

us carry the logs if there had been any occasion for it. The specific evidence of this love-loyalty on their part was that they insisted on punching the fire.

The campers in these solitudes are not solitary. In the daytime the trees are trees. Very beautifully and loftily the spires of pine and hemlock rise out of the valley, and the birch and maple overshadow us, but they are only trees. At night, when the torch is applied to the wealth of accumulated fuel, they are trees no longer. They leave their places and come out of the darkness to join our company. They say not a word, and yet not even to man is given such a variety of character and so much of the mystery of the spiritual world. We catch the thought of that white and stately birch—calmness, purity, and dignity. And so of that mighty pine, somber and lofty. This rustling maple is an old friend. We understand him. He is no mystic, no poet. He talks about sweetness, shade, and beauty—familiar topics.

That keen but musical and somewhat plaintive note which sounds so far and clear through the forest is that of the white-throated sparrow. There is a tramping heard in the silence of the night, cause of which is revealed by deer tracks in morning near the tents. A few squirrels themselves to breakfast, one little chap taking his piece of cracker in his right hand. The crossbills and moose-birds soon establish confidential rela-