

of them disappear also, and old Father Winter himself comes puffing and blowing over the hills, scattering snow before him. The lake freezes, freezes, freezes, until sometimes the ice is three feet in thickness. Where are the black bass now? That is what John Antoine and I would very much like to know. They must be down in the deep water, moving silently about in the gloom.

The snow piles up on the Island in immense banks, half burying the cottage, and there is no evidence of life in the vicinity except the blue streak of smoke ascending from the chimney of John's cabin on the mainland.

It becomes so cold that sometimes it is forty degrees below zero. The earth seems as dead as a boulder. The air cracks and snaps as if in pain. "Br-r-r-r!" blusters old man Winter, "I 'm a devil of a fellow!"

But none of us are frightened by this unfriendly season. We know, just as the little children of Sharbot Lake know, that Nature is only asleep, that along about March she will yawn and stretch, causing the ice on Sharbot Lake to crack and heave; that early in April she will sit up with a satisfied sigh and call the winds about her, telling each to go its ways spreading the news to the birds to come back, because Mother is up and about. Then the Sun