

her charms in one moment, she turned and came fairly toward us, gleaming, sparkling, full of life and buoyancy. In the next instant she had rushed past and was losing herself in the recesses of the forest.

I was interrupted in my moralizing on this incident, by the sight of a piece of woodland almost literally covered with stones, ranging from those the size of a turkey's egg to great boulders that might have been the missiles of the gods in their warfare. Brown stones, grey stones, blue stones, white stones, stones of all colors and all combinations of color that could be imagined—here they were, just as they have been for immemorial ages. But the next field presented a marked contrast. It had no fewer stones than its neighbor, but they were arranged in neat piles here and there over the field, and meadow grass was showing dark and rich over the cleared places. Faithful the toil, faithful the toilers, that had accomplished such work. But not yet was I through with stones, for on a near-by hill I saw another cluster, shining white marble or polished red granite, which marked the last resting-places of the pioneers whose work I had been observing. But why call such the monuments of the dead? Are not those great heaps of stone, gathered from the once cumbered ground, and those smooth, smiling fields, far truer monuments of those who worked and suffered and died? Noble men, these! Men who did not grudge their lives to the welfare of their children, but so lived as to make a happier, richer, deeper life possible to those who should come after. Oh, to be a pioneer! To remove the rocks and boulders from the way of one's brother man! To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose! This is a monument more enduring than marble slab or granite tomb.

## II.—AMONG "THE TALL TIMBERS."

We launched our canoe amidst the thousands of logs that were awaiting their fate at the mill, found the lowest log of the boom and slipped away from the world of activity. Rounding a point, we faced the "long glance," a straight stretch of a mile or more of \*brown water silently but strongly opposing our progress.

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\* It is a fact that the water in the rivers of this region is of a clear brown color.