

except the noise of my own quick breathing. Thinking myself the victim of some horrid nightmare, I lay down again. Once more I heard that cry—a long, lonely, mournful cry, like the prolonged scream of a child in pain. This time it was a reality. I was quite afraid. But no sooner did the last echo die away among the hills than my fears were banished. It was not the cry of a drowning man but the wierd, piercing scream of a loon that disturbed me. With this comforting reflection, I resumed my couch and slept in defiance of both the cold and the mosquitoes. From troubled dreams, I shortly awoke to find myself shivering and my teeth chattering unpleasantly. Scarcely knowing what I was about, but that I must do something to make myself warm, I rose up and continued my journey until I lay down for the third time, covering myself over as before.

The rising sun was just reddening the eastern horizon when I opened my eyes to view my surroundings for the first time since the preceding evening—hills and mountains on all sides as far as as eye could see, a dreary prospect indeed. What a relief if there were only a human habitation or a cultivated field to break the monotony. Still it was a pleasure that day had come at last. My limbs were so exceedingly stiff and sore from the previous day's exertions, that for five minutes I could scarcely move. A little exertion, however, enabled me to reach a neighboring lake, where I washed my hands and face. For my breakfast I ate a small crust of bread I happened to have in my pocket. A few bramble berries furnished dessert for my simple repast. The sun had pointed out the east and I now discovered a means by which I could tell the direction with certainty at any time of day. I noticed that the moss grew thickly on the north side of trees in the swamp, as a protection against the cold north wind. This discovery gave me confidence in my movements. I promptly turned my back to the rising sun, thinking that by going west I would sooner find out a road to our summer-house. All morning I travelled over a level piece of country densely wooded. I emerged from this bush upon a ridge of rocks wholly devoid of vegetation. Before me stretched an undulating woodland, with here and there amidst the leafy green a small lake or