

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE

woods; the wind had risen to a perfect hurricane, and the short, choppy waves of the bay were lashed to fury.

We looked out of the tent; no boat could possibly live in such water. The sheet lightnings played among the dark forest trees, and the forked arrows of flame seemed to dart into the mountains, making momentary illuminations of peak and chasm, crag and crevice.

A long and terrific scream from the camp below made us shiver as the rain poured in torrents and sprayed through our tent although we had a stout weather sheet stretched above it.

We were all up and dressed, and daddy called, 'Cover up your beds, boys, and come in here or you'll get drenched.'

Charley came out of the darkness from below; he had been to investigate the cause of the scream. It seemed that one of our neighbours had been watching the lightning, as we had, but their tent was pitched under a magnificent maple, which stood out from the forest alone but lovely. We had often envied them its