

tructed my view. At my feet the tranquil surface of a lake reflected the afternoon sun. Straight ahead I could trace leading from the lake, a small stream winding its circuitous course through the hills and disappearing in the far distance. I debated for some time with myself whether I should not follow the course of the stream before me. It would bring me to the Ottawa River which to any mind was not more than seven or eight miles distant or to the settled country. By means of a boat the undertaking might be easily accomplished. But I had none. I even entertained the project of constructing a raft-- but where were my tools? In the end I decided to proceed as I had hitherto done, that is, by keeping to the hill-tops but with the stream always in sight. Soon I was surprised by the sight of a bridge spanning the rivulet. This bridge was the first sign of civilization that had appeared on my weary way and consequently, I hailed it with feelings of pleasure and hope, although the thing was a rotten structure covered with the moss of years gone by. Across the bridge another mountain loomed up before me. To climb its steep sides and reach its lofty summit, taxed my failing strength to the utmost. The task at length accomplished, I sat down on a huge rock to contemplate the miseries of my desperate situation. While thus occupied I chanced to observe a well-worn path but whether traced by the frequent steps of man or beast I could not tell. After a time, however, I concluded it had been trodden out by human feet since it led along logs and fallen trees where a deer or other beast could not keep its feet, but where a man could save himself the inconvenience of tramping through the tangled weeds and bushes. The circumstance that the path led along logs, sometimes much raised from the ground, rendered it easier to walk along but more difficult for a stranger in that vicinity to follow the right track. Here three or four logs led off in different directions and I did not know which one to take. Sometimes I chose the wrong one, and, losing all trace of the path, was compelled to return. But you may be sure I took good care not to lose a path that would lead me to a human habitation. Perseverence, they say, is generally rewarded. So it happened with me. I came at last to some railway-car wheels. "At last," cried I in my delight,