

## ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

ting log and vaults clean over the fire.

Incited thereto, perhaps, by the horror and wonder of the feminine onlookers, a second agile guide repeats the feat. He in turn is followed by another daring companion; then another, and another, until the ring is complete and a circle of guides revolves through the flames.

A game of leap frog follows; and, in its execution, the merry-makers frolic around the dangerous centre with the unconcern of dancers on the cool sward.

But a request for a song induces a quieter mood, and the guides join the group seated round the fire.

The first response is from a soloist, and the selection, one which has been sung and en-cored many a time during this happy holiday.

In tones of melting tenderness and pathos and with gestures indicative of great sentiment and emotion, the virtuoso proceeds. So plaintive, so touching is his rendering, that one almost loses sight of his very practical theme which is simply an iteration and reiteration of the statement that cabbage soup is made in the soup kettle.

And now a story, a story, is the request