

land I landed at Halifax, in our Canadian Dominion. I saw first a busy city, with trade crowding its wharves, and filling its sails, and leaving in its tracks an ever-rising crowd of happy homes; and then in but an hour or two—after less than a score of miles journeying—what was I able to see? I found myself by a great spreading lake in whose bosom the moon was mirroring herself; whose shores were fringed by noble trees and tangled bush; where fish abounded, and wildfowl swam; and where an altar seemed built to the twin goddesses of Nature and Silence.

There were five of us; we sat round the great fire of logs we had made, whose light spread out on the water like a tide of blood, and up into the branches above us, painting them as the sun might have touched the trees in Bethlehem on the day when hope came into the world.

Every now and then a wail came over the water; it was the melancholy loon, the bird which is the priestess of solitude, so rare to see, rarer still to secure; whose note touches on the heart, with a weird-like sorrow. And whether we be one, or five, or a score, the silence of nature finds a counterpart in our own.

Of our number, three had never spent a night in an American forest before; yet high as they had tuned their expectations, they had failed to