

over the rocky, uneven and trying path, at their own time and pace.

About one o'clock, a glimpse of the water, through the trees, shewed us that our journey was near its end, and, in a few minutes afterwards, we reached a clearing, and observed several wooden buildings ; but only two of them were used as dwelling-houses—one by a man named Mc Ceaughry, and the other by his son-in-law. The farmers were not at home, but Mrs. Mc Ceaughry, with true backwoods hospitality, soon laid before us excellent pancakes, eggs, butter and capital tea, on which welcome combination we feasted sumptuously.

Lake Etchemin is, without exception, the wildest and most solitary sheet of water I have ever seen. It is about four miles in length, with a variable breadth, averaging, perhaps, something over five hundred yards, which is pretty nearly the distance across at the continuation of the boundary-lines of Ware and Cranbourne. So far as our observation extends, it seems to possess gently sloping shores, which are almost entirely wooded. The dense spruce forest creeps down to the edge of the water, and the lower branches of the outward trees spread over its surface to the distance of several feet, all but dipping themselves into the cool, pure element, which reflects back their loveliness with the distinctness of a brilliant mirror. Denuded of these dark and beautiful woods, perhaps there would be nothing very striking in the appearance of Lake Etchemin, but rich in such an exquisite setting of nature's own sweet handiwork, it is perfectly charming—and none the less so in my eyes, that it is lonely and silent as the grave.