

sa from the nearest tree; the rabbits in the shadows of the fire squeaking good-night; the humming birds, those gems of light and air, poised motionless within your reach upon invisible wings darting quicker than the eye can follow from one invisible perch to another; the silver fishes breaking the surface of the water, finer and more responsive than any mirror, and reflecting the colors of the rainbow and the sunset.

I found settlers, a mile back from the water, as it grew dusk, and barely escaped being eaten up alive by the dogs, and with one of their number for a guide, Wattle by name, set out for Avery's. The night was dark, and for some hours we wandered, lost in the forest, Peter bringing up the rear like a gnome of the wood, offering no suggestions and making no complaints. When the moon rose we found a shanty in a little clearing, Avery's, and went in to pass the night. We had black bread and sour milk for supper, which we eat in darkness illumined only by the light of the fire. They used kerosene lamps, but were "out of oil." One blanket for us three was not enough. The woman protested that she didn't care. Complaints arose on all sides, in every key in the gamut; for lying about us on the floor or stowed in corners at the other end of the room which the dim light had failed to penetrate, or somewhere overhead, were the nine children. I counted twenty-nine flea bites the next morning on my left arm, from wrist to elbow, and got some idea of the number on my whole body; and Wattle might, I dare say, have found as many. They never touched Peter.

A new canoe was to be built, and brought to us within three days, and exchanged for ours, for nine dollars, one apiece for the children; and Peter selected from several rolls of bark the best for the purpose, being a canoe builder himself in intervals of hunting. Pond lily roots, as big round as a man's arm, are dug up from the bottom, and split into strings, and the other materials are gathered and laid away at the proper season, and put together by the aid of experience and a jack knife, if the dusky builder happen to have one. No iron enters into its construction. Its weight, when new, and free from sand, is practically nothing; and it is just the thing to hunt in. Paddling up the shore we came to Marsh's, to breakfast, upon the lake side. No misery here! Every one of his four children was dressed in some bright color, with face and hands unspotted as a rose leaf, and hair neat as a pin. He had been "rail-roading at the front," (a conductor on a train running out of Toronto,) and was only here for a few days, till the new house at Baysville could be got ready. The table was small, the butter smaller; and the ladies waited. Framed in the window shone the the matchless lake, with a perfect little island for the centre of the picture, round as a dot, and clothed with pines all glittering in the morning sun. I happened to say that perhaps Avery lived so far back from the water on account of having so many children.

"We have lost one," they answered, "four years old."

"He fell off a log as he was fishing," said Marsh.

"Fishing?" I exclaimed; "and only four years old?"

"We think that he was trying," put in the mother, "to reach the fishes in the water." Poor little Hopel!

As the Lake of bays is far the most beautiful that in all my wanderings in the wilderness I ever beheld, I cannot leave it without a vain attempt to bring it before the readers. It looks, on the map, like a green lobster which has been peppered by a mitrailleuse. Sixteen miles in length, the circuit of its shores at least two hundred. A hundred bluffs, pine clad, ascend on every side out of the water. A hundred bays, stretching miles deep into the forest, give it its name. A hundred rocky points divide the shallows. Twin bluffs in front, some four miles distant are matched against the sky, sleek and unshorn, in mutual defiance, two monsters, measuring each others strength, "The Narrows."

As you approach they imperceptibly glide apart, revealing an ever widening prospect of shores and islands. You are unconscious of your own motion. A point slides backwards with a gleam of sparkling granite; the water flashes on both sides of it; and, from behind, a giant headland is pushed forward upon your vision—all like the scenes in a theatre, forming at every moment with more than kaleidoscopic effect, new combinations, all doubled by reflections in the water. The cedars nestle among the pines upon the shores. The pines with plummy undulations adorn the hilltops. And see on every side the foliage turned red with fire! An engineer had been there before us, and his broad white line, as straight as rule could make it, showed upon a rock,



PETER WITH THE CANOE, "CARRYING."

eight or ten inches above the surface.

"The stuff," said Peter, "from the trees, floating on the water, made that line, in May or June."

Great heart of Nature! You feel not its pulse; but what sweet sympathy sends a throb and thrill through every vein? How many aches and ills here find a cure! How many ghosts, here in the tranquil wave, are laid forever? Was Adam driven from a garden? and was his paradise more beautiful than this? The

