

of the scene remains until you reach open water. A good day's trip is to 'Lunge lake and back to Bala. The return with the slanting rays of the setting sun lighting the tops of the trees, with the river's quiet pools and little bays acting as mirrors for the perfect reflection of everything on the score line, and with gulls, cranes and owls in view as you glide along, makes you conscious of a restfulness peculiar in its charm, that you wish might be abiding. It cannot long remain. Like all good things, it too, has its end.

It has its end in fact but not in fancy. Memory will retain the scenes of such a trip and permit us to bring them up when winter winds are blowing and when ice and snow hide stream and field. We may see in the grate fire before us the summer blue of the sky; the sun tinted green of the woods; hear the delightful ripple of the winding brooks and the restful songs of the birds. Nature speaks at all times in every season to those who are alive to her charms. Her summer voices to the many are most melodious, but even cold, bleak, December's voice, though often harsh, has in it no discord for those who hear aright.

If all memories ended with our summer vacations what little rest or enjoyment would our outings afford. The good that comes from living over a delightful experience, had in close communion with generous nature, is not to be counted in dollars. How rich, then is one who, having seen, has retained the wondrous pictures to be viewed on every side during a vacation wandering in this matchless region of the Muskoka Lakes.

