

### GOD'S GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS.

Fair lies the lake in the moon's soft beams!  
We live to-night in a world of dreams,  
Never a breath stirs our limp tent-flap,  
Our drowsy fire prepares to nap;  
Far from the haunts and worries of men  
Here we renew our souls again;  
The moon rides high in a flood of light—  
Our hearts are too full for sleep to-night.

Deep in the forest re-echoes the tone  
Of the great horned owl on his bass trombone,  
Her voice like the sound of a clarionet  
His lady-love joins in the sweet duet,  
Far to the right, where the big swamp lies,  
A cow-moose calls, and her mate replies,  
Its sweet insistence pervading all,  
Comes the ceaseless song of the waterfall.

Impudent woodmice, insatiable thieves,  
Scamper and rustle among the dry leaves;  
An inquisitive rabbit sits, gazing, awhile,  
Then plunges headlong in the old brush pile;  
A huge bull-frog, on a log half-sunk,  
Makes the welkin ring with "Kerunk, chunk,  
chunk";  
Like the cry of a soul in hysterical fright,  
The loon's wild laughter disturbs the night.

I know that whispered-whistling sound,  
It's a flock of ducks, see them circle round,  
What music their stiffened feathers make  
As they glide to rest on the mirrored lake;  
Hear their "Quack, quack, quack," as they sport  
and dive,  
With the very joy of being alive,  
I should hate to disturb their innocent fun,  
And I'm glad that nobody brought a gun.

Now the moon declines and a night wind stirs,  
In the clump of birches a partridge "whirrs;"  
The fire brightens, then seems to sleep,  
And delightful sensations upon us creep—  
Till the cry of the loon rises wild once more,  
And a muskrat splashes close to the shore;  
Our fire is low and the air is chill,  
And dawn is striking the highest hill.

We've all been sleeping—'twill do us good—  
Hand me those pieces of dry hard-wood,