

ing on a moonlight night accompanied by sweet music? On one of our trips we visited McNally's Island. This Island is situated three or four miles further up the river than Appletree wharf, and is about two and a half acres in area. It is a favorite camping ground and contains Cornita cottage which is fitted up in excellent camping style.

One of our tents was situated only about five yards from the old French fort. There was the ditch and mound and one of the farmers informed us that he had picked up a number of bullets on the seashore just below the mound. We obtained our water from a spring not far distant, and real good water it was. While on the way to or from the spring or during our walks we would often stop to look for spruce gum which was quite plentiful. Perhaps in this particular we gave the laws of etiquette a pretty good shaking but—we were camping. Reading was also extensively engaged in, and a prodigious amount of eating and sleeping was done. Eat! yes, some of the number would eat until the chairs on which they sat would creak on account of the load they carried.

One law only was enacted: everybody was to be called by their front name, and our chaperon, "mother." Anyone violating this law, was required to purchase one quart of milk for the general use of the camp. Needless to say the law was frequently broken, so that we had abundance of milk. In the pleasant pastimes which have been mentioned and by many other ways which would take too much space to detail, the time passed all too quickly away. Day and night followed each other in such quick succession that scarcely did we take count of the time and we were all greatly surprised when Tuesday evening came, for we knew that we must return to the city on the morrow.

The next morning we were early astir. It was a beautiful morning and as the glorious rays of the rising sun fell aslant on the meadows still wet with dew, it caused them to