



He was one of those simple, grand primitive Christians, who have somehow picked out the marrow of religion, and left the bone—theology—for the dogs to gnaw and quarrel over.—Charles Reade.

It was a somewhat rough-and-ready kind of camp that we three hunters occupied one summer, half a dozen years ago, among the densely-wooded foothills on the western slope of the Rockies. Yet we found it not only comfortable but positively luxurious. It consisted of a "lean-to," formed of saplings, with one end on the ground and the other resting on what might be termed a ridge-pole, supported by the forks of two trees standing about ten feet apart. It was thatched with overlapping layers of the flat, feathery foliage of long, small branches of hemlock, and was perfectly impervious to rain—the only amenity of the glorious summer climate of the Slope that had to be guarded against. Beneath was spread a thick mattress, formed of the same material as the thatch, namely, the long, flat, feathery fronds of the hemlock, carefully disposed in overlapping layers so as to afford the maximum of softness and elasticity.

In front of our "shieling" burned a great camp fire of logs, at which we did our cooking, and around which it was very delightful to sit, or lie, when supper had been disposed of and the shades of the evening had fallen, to recount the adventures of the day or call up memories of former scenes of sport and adventure.

A few yards from the camp fire the ground sloped abruptly to the side of a brawling mountain stream, from whose boulder-strewn bed rose the inarticulate music of "many waters," and in whose eddies and swirls lurked splendid specimens of the mountain trout—game fellows who afforded us the finest kind of sport, and, when broiled over the hot embers from the camp fire, furnished a dish which Epicurus might envy but would find it hard to match.

Around and over us, rose and spread the giant pines, hemlocks and Douglas firs, which are nowhere found in such splendid perfection as on the slope of the Rockies, in British Columbia, and, when we lay down on our couch of aromatic hemlock plumes, the sound of the breeze through the tree tops seemed playing our lullaby as on an Aeolian harp of vast proportions and compass, to the accompaniment of the crooning music of the stream below.

We three occupants of the shieling were about as unlike each other, in most respects, as any trio could well be; our normal modes of life, our professions, and even our ways of thought, being decidedly distinct and even divergent.

Melville—front name 'Ned'—was a budding theologian of Knox College, Toronto, a capital fellow, with only one fault to mar his merits as a companion in the woods. He would talk 'shop'—the 'shop' of his college, I mean. In season and out of season, he would start in to give us a dissertation