

an hour, just enabling us to go ashore at Laughing-Fish Creek and cook supper, and build a lean-to of poles and boughs, with a bed of pine and hemlock, when the sun set with a glorious display of colors. The color of the water of the lake is a clear blue, and where the sunlight illuminates it with the slanting morning ray near the cliff, or overshadowing forest, it becomes a cool bright green, nearly like lemon yellow shaded with pale blue. The night was bitter cold for July, and we built a rousing fire and fared sumptuously on roasted fish, fried fish, good bread, and coffee, with huge lumps of maple sugar, and good sweet milk.

There joined us for the evening two men who lived near, on a point of rocks, in a snug house with garden and stables for cows and pigs and fowls, and who seemed delighted to find several pairs of fresh ears into which to pour their side-splitting jokes and adventures of summer and winter; giving us in such brilliant brief extracts a complete history of as much of their lives as they cared to have us know. Lemm said next day that they were a curious set. The old one came from the East; had plenty of money and every thing, seldom went to town or any where, fished a little, hunted less, but was always bragging about his rifle, "when he knew so and so," and the like. The reader must imagine Lemm's conclusion to be a very modest reference to his own trusty gun.

We were a merry party and made the forest ring again, late into the night, and after our visitors left stowed ourselves away, some under the roof we had built, others in the bushes, to the windward of the fire, while Jones, the sick man, crept out into the weeds, far away from the fire, slept quietly all night, not coughing,

and said in the morning that he had not slept so well for years.

At Marquette our party broke up. Jones took steamer for Detroit, and Dox the cars for Green Bay, where his tribe is located; Lemm Junior and Bully returned to Grand Island, and I to my case!; no more to dream of the Fairy-land of the Great Lake, but to revisit it in the midst of pleasant memories. Not all the wonders of the Grotto of Antiparos, or the splendors of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, or the magnificence of the Rocks of Etretat in Brittany, can compare with the unrivaled and peculiar glories of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.



THE GUIDE MARQUETTE.

LAST DAYS.

CHANGE! change!

Another leaf is turned,
And back into the old and strange
Sinks the half-learned.
Out of the quiet ways,
Into the world's broad track
We go forth in the summer days,
And never wander back.

Not death!

We do not call it so;
Yet scarcely more with dying breath
Could we forego.
We cross an unseen line,
And, lo! another zone;
We learn to make a stranger clime
Familiar as our own.
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Not one,

But many lives, we hold:
Our Hail to every work begun
Is Farewell to the old.
At every bound we say,
"When will the days be past?"
But sturt with vain regret some day
In presence of the last.

The last!

Last looks are tenderest;
The sunset light is on the past;
The last wine is the best.
Oh days most sad and sweet!
The old life's fairest wreath—
No record ever is complete
Without that last word—Death.