

until perfectly flat, and placing them in rows upon a temporary framework, where the hot August sun completed the drying process. The male portion of the camp were, for the most part, taking things easy, by basking upon the sand by the shore; others were playing cards or fixing their salmon spears. Spearing is generally done at a very early hour. At one portion of the rocks a fish trap

had been constructed, and appeared to be quite a success. The atmosphere along the shore was redolent with the perfume of smoked and dried fish, and we were not sorry when we came to the Sin-pail-hu, a small affluent of the Columbia, abounding in mountain trout, of which a number were caught and par-taken before sunset.

ALFRED DOWNING.

PASSION AND SPRING.

These primroses and purple violets,
 Wallflowers and daffodils, that God doth fling
 Broadcast on earth to usher in his spring,
 Bloom on the grave of my most drear regrets;
 And as their fragrance meets my senses keen,
 Such a sweet anguish fills my yearning heart,
 As if the soul's birthday to life should start
 From buried æons to remembrance green;
 So full of pain and joy, as deep-drawn sobs
 That break the frost of death, that waking throbs
 Of resurrection life in souls asleep:
 So do these blossoms strongly speak of thee,
 And as I smell them, strike mysteriously
 An answering chord of passion overdeep.

LILY HAYNES.