

had somewhat unfitted him for his natural existence. The moon might shimmer on the lake; the darkness might hem us in like a garment; the lazy logs might tumble off the fire, giving utterance to sleepy expletives in sparks; his comrades even might raise to heaven their monotone of slumbering joy; but to *him* sleep was a stranger. The spruce boughs preyed upon his peace; their hard ends and angles felt for the vulnerable parts of his body, and found them; his buffalo skin was first too long, and then too short, and generally as he tossed, it was also too narrow, and he pined for the day. About the hour "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," the early-closing loon had packed up its voice and gone home; and our sleepless comrade had gone on duty. A duty which he right nobly performed; for his groans were more impressive than the wailings of the bird; they were also more frequent, and they were certainly sincere. Tossing about, with the skin first under him, then over him; the branches bristling more painfully every time; hungering—not waiting—for the day, our comrade kept awake. The bird whose flight was highest next morning in the heavens did not see the sun so soon as he; and long before that luminary was due, he wearily told us it was day. We got up, we used a Briton's privilege and grumbled; we coaxed the drowsy logs; we soon made breakfast