

fire to us of the twentieth century, was the simple way of announcing the Harvest of the Great Reaper in the early pioneer days of Canada. Great masses of driftwood are collected, dry branches of sapin and cedar crackle and flare, throwing out fiery sparks and the pent-up sweetness of the forest. Girls and boys in many coloured sweaters toast succulent marsh-mallows, stuck on long pronged sticks, in the glowing embers, while college songs and rag-time snatches rip the air.

The moon comes out—modestly drawing her cloudy skirts aside till she is revealed in perfect beauty and her pathway a strip of silver from shore to shore. The fire burns low, the last marsh-mallow is eaten, the last song sung. The few dark figures bending over the dying fire and smothering it with sand are silhouetted against the sky and gradually fade away into the blackness of the woodland path, where ghostly silver birches point white fingers heavenwards, and where it would not be strange if slender feet slipped, and strong arms were outstretched, and heart leaped out to heart in the great mystery of love.

“God made the night, and marv’ling how
That she might be most ravishingly fair,
He orb’d the moon upon her beauteous brow
And mesh’d a myriad stars within her hair.”