

camp-fire of this evening signalized the last night prior to their separation—a separation rendered the more painful by memories of the twenty-one days of close and congenial companionship which had preceded it.

The tents of the camp were pitched on the red sandstone cliffs which overlooked the sea at this point. Pine and spruce woods lay behind, where material for fragrant and resilient couches was abundant. At the base of the cliffs, only thirty feet below, was a boulder-strewn beach, a few yards wide at high tide, but a quarter of a mile in width when the ebb was at its lowest. Here we had often disported ourselves in the salt water, or indulged in sun-baths, when sheer laziness deterred us from other pursuits.

But on the afternoon of this final day the boys had not felt inclined to swim, or even to play the usual games in the field beyond the trees. Instead, we had toiled manfully, dragging heavy pieces of driftwood along the beach, or foraging in the woods for suitable bits of brushwood, until we had piled up enough fuel to burn for hours. Now we were gathered around the fire, wrapped in blankets, some stretched out on the sand in the lee of boulders, others perched upon the ledges of the crumbling cliff, the soft sandstone particles of which still adhered to their clothing. We were equipped for a pleasant evening, for was not our camp phonograph there, ready to pour forth the latest march or operatic favorite, as we might desire? Was not George Whittaker, of St. John, there, inimitable in the relation of droll yarns? And Fred McNally, of Moncton, the greatest reader of Drummond's "Habitant" selections in the Province? Moreover, our camp quartette was grouped in a prominent position, ready to run the gamut of its hastily acquired repertoire.

As we sat around, waiting for the noise of the fire to subside sufficiently for our voices to be heard, I am sure that many of us were thinking of Longfellow's "Fire of Driftwood," wherein he describes the various successive moods of those seated around the blaze. Nor was such an association of ideas inapt:

" Oft died the words upon our lips  
As suddenly from out the fire,  
Built of the wrecks of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire."