

"take care; there is my arm, dear. How delightful to see the old river!"

The night was so dark that Lyndsay hesitated as he stood on the verge.

"What is it?" said his wife.

"I do not quite like to go up to-night in this depth of darkness. Do you think it quite safe, Polycarp? Can you see?"

"Not very well," said the guide, "but soon break and have heap moon."

"I think we must risk it, my dear. You will go with me." Then he said a word of caution to the guides, and called to the boys, "Come, Dicky, and you, Jackums." They ran down the slope in haste and stood a little, made quiet for once in their noisy lives, but interested, alert, and peering through the darkness.

"Is that you, Tom and Ambrose? How are you all? and Pierre—have you kept me a big salmon?"

He shook hands with each of the guides, having a gay word of kindly remembrance for all in turn. Meanwhile the sister of the boys came down to the canoes, made silent, like the children, by the night, the pervasive stillness, and the novelty of the situation.

"Baggage gone up, Pierre?"

"Yes, Mr. Lyndsay; everything is right,—and the salmon thick as pine-needles. The small traps are all in. We might be getting away."

"Shall the women need their waterproofs, Tom?"—this to a huge form which loomed large as it moved among the other men, who were busy adjusting the small freight of hand baggage. The voice, when it