

school. Is it any wonder that he feels the need of a frolic, and that, knowing no other way of letting off steam, he turns to drink and vice, and sticks to them until his money is gone? There are no malevolent intentions in his misbehaviour; he is merely trying to have a good time in the only way that seems open to him.

How many men there are in the camps who, under an apparently careless and happy-go-lucky demeanour, are really broken-hearted over the failure and purposelessness

There are many who know that they are missing much. With some it is merely a vague feeling that there are those who are better off than they, like that of a lumber-jack I used to know, who once remarked to his mate, as they stood near the railway watching an express train go by. "Say, Jim, there's people in them cars that's way up in sassiety." But to others there often comes the keenest shame and sorrow and remorse as they realize more and more, with each passing year and each succeeding spree, that



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

of their lives, no one knows, or ever will know; but there are not a few who realize perfectly that the years are slipping away from them, and are bringing nothing but months of labour followed by a few days of debauchery. There are some, indeed, who have families to whom they take or send their earnings, but there are others, who have families to whom they send nothing, and to whom they are ashamed to go home; while the majority of them have no one to think of but themselves.

their own weakness is putting them beyond all hope of ever enjoying the best that life can give.

And once in a while one finds a man in camp who not only knows what human life—his own life—ought to be and is not, but who has some touch of appreciation of the beauties of nature, and looks up with reverence to One who is above both nature and humanity.

The "drivers" are the men of whose exploits the annals are full. Armed with their spiked shoes and "driving-pike," a long heavy boat-