

I trust that my honest recital of the facts will persuade those of my readers who do *not* know me that the charge was undeserved. To those of them who *do* know me I am certain that it is *useless* to say anything.

[*Note by the Professor.* I think that my friend, the Author, means "needless," but, well as I know him, I feel a delicacy about making a change in the text where it is so personal to himself.]

Towards the end of our day's journey we had a good deal of walking to do, but we all enjoyed the change from the planches, especially at a certain down-hill part of the road, where some of the legs of the party took a holiday, and ran. When we reached the camp, it looked as picturesque as well might be : in the foreground, a stretch of green, and in the distance the white tents against a fringe of trees.

Fishing was proposed, and off we went to Point Gerome Lake. The party was a gay one, as we ranged ourselves on the bank ; some to fish, and some (lying lazily the while, their heads in the shade of the bushes, their legs in the light of the sun) to help the fishers, by caustic references and cutting smiles. We had our first "pool" on this occasion (our pools were for 5 cents) which Sam Blake won with 5, as 95 fish were caught, a large number of them being the result of Mr. Cassels' good handiwork.

I would have liked to introduce here a word or two on the evils of pools and other forms of gambling ; but I feel that the knowledge of my friends that I was a participator in this particular pool disqualifies me for the occasion in some degree. I am therefore robbed of this opportunity for good.

I may have occasion to refer to the subject of fishing from time to time, but, here, let me say that I am not an adept with the rod, and, by consequence, may "scamp" certain portions of this attempted picture of our camp life which, to the fisherman, are those which should have the best (if there can be a "best," where none is good) work put into them.

As to the catch this first day, it was not considered a very great one, for, though the fish were many in number for the time occupied in the killing, the slaughtered were not giants.

It did not need the introduction of "Mr. Kilmarnock" that evening to make the camp fire jollity itself, and the worthy gentleman's stay was very