

of that dear mother's arms whom she now pined for with a painful yearning of the heart that might well be called home-sickness. But in spite of anxious wishes, the little party were compelled to halt for the night some few miles above the lake. There is on the eastern bank of the Otonabee a pretty, rounded knoll, clothed with wild cherries, hawthorns, and pine-trees, just where a creek half hidden by alder and cranberry bushes works its way below the shoulder of the little eminence. This creek grows broader and becomes a little stream, through which the hunters sometimes paddle their canoes, as a short cut to the lower part of the lake near Crook's Rapids.

To this creek old Jacob steered his little craft, and bidding the girls collect a few dry sticks and branches for an evening fire on the sheltered side of the little bank, he soon lighted the pile into a cheerful blaze by the aid of birch bark, the hunter's tinder—a sort of fungus that is found in the rotten oak and maple trees—and a knife and flint. He then lifted the canoe, and having raised it on its side, by means of two small stakes which he cut from a bush hard by, he spread down his buffalo robe on the dry grass.

"There is a tent fit for a queen to sleep under, *mes chères filles*," he said, eying his arrangements for their night shelter with great satisfaction.

He baited his line, and in a few minutes had a dish of splendid bass ready for the fire. Catharine selected a large flat block of limestone on which the