portion of territory. The hut has a great clay hearth in the middle of a floor of rough boards, over which is a large hole in the roof, with a few boards depending from its sides to guide the smoke. The rest of the evening is spent in putting the house in order, supping, and sitting round the fire—imbibing what woodcraft we can from our practical teachers.

The women are up betimes in the morning, and when breakfast is ready they call their lords and ourselves, and wait upon us, taking their own meal when we are gone. Breakfast over, we prepare for business, and sally forth.

As we follow the Indian who undertakes our forest education, we cannot but notice how beautifully the country is adapted for the king of Canadian sport—"still hunting" the common deer. The height and steepness of the hills, the sparseness of the timber over much of the ground, and the occasional stretches of almost bare rock, afford facilities for seeing the game, the want of which is much felt in more level and densely-wooded ground. As we proceed, we notice our guide's way of going along. His gait, which at first looked like an easy saunter, we now find quite fast enough, considering the ground. Sticks seem not to crack under his moccasins, nor dry leaves to rustle. Nothing gives any sound as he touches it. Though his eyes are examining the ground on all sides, and taking pretty wide sweeps of the country, he never kicks his toes, as we do, against twisted roots, and rocks, and fallen trees. His movements are those of a ghost. Presently, he stops and looks round, with a quiet smile, pointing to the ground; and even our unpractised eye can see that the dry leaves are cut by the sharp hoof, and newly turned over. With hearts beating like ours, it is hard to slacken our pace, and tread gingerly among dry branches, loose pieces of rock, and old leaves. But we restrain ourselves manfully. The Indian, from his intimate acquaintance with his domain, and the appearance of the tracks, makes a very shrewd guess at the whereabouts of our prey. All goes well until, brushing past a fallen trunk, crack goes a small dead branch. The Indian stops and listens. He hears what we do not—the sudden start of the deer, half a mile away. There is nothing for it but to try again, and be more careful. Under our friend's unerring guidance, we soon strike the track again, but his knowledge of the country renders it unnecessary to follow it continually. We strike it again and again, until the increased caution of our Indian's movements tells us that our game is near. He points to a plant, whose long stalks are in the act of rising from the ground, having been trodden down a few moments ago. With extreme caution, he advances to a mass of rock before us, looks carefully round the side of it, and motions us to follow. There, sure enough, is the noble creature; his head raised and turned towards us, his eyes gleaming as if with pride in his power and instinct of self-preservation; but his tail jerking nervously from side to side. We must control our admiration of his beauty, and our own beating hearts, or he will not be ours! An upward jerk of his tail is instantly followed by the crack of the Indian's gun, and away, with a convulsive leap, goes the deer, but with head and tail drooping. We follow with all speed, and the great splashes of frothy blood soon guide us to our prey.

This is our first experience in "still hunting"—a sport with which no other way of killing deer can compare. After a few days' practice, we begin to improve in our way of walking the woods. Our eyes grow sharper in observing "sign." We acquire many "wrinkles," which it would take too long to describe. We can trust ourselves alone in the wilderness for a certain distance, for hereabouts there are plenty of striking natural peculiarities to show us where our lake lies. Before returning to the world, though we have lost many deer without even knowing they were near us, we have actually "still hunted" a few ourselves, and got over the "buck-ague," which so much interfered with our first