

fields sloping gradually down to the waters edge; in others the high red sandstone banks capped with forest green and reflected in the blue waters below, made scenes strikingly grand; and were sufficient to cause one to exclaim: "How glorious is Nature." Red Point wharf, the scene of so many picnics was passed on our right and shortly afterwards we reached our destination—Appletree wharf. Some of us hoped to enjoy the fruits of the appletree in a pie during our stay; but the apples not being of an early species were rather green and our good chaperon forbade us tasting them, saying that "green apples are very apt to keep children awake at nights." But we must to work, for there was every appearance of rain.

As the tents were to be situated some two or three hundred yards from the wharf, we ran our boat as near to the shore as possible, took off our boots and stockings, (that is the male portion of the crew did, our ladies having disembarked at the wharf) and proceeded to carry the baggage ashore. Was it fun? Well rather, especially if you stepped on a sharp stone or shell when you were carrying the end of a two hundred pound trunk. However, after about forty like experiences, some worse, some better, the baggage was all piled on shore. But then a greater difficulty presented itself. The bank was about twenty feet high and consisted of a light sand that would not afford a footing. The trunks were at the bottom but they should be at the top. A bright idea however occurred to me. A rope was used to bind one of the trunks. This was quickly taken off, and while one of the party remained below to fasten on the articles, the others went above to hoist them up, the ladies bravely lending their able assistance.

The tents were soon erected, one of our number being quite an expert at this work, and everything was under cover before the descent of the watery elements. Then followed unpacking and the getting of dinner, which was