

Their name is legion, and this accounts for the remarkable placidity of the waters. During the afternoon, we had a perfect calm, scarcely a ripple was observable. As we peered over the sides of our staunch craft a beautiful sight met our gaze, a forest upside down. Indeed, so perfect is the reflection in the water of the foliage and trees overhanging the banks of the river that it were difficult to distinguish the real from the unreal, the likeness from the original, or rather to tell where the one ends and the other begins. But at length after turning in and out among the tortuosities of this fantastic little river, we are landed safe at Bracebridge. The stage meets us. We are *en route* to Dwight, via Baysville. All aboard! and we are immediately seated in a capacious stage drawn by stout horses, driven by a stout driver, all strong and adapted for the country through which we pass. Now through a verdant vale, up a steep hill, down a decline, rough and tumble, topsy turvey. Our driver Joe manipulated the ribbons with a dexterity acquired only through practice. He was evidently as much accustomed to being bored by travellers, as he was to the uncertain undulations of the waggon, for he said little, held his briar well, and smoked like a Turk in Oriental calm. A weakness for the Myrtle Navy or the *big ten cent cut plug* seemed Joe's prevailing characteristic.

But here we are at Baysville, an admirable site for a village, but it is yet a hamlet. A boat will leave in the morning for Dwight, fast becoming known as a summer resort. It boasts a summer hotel and magnificent surroundings. It is too, the headquarters of the Dwight and Wiman Sporting Club. In the meantime we accepted our host's invitation for the night and had a calm and untroubled sleep. The morning broke, but not prosperously—

"The dismal fog from out the misty clouds,
Poured down in drops of rain."

The rain did not fall in torrents but came and went in fitful drizzles. At length though, Old Sol, nature's electric light, broke the monotony, and lighted up the gloom. Our little steamer, the Marie Louise, bravely plows the Lake of Bays. The landscape is beautiful. At times perpendicular masses of rock rise from the water's edge to a great height clothed with luxuriant foliage to the very summit. At other places beaches of white sand extend for long distances affording delightful bathing places. We are cordially received at Dwight and immediately begin recreation. During a stay of three weeks we were engaged in exploring the country, fishing for trout, and to garnish these innocent amusements we had an opportunity of a deer hunt.

"Now happy fisherman, now, twitch the line,
Now the line tauts, behold the prize is thine!"

These lines occurred to us as we captured several beautiful specimens of trout with which these waters abound. I shall not detail you our hunt; ours was the proverbial luck, no blood shed. This was not our fault, but may be accredited to circumstances or else to the dilatory move-

ment of our dogs. For a fact it is, had they been on hand at a certain critical moment our canoes would have been laden with venison. But I shall never forget the experience. We had crossed three small lakes, portaging some three miles between them. It was a beautiful morning and quite early. The sun had just risen, and the fog which covered the lake was by this time rising slowly, the still waters revealing in their transparent depths the lovely tints of the opposite shores and the various aspects of the sky. Everything seemed to be *en rapport* with the harmonies of nature. The barking of the hounds was a "concord of sweet sounds." They had been away an hour when we espied a deer across the lake, a fine buck with splendid antlers. My guide, a clever fellow, perfectly familiar with these northern waters, and whom I may call my guardian too, commenced paddling across, gently, quietly yet swiftly. Within three hundred yards we were unheard and unseen. Oh, if we had only a rifle! The buck stood exposed broadside at the water's edge. We were still paddling. I had covered him with my gun, awaiting the word "fire" from my guide, when the deer, his red side glistening in the sun, having drunk his fill, leisurely surveyed his surroundings and disappeared in the thicket. Our companion who had watched the other end of the lake, paddled up at this moment and told us he had seen a doe and a fawn but could not get near them. This was the critical moment of which I spoke. Had our dogs been now on hand they would soon have driven the whole of them into the lake and we should have nothing to do but *slay*. As it was, the dogs were *non est* and our game escaped. But I felt amply rewarded, I had seen beautiful sights. The crack of the rifle and the deep bay of the hounds, sounds with which I afterwards became more familiar still ring in my ears. Many a tradition and reminiscence of the hunt I heard which I shall not soon forget.

Our excursion among the neighboring lakes that morning would have rewarded a mouth of toil. Such pretty little lakes nestling in the bosom of the great backwoods, resonant with breezy music wafted from sylvan woods dotted with wild fowl and hiding myriad fishes in their wondrous depths. It was indeed pleasant to glide over these glassy waters in a canoe, these rippling glistening waters, the fog fast disappearing, every sound producing an echo. The woods, too, are lovely in their emerald colors; the road carpeted with crimson; the atmosphere balmy and odorous of pine and balsam. And thus the time passes, the sportsman revelling in the chase—the settler, I speak of the poorer classes now, busy at his clearance, cultivating his small farm, raising his Muskoka potatoes, laying in his stock of venison, food for the winter. His wants are few and simple; his life is uneventful. With what warmth he welcomes the missionary on his occasional visit! This is an item of interest to the settler and his family, and affords a pleasing lull in the monotonous routine of his life. I say the visit of the missionary affords a pleasing lull, for the settler has his ups