

realize the life of which they then caught a glimpse. As smoke curled upwards from their pensive lips, the faces that watched the trout frying for supper were grave as if contemplating the downfall of dynasties; the cry of a wild cat, the fall of a tree away in the great darkness, even the rustle in the branches above them of some bird whose wits were bothered by the fire's unaccustomed blaze,—all these sounds were mysterious and delightful, like poetry without words.

And all this is within a few days of every one here; these new and exquisite sensations are to be enjoyed by any one at a cost and a trouble as small as the recompense is certain and abundant.

I remember, when we lay down to sleep,—we had a rude sort of wigwam, open at the top, with the grand fire blazing at the door—we stretched ourselves, all tired as we were, on the green spruce branches which formed our bed, with a sense of luxury to which a feather bed sleeper is a stranger. Covered each with a skin—in fantastic attitudes as the fire winked at us, we lay listening—if I may so speak—to the silence around us. And first one carried his waking vision into dreamland, and then another, and yet another, and but two were left.

I *must* tell the truth. One of our number had seen many summers, and long civilization