ing under sail or paddle, and cruising. Then there is that kind which takes place about the blazing fireplace on winter evenings, and which is not the least enjoyable, by any means. Some men enjoy a quiet paddle about a mirror-like lake or sluggishly flowing river; others like an exhilarating dash down some rapidly running river, or a thrash to windward upon the rolling surface of the sea. Some canoeists dote upon racing, but the truest of all true canoeing is cruising.

Now a word with regard to the canoeist. There he stands, the captain, mate, foremast hand, cabin-boy, and cook, all in one. He may enjoy single-handed canoeing, or may be he has not room for two; but at any rate he must not be regarded as a misanthrope who goes nosing about all alone, for he loves not man the less, but nature more. The other canoeist likes company all the time; a second man is a great help to him, also. But once in a while our single-hander breaks down the one-person barrier, and takes out for a sail or paddle his fair dulcinea. Circumstances alter cases, of course, especially if it is a case of

"And when for ladies' eyes
We dress the light canoe,
They call the builder wise
Who made just room for two."

What more peaceful and contented man can one see than a canoeist who, after having cooked and eaten his evening meal and washed the dishes, sits or lies down upon a mossy bank near his camp-fire, and blows all care to the winds in a column of smoke from his pipe.

A more self-reliant man could not be found. He sails or paddles his canoe, cooks his own meals, washes the dishes, makes his own bed and lies down to sleep the sleep of the tired body and satisfied mind; waking the next morning refreshed, and ready for the work of the day in the open air. Every one who has not, should try canoeing, and he will be surprised to find what excellent things may exist upon the earth and he in ignorance of the fact.

One of Them.

Rondeau.

Upon a stormy winter night,
With curtains drawn and low turned light,
We sat alone, my Nan and I,
The bright wood fire blazing high.
Our fancies roamed in aimless flight
O'er thoughts of love and future bright.
In bantering mood — O luckless wight! —
I called her, with a deep drawn sigh,
My Anarchist.

Her pretty face became a sight:
With anger's flame her eyes alight
Flashed like meteors in the sky.
Her stormy mood, howe'er, passed by,
And naught but love remained when I
My Anna kissed.

— Yale Courant.

Forests and Water-Supply.

Whatever may be the outcome of the present wide-spread discussion concerning the influence of forests upon the rain-fall, there can be no question about their effect on the water-supply. With the return of spring, the season of floods and freshets is again upon us. The newspapers will soon contain the usual reports of breaking dams, roaring torrents, and devastated valleys, and the question of the prevention of these destructive floods is becoming more pressing every year. It is a matter of life and death with many communities. Can this annual inundation ever be checked, or are lives and property to be endangered by every April rain-storm?

It must not be thought for a moment that such floods are a natural and necessary evil. The world is outgrowing the idea of "dispensations." In this particular case, as it happens, a great change has taken place within the memory of man; for fifty years ago floods in New England were comparatively rare, and those that did occur were not equal in extent or magnitude to the ravaging outbursts of to-day. Further back still, it is said that such catastrophies were almost unknown. The whole evil is, apparently, one of recent growth.

At the same time there has appeared an