggie, that you would cast me off because I do not hold certain opinions that you do?" he asked, bitterly.

"Not opinions," she answered, quickly. "They are matters of life and death to me."

"Then hold firmly to them, dear. I will promise never to interfere with you. You may believe what you will. I will not even mention the subject to you."

"Never mentioning it would be but sorry help. As long as there is this one thing we dare not touch upon, we had better keep apart."

"That is poor logic, Maggie. That you love me, I cannot doubt. That I love you, you surely know. And yet for one little difference you say we had better keep apart."

"But it is not a little difference. It ought to be everything to both of us."

"Grant that it ought to be, yet even then it should not part us. If I were poor, or ill, or unfortunate in any way, you would not leave me, Maggie?"

"No," she said, "I would not."