

the other was an old countryman, a surveyor by profession, who wished to become a settler. They had food with them, and spoke of returning to Launcelot before night, or to my place after they had gone over their lot of land. I left them at their request, satisfied that they would find their way to the shelter of my roof before sunset. Night came on, but nothing was heard or seen of them, although I was certain that they must have passed my lot, if they had gone out to the village. I was not uneasy about them, because I had faith in the woodcraft of the head of the party. Shortly before sunset of the following day, I was surprised to hear a shout from the forest land, and, answering it, went some little distance in the direction from which it proceeded. I speedily heard some person crashing through the tops of fallen trees, and following up the sound, came upon the elder son of the head of the exploring party, dazed, nearly exhausted and despairing. When sufficiently recovered from the effects of his exertions, he told me that his father had gone back to the village on the previous day, that he determined to follow, and asked the surveyor to accompany him, but that he refused, saying that he could make a fire, and that the boy could remain with him, and use a blanket which they had taken into the woods with them for a covering. The elder son assenting, set off in what he had thought the right direction for the village. Somehow he had missed his way, had wandered until darkness had rendered further progress impossible, had rested under an overshadowing hemlock, and at daybreak, foodless and almost helpless, had made another effort to find my small clearing. All day he had stumbled over logs, and waded through swamps, and ere nightfall felt as if he must

lie down and die, but the bark of a dog, and the glimmering break of light into the woods where my chopping had let in the sun's rays, gave him new courage, and he had raised the shouts which had made his whereabouts known to me. He thought that the surveyor and his brother had already gone back to the village, and that we need feel no anxiety about them. Sharing in this belief, I bade him welcome to my humble home, and he speedily found reviving sleep in a bed made upon the floor. On the following morning, I felt doubts about the safety of the surveyor and the boy, and told my guest that we would start out to see whether they had really gone to the village. An hour's walk through the woods took us to the spot at which they had been left. We found the ashes of a fire, but nothing more. They had evidently spent the night there and then started for Launcelot. Returning to my home, I was confronted there by the senior member of the exploring party, who had all a father's anxiety about his boys, and who had come to ascertain whether they had found my place, as they had not reached Launcelot. Alarmed at this statement, I accompanied father and son once more to the lot selected by them. We found the basket in which the lad had carried a pair of tame rabbits, but it was empty, and with it was the blanket, but neither boy nor surveyor was to be seen, although the ground was trampled, and there were signs that both had slept there. Where were they now? We shouted, and I fired a gun which I carried, but there came no response. While tracks of the boy were apparent, there were none of the man. The boy had started off in the direction of my home. Separating somewhat, we started back in a line towards my clearing, but we trav-