

We all remember that trip with pleasure. We got tired and sometimes cross, but it was charming to pitch our tent, like Arabs, at night, by the side of a stream. We would go off to fish leaving the guide to chop wood and start the dinner—or supper—and then we would come back and sit about the camp-fire while the trout that had been swimming a few minutes before cooked over it. Finally we would go to sleep on the freshly-cut balsam, with the sound of running water all night long, like a gentle rain, just outside the tent. The enthusiasm of childhood seemed to come back, with all the charm and glow of adventure that a child finds in a story, with the added power of a grown person to realize the piquancy of the pleasure.

It was a very lazy life if we chose to have it so, for on our own lake we could kill all the trout and deer we could possibly eat. There was fly-fishing to be had within a five-minutes' paddle of our landing, and a deep hole as well, where with bait one could always take two or three trout of a pound or two each. Our camp, a bark shanty twelve feet square with an open front, and a tent, was on a beautiful island in the middle of the lake, and the guide's and

the dining-camp were a quarter of a mile across the water on the main land. We rowed over to our meals, and in three days all weathers became the same to us—it was merely a question of rubber coats or no rubber coats.

I should like to tell a dozen stories more—how I “floated” a panther that followed our boat around the edge of the lake; how I have been off alone with a gun and a compass still-hunting; how, many a night, I have “floated” for deer and spent hours sitting motionless in the bow of a canoe, with ears alert to catch the mysterious night sounds, and eyes strained to follow the dim patch of light that moved silently along the shore, thrown by the “jack” just in front of me. There are a hundred other things like this that seem to me well worth doing, and that I think not many women have done, but that any of them might, and would do, if they knew the pleasure of it. For there is a charm and an attraction about the life that my stumbling pen cannot catch. As Miss Alcott says of love-making, so with the witchcraft of the woods—for people who have not known it, any description seems overdrawn, and for people who have, it is quite beyond description.



J U N E .

The wheel, o'er which the waters plashed,
is stilled.

The sun set long ago; the frog's hoarse drum
Gives place to laggard beetle's drowsy hum.
The humid air with ling'ring scents is filled.
Now gleam the flick'ring lights of watchful flies,
Fitfully 'mong the trees that whisper sweet
Nothings for the soft night-winds to repeat.

The stars look down, drowsily-blinking eyes
That say "Good-night." Only the stream
brawls on,
Through dusky fields, where cattle lie at rest,
Chewing the lazy cud,—now laves the stone
Foundations of the bridge; then, at its best,
Leaps swiftly on, anxious but to be free,
And bring relief to thirsty vale and lea.

Frederic Courbière.