swimming, and even as we looked their wild free laughter floated over the water like a greeting from the guardian spirits of the lake.

The third point mentioned above Mr. Dean pointed out to us as only a mile away, and one of the best camping-places on the lake; so launching our canoe and loading her with the few necessary articles we had brought over with us, and leaving the rest of our kit to be brought across in the morning, Lincoln and I set out down the lake. We made haste, for it was late, and it would take some time, even after we had located the camp, to get our supper and prepare for the night. By means of landmarks given us by Mr. Dean we succeeded in going straight to the desired spot, and while the Loafer set up the tent, I got firewood and cooked supper. This eaten, we cleared the tent floor, and made our beds of sweet hemlock boughs. Then we started the night fire, and sat before it in the tent door smoking and laying plans, for an hour or so, after which we turned in and were soon sleeping soundly on the healthiest bed I know of—a springy hemlock mattress, on the ground under the pines in the wilderness of the Maine woods.

(To be Concluded.)

A Thought.

We live but to die? Ah, yes! but the thought should bring neither scoffing nor pain,
But yet sweet content; for no thing is naught,
And loss there is none without gain.
The bird that was lost o'er the trackless seas
Found death in a land bare and bleak,
But there sprang forth in time green grass and trees
From the seed it bore in its beak.
And the rose that bloomed on the open lea,
And was wooed by the roving wind,
Opened her heart to his soft-whispered plea,
Was kissed, and then left far behind;
But though the rose died, and, with'ring away,
Returned to the dust of the plain.
The rover, the wind, breathes sweeter each day
From the scent of the flower he hath slain.

W. I. F.