

sat enjoying our lunch we could not help feasting (at least to an equal extent) upon the beauties of the surroundings. Our luncheon quarters commanded a grand view of natural scenery. A large bay lay in front, indented with irregular, jutting points and angular-shaped islands. At our left the winding river meandered lazily along, threading its way between rocks and trees. On our right towered a lofty mountain, densely wooded, with many a huge, craggy boulder quaintly peering through the foliage. Behind us lake and woodland vied in beauty, blending in quivering splendor, as each gentle breeze played in the foliage or stooped to kiss the sparkling tremulous wavelets. The panorama here outlined is indeed the perfect handiwork of the "All-Wise" who harmoniously blends the bright red of the mountain ash with the grey tinge of the quivering aspen, the dark green of the pine and hemlock, with the lighter green of the fern and maple, the white stems of the silver birch with the spotted grey of rocks and boulders, the broad expanse of the bay in front with the variegated foliage on the distant shore. The numerous boats with their graceful trimmings, plucked from the borders of the lake, rest partly on the mossy rock and partly in the crystal water. The scene was enchanting;—the delicate tints of shrubs and mosses, the curling smoke from our little fire, the deep azure of the sky above, and lastly our own gay company, comfortably reclining around our sumptuous spread, merrily enjoying life, as life can be enjoyed by those only who see and appreciate the glorious beauty of nature, the visible manifestation of God.

Soon a solitary loon is heard calling to his mate, and ere long we see him swimming gracefully, calling as he floats, in search of his lost companion. The nimble fishes are also lurching and many a splash tells that attempts are being made to satisfy the pangs of hunger felt by

the finny tribe.

The shadows are beginning to fall; the time has come for our departure, yet our outing is not over, for we have several miles of equally grand scenery to row through, and then a charming drive of fourteen long miles remains ere we reach home. We have seen and heard so much that now some of us are beginning to feel the approach of a meditative mood. There comes also a feeling of sadness. Many of us part that night for at least a year, and we cannot help feeling that very likely the entire company can never spend another such day together.

The sandy shore of the grove where we embarked is reached and merrily the company begin pairing for the return drive. Homeward we lie, gleeful still. At every stop good-byes are said, till soon Dan and I are driving alone. Our picnic is a thing of the past, yet each has a little birch bark souvenir, which will be long cherished. Many will be the fireside tales told of this eventful day, when little questioners may wonderingly say "Please grandma or grandpa" (as the case may be) "will you take me there some day."

May all who read of that glad day have the good fortune to visit the scene of our outing, and experience to an equal degree the joy and happiness felt by that entire company, who so gaily feasted upon the beauties of nature and the toothsome products of the culinary art, at Doe Lake on the 31st day of August, in the year of grace, 1901.

—M. D. G.

Jim: "I say father, Bill Hookins says can I go a-fishin' with him?"

Father: "I never stayed away from school to go fishin' when I was a boy."

Jim: "Yes; but then you never went to school."

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