

catches some of that inspiration that must have animated those dusky sons of the forest, and lead them to exclaim, when they first looked down from the wood-crowned hights above upon the long and narrow lake, stretching away to the north, "Memphremagog!"—Beautiful Water!

There is something, too, in this northern air that exhilarates and increases one's love of nature. The heavy, murky atmosphere that is so oppressive in midsummer in the over-heated cities, is unknown here on the banks of Memphremagog. The currents of air that flow over and are cooled on the high mountain elevations, or come up the lake, seem to give one new life, infusing greater animation. The sunsets, too, are peculiarly beautiful. The blue sky seems almost transparent, while the golden tinge that is shed over land and water, gives the face of nature a charm and a coloring that sets the painter's art at defiance. It touches and quickens the inner nature of man, and he