

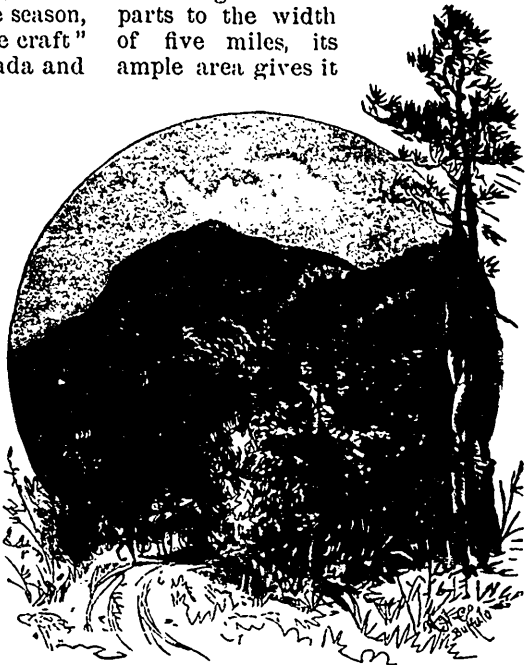
people would be. How narrow their horizon, how merely animal their lives.

The Restigouche is one of the great salmon streams of the world, and is a popular resort, during the season, of the devotees of the "gentle craft" from the chief cities of Canada and the United States. One never knows the true taste of salmon till he eats it fresh from the sea in these tide waters.

Before one departs from Campbellton he should, if possible, climb Sugar-loaf Mountain, eight hundred feet high, which seems attractively near. The path is very steep and rugged, but the view from the summit well repays the effort. One can trace the windings of the Restigouche up and down among the hills for many miles. Here I saw the splendid spectacle of the approach of a thunderstorm across the valley. The sun was shining brilliantly everywhere except in the track of the storm. It was grand to watch its approach, but when it wrapped one in its wet and cold embrace, it rather threw a damper over the fun. The trees were soon dripping—and so was I. I got down rather demoralized as to my clothes, but having laid up a memory of delight as an abiding possession.

Lake Metapedia, the fountain-head of the river which bears the same name, is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals

to the imaginative mind, but this enshrined among the mountains must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it



SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, while shores luxuriant with Nature's bounty make a fitting frame to so fair a picture. He who has told us of Loch Katrine could sing of this lake that

"In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the lovelier light;  
And mountains that like giants stand  
To sentinel enchanted land."

A SACRED burden is this life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—Frances Anne Kemble.