

## LOST IN THE LAURENTIDES.

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.



WILL you come with me to the spring?" My question was addressed to two companions who, like myself, were lying on a moss-covered bank alternately dozing and gazing upon the beautiful scenery of Green Lake, one of the innumerable small bodies of chrysal water that stud the valleys of the Laurentide Hills. A short distance away, were some forty or fifty fellow pleasure-seekers, each boating, fishing, or berry-picking, or tree-felling, or squirrel-hunting according to his individual taste. About two miles to the east, at the far extremity of the lake, rose majestically from the summit of a bold rocky promontory, the summer residence of the Juniors of Mary Immaculate—our vacation-home.

"Will you come with me to the spring?" I repeated. But again my question fell upon ears that were deaf. Neither of my companions was thirsty—no response, therefore, to my appeal. So out I set alone, to find the spring whose whereabouts I knew only by hearsay. I had advanced but a few yards when I was obliged to stop by a disagreeable fit of nose-bleed. I immediately descended to the shore of the lake to bathe my head in its waters. During this operation my straw-hat fell into the lake and a little gust of wind wasted it beyond my reach. I wet my handkerchief, however, and placed it, turban-like, about my head, while I proceeded on my way in search of the coveted spring. On I went until I had pierced nearly a quarter of a mile into the woods—still no spring. Another quarter of a mile—and yet no spring to be found. Since it was beyond my power to enjoy a draught of cool water, I sat down beneath a spreading beech to enjoy at least the soothing coolness of the pleasant shade. How long I remained there day-dreaming I cannot now say. But suddenly I started up and directed my steps in all haste towards the camp. Over logs and rocks, through brush and bramble—until in my thoughtlessness and haste I had confused directions and had gone the wrong way. Strange objects now confronted me at every step. I altered my