

ripple that stole shoreward from our canoe touched, as with a fairy's wand, all this slumbering loveliness, and made it move and live. Our spirits were soaring far on the wings of fancy, when suddenly we were recalled to earth with a thud by a low, tense ejaculation from the lad with the trolling line, "I've got a bite!"

And now we came in sight of a rocky cliff known as Skull Point, where, my companion informed me, a battle had been fought in the far-off days when the red man frequented these rocky shores. Nowadays the cliff had received its name from the grim memorials of that encounter that were to be dug up along the shore. Who can tell what tragedies were enacted there, where the life or death of a nation hung in the balance? And yet now the passing traveller merely turns his inquisitive glance upon the spot with a momentary interest, and then dismisses it from his thoughts. Somewhere, though, on the eternal record, these tragedies are chronicled, and there the glory is given, not to the man who conquered, but to the man who did his duty, "as a man is bound to do." And though our lives, with their battle-grounds, should not be remembered by our successors even for a day, there is a record under the eye of God, and we may rest assured that He will never forget or overlook the hard-fought field where we did our duty, even though our hearts bled, and the marks of conflict were left upon our brow.

A Camp Fire

E. H. L., '08.

ON a summer night in '05, a group of fellows lay upon the red sands which line the Bay of Fundy, two miles from the village of St. Martins. A huge fire, kindled earlier in the evening, was just settling down into the redness succeeding the roaring and crackling of its first stages. Long red gleams shot out across the gently heaving surface of the sea, breaking and shifting as the waves moved.

Three weeks previously, eighty boys, all from New Brunswick towns, had gathered there in a camp on the sea-shore. The