



*More Elms*

timber land that have never echoed the sound of the woodsman's axe or the hunter's rifle; lofty cataracts whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; beautiful lakes without a name, whose eternal stillness is broken only by the rattle of the kingfisher, the leap of the landlocked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the wading moose.