

best to remember the music of his tribe, but how can he? How can he sing the songs of Teneriffe in a strange land? What, indeed, are his best efforts to the mellifluous ring of the thrush in our own woods? Your love at a summer resort is sweet—there is no denying it; but you are not to her what you would be in a ramble with her alone in a solitary wilderness. It is as chivalrous as the circumstances will permit to pick up her purposely dropped glove; but what is that to gathering her in your arms, and wading the swirling rapids or the treacherous swamp, letting her rest timidly yet securely upon your stalwart manhood, endurance, and courage.

There is an impalpable, invisible, softly stepping delight in the camp-fire which escapes analysis. Enumerate all its charms, and still there is something not in your catalogue. There are paths of light which it cuts through the darkness; there are elfish forms winking and twisting their faces in the glowing ash-veiled embers; there are black dragons' heads with red eyes, and jaws grinning to show their fiery teeth; the pines whisper to the silence; the sentinel trees seem to advance and retire; you may hear the distant scream of the wolf, or the trumpet of the moose, or the note of a solitary night bird, or the more familiar note of the loon. All these surround and conceal some other delight, as the body veils while it reveals the soul.

Our birth is a sleep and a forgetting, and yet a remembering. It is the memory of the wide, wide