

that length 1,000 feet. The water was very high and the stream running like a race-horse. Our canoe shot over boulders and turned the many windings of the river with a speed that was exhilarating to the highest degree. I shall never never forget the joy of that first afternoon on the Serpentine, the delight of riding full speed on the back of a rapid torrent, racing past little islands covered with *Osmundas* (*O. regalis* and *O. claytoniana*), the tumultuous waters rioting among the fronds, whose dainty green contrasted with the darker shades of alder and viburnums on the banks. Virgin's Bower twined gracefully in festoons over shrubs, with Meadow Rue and Joe-Pye Weed bending their tall stems over the waters, while on the near hill-



sides beyond were the darker evergreens. It was difficult to take in the full beauty of the scene, as each turn of the river brought fresh pictures constantly into view. The delights of days like that, with a little spice of danger thrown in, linger in the memory for a lifetime. I have often since found myself careering in imagination over that wild and capricious little river, involuntarily ducking my head to escape an overhanging branch, or shying to avoid some dangerous boulder as we swept by; and then as we came into more quiet stretches of the river, resting on our paddles and taking in these scenes of wildness and beauty.

I can only briefly refer to two side trips that we made while descending the Tobique,—one to Sisson gorge, six miles from the forks of the Tobique, and the other to Bald Head mountain, a picture of