

The lakes that are the headwaters of rivers contain the clearest waters. Eruptive rocks with iron darken waters, so do sedgy marshes. Get away from these and you are assured of crystal water. The lakes of the height of land, such as Temagami, or Anna Nippissing, or Kenogami are surpassing in clearness. It is not uncommon to see bottom at a depth of fifty feet.

And such colors do these lakes show at sunset! Their soft waters are better reflectors than the clear, harder waters of the Great lakes. To reflect perfectly requires a smooth surface. Hence the rich colors are seldom seen in the Huron or Superior that daily appear in the Temiscaming. From a canoe that has drifted idly till the faintest ripple has died away, one may see the fairy water colors. To the east the deep blue and slate reflected from the sky, changes by imperceptible shading into bronze and gold to the west, and these in turn gives place to saffron and red far towards the sun, or deepens into livid green as the shore is approached.

This is the land of the poet. To feel these lakes as home, to dwell in the northland is more than the rhyme of words. The heritage of the forest and water, the thrill of stream and cascade, surpasses the art of rhyme and inspires the true spirit of poetry, though the outer garb be wanting.—“*Scrape.*”

Letters to Men About College.

DEAR MAC:—Thine wast the proud heart in the eventide of Friday! Hast thou ever seen a green bay tree flourish amid its verdant saplings? Even so didst thou lift up thy benevolent head among thy kind at the Freshman's Deception. Thy paternal smile encouraged the meek ones, and thy kindly ear heard the prattle of thy little ones, and thou didst understand and satisfy their heart's desire—and thine own. For thou art adored—so thou thinkest—by the lisping maidens who as yet can scarce spell Levana, but whose kindly beneficence they are learning to enjoy. But as the days dawn, they wax older—in wisdom; they sophomize, and study to avoid thee as diligently as thou dost seek to serve—and to delight them. But these boys and girls—they bless thee, they and their mothers, for thou hast been a comfort and aid unto them when first they came with bright enquiring eyes and faltering tongues, with pure and ardent longings to these fountains of light and life. And still again since Friday eve, they bless thee, for he and she have found each other. O, veritable matchmaker that thou art! How long shall thy new-kindled torches burn? Shall they flutter and go out? Or by Christmas time with at-homes intervening, perchance they shall burn yet more fiercely—touched at intervals by other flames.

I do thank thee for thy presence at the meetings in my honour. Thou art faithful—not so, some slow indifferent mortals we might mention—but then they have a fear of work for others. There thou dost say some funny things—“Funny,” thou dost note—not “witty” for to be witty is to be brief, 'tis said, and to the point. Thou art a man of many suggestions—some of them good. Thy demand for unearthly rooters was much better than John L's “s-s-silly s-s-solicitation” for the yell. But I do overwrite myself, and so, adieu.

Your

Alma Mater.