

it had worn by the bright, clear light of the moon. No trace of their footsteps remained to guide them in retracing their path; so hard and dry was the stony ground that it left no impression on its surface. It was with some difficulty they found the creek, which was concealed from sight by a lofty screen of gigantic hawthorns, high-bush cranberries, poplars, and birch trees. The hawthorn was in blossom, and gave out a sweet perfume, not less fragrant than the "May," which makes the lanes and hedgerows of "merrie old England" so sweet and fair in May and June.

At length their path began to grow more difficult. A tangled mass of cedars, balsams, birch, black ash, alders, and *tamarack* (Indian name for the larch), with a dense thicket of bushes and shrubs, such as love the cool, damp soil of marshy ground, warned our travellers that they must quit the banks of the friendly stream, or they might become entangled in a trackless swamp. Having taken copious and refreshing draughts from the bright waters, and bathed their hands and faces, they ascended the grassy bank, and, again descending, found themselves in one of those long valleys, enclosed between lofty sloping banks, clothed with shrubs and oaks, with here and there a stately pine. Through this second valley they pursued their way, till, emerging into a wider space, they came among those singularly picturesque groups of rounded gravel-hills, where the Cold Creek once more met their view, winding its way towards a grove of evergreens, where it was again lost to the eye.