

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

A
a generous cord is represented), flanked and surmounted by a heterogeneous mass of forest refuse, glows and roars and sends forth myriads of sparks, and yields a fragrance in which the aroma of the green wood and the curling, sputtering birch bark, blends with the perfume of snapping resin-charged boughs—spruce, tamarack and balsam fir—and the sweet faint odor of moist earth and leaf-mould.

In the light of this beautiful holocaust, the neighboring forests stand out illumined and friendly. But sterner, darker, more mysterious and more threatening than ever, become by contrast the remoter wilds.

With faces turned toward the raging fire, and with wraps so disposed as to shield us from the chilly forests which lie behind and on either side of us, we watch the varying phases of the Rembrandt picture.

The guides flit in and out, in search of fuel for the hungry flames. But, in the midst of the activity, a fun-loving boatman halts and carefully examines the glowing pile's dimensions. Next, with a daring that makes us shudder, and an agility that fills us with amazement, he steps on the end of an outjut-