

horses, going to their winter's exile in the grim forests in a very jolly frame of mind, keeping up their spirits with lively songs and breakdowns.

In another hour we had our canoe drawn ashore at Metapedia and our journey was for the present at an end, for here was the railway station, and we were soon on board the train for Bathurst, whence we had started exactly four weeks previously.

I am sorry to have to record that Joe took the first opportunity of getting gloriously drunk on that 'drink of heroes'—as Dr. Johnson styles brandy—and showed he could be as heroic in his potations as in his hunting feats.

Full many a glorious morning had I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the forests green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

After such a trip there will survive lifelong memories of melancholy plains burnt to a sober russet colour by the summer suns ; of hissing rapids and thundering plunges of confused waters ; of the tranquil beauty of placid lakes over which ospreys circle, where on calm evenings trout leap incessantly, while beaver and wild-duck break the glassy surface into ripples ; of meadows where the huge moose, like a brown shadow thrown from a magic-lantern, steals with astonishing noiselessness across the scene, suddenly vanishing like the baseless fabric of a vision ; of mountains where the rich repast of wild whortleberries attracts stealthy bears, that batten undisturbed, except on some rare occasion when the fatal lead speeds to finish their last feast ; of caribou like gigantic goats rapidly treading the rocky ways of desolate bluffs ; of red deer stealing down to the riverside, half hidden by wild grasses, to drink as the evening shadows lengthen ; and, perhaps beyond all other scenes in impressiveness, that wonderful transformation of the forest when a blaze of scarlet and golden splendour bursts over the foliage just previous to the fall of the leaf.