The people live entirely by fishing. In the summer-time the place has a mail twice a month from St. John's; but in the winter-time they are not so favored, and are compelled to remain for months shut off from all intercourse with the outside world, though communication is kept up with some of the nearer settlements, by means of dog-sleds. These sleds are of varying lengths, and are drawn by dogs, each harnessed separately and attached to the sled by a single long rope. The foremost dog is the leader, and is generally better trained than the remainder. On these sleds the men go long distances back from the coast, in order to obtain wood for domestic use.

The extreme cold of the winter freezes up all springs and wells, making it necessary, often, for the people to bring ice from the nearest stream and melt it, in order to obtain water for household use. In this connection the dog-sleds are again brought into requisition. The speed of the dogs is sometimes very considerable, and is kept up for quite long distances. One of the natives told us, that last winter his team had gone sixty miles in about five hours and a half.

At Cape Norman, distant some two miles from Cook Harbor, is a light-house belonging to Canada. That country also has light-houses at Belle Isle, Point Rich, and at Cape Ray; these are the only light-houses along the west coast of Newfoundland.

As an example of the rapidity with which news travels along that coast, we were told that the light-house at Cape Ray was destroyed by fire the first of May, and that the keeper of the Cape Norman light, some three hundred miles distant, did not hear of it until told by the captain of the supply steamer, the first of August.

One morning we took a small sail-boat to visit the Cape. On our way to that point we passed a large Norwegian bark quite close to the shore. Our old skipper remarked at the time, "That's the way they generally does, when they wants to lose their vessel and get their insurance." He was silent for a moment, and then added with a smile, "I wish he would go aground, for I'd get firewood enough to last me all winter."

We soon reached the light-house, and all thought of the bark passed from our minds for the time. We employed the greater part of that day at the Cape, in getting fossils; southward from the light, for miles and miles, the rocks are devoid of the slightest covering of vegetation, and offer good opportunities to the geologist.

Next morning, while sitting on deck, we noticed numbers of small boats laden with wreck-age; and on making inquiry, we found that the bark had actually gone ashore during the night, and the inhabitants had completely stripped the hull by eight o'clock in the morning, taking everything, even the pumps and cabin stairs.

Afterward we were told that it was not an uncommon occurrence for vessels to be run ashore for the purpose of obtaining the insurance.

To the natives a wreck is a Godsend, as it supplies them with wood enough to last a long time, and saves them the necessity of making long, tedious journeys into the interior for that article.

**The Difference.**

O happy, happy, happy Moon!
I envy you the priceless boon
Of gazing down upon the face
Of her in whom is every grace,
And whom I love.

But once I envied not your power,
For in that blissful, happy hour
In which I sat with her, my love,
And you only looked on from above,
I kissed her. A. S. W.

**Camping in California.**

DOUBTLESS nearly everybody has been camping at some time or other during their lives, but few, probably, have enjoyed such sport as did a party of a half a dozen, among whom was the writer, in California, last summer. Bright and early one morning, a few days after the Fourth of July, we started on a three weeks' trip, and by the time the sun was up we were traveling among the giant red-