

and the gentle whispering of snow-flakes upon my canvas roof told me the reason for their journeying thus through the darkness. Now at gray dawn—it is really a late rising—when I thrust out my head turtle-wise through the tent-flap to see the new day in its white dress, it is to note instantly that in the night I have had other and lowlier visitors. The little hare that left me when the shrubbery behind my wood-pile became naked, now has returned under cover of night to renew tacit acquaintance. His patterned tracks are at the very door. Though I have a misgiving that he came to interview the tuft of sheaf-oats left by a recent visitor who drove a horse, I like to think that my hare came on this chill night to see me, and that he is the selfsame bunny that

once in a kindlier season as I lay abed priming myself with the dawn chorus of a June morning, came into my tent and sniffed about and wiggled his little nose inquisitively at me. Another visitor has been near too; about the chopping-log are little pads in twos and twos where a long-tailed weasel has been at his hunting.

Down at the landing there are other tracks. Close at the water's edge—though now beneath the sheet of snow, the distinction between sand-rim and ice is lost—are the twin foot-pads of a mink where he skipped along the shore. Farther up at the edge of the grass are many more tracks, broad, webbed, three-toed: a goose has been wandering there. Only one story can be built about such evidence: a shot-wounded unfortunate



A snow goose left behind to face the winter