

needs only to be seen to be at once hailed as the place families from less kindly climes are looking for.

Charmed With Metchosin.—Mrs. C. Bamfylde-Daniell—a noted English artist—writes:—

"I am charmed with Metchosin. I have nowhere else yet in British Columbia seen such a variety of trees of the country in one place. The cedars and firs grow in their beauty here as elsewhere. The arbutus is exceptionally large, and the oaks are of a fine growth and not stunted as they are in so many places. All the way from Colwood their grey trunks stand out against the dark green of the firs, a welcome contrast. It is spring and the delicate green of the



Arbutus and Maples, William Head

Photo by J. Howard A. Chapman

oak leaves, just coming out, is well set off by the golden brown moss on the trunks, and forms a glorious middle distance between the wealth of apple, pear, cherry and peach blossoms of the ranches and the belts of the forest trees that top the hills behind them. Very pretty are the houses with their white walls and red roofs, with verandahs covered with roses and honeysuckle, just budding now, and around which the humming birds are beginning to hover in anticipation of the coming feast. It is difficult to describe the beauty of the lagoon at Sandy Bay. It has to be seen on a spring morning, when the clouds are reflected in it as in a mirror and the sun shining on the sea, which is now a brilliant, sparkling blue. Here nature has her way, and the fallen trees are left as they fell and overgrown with moss; a beautiful foreground lies amongst the great yellow lilies and their sub-tropical leaves. Away between the distant trees is seen William Head, separating the sea from the distant Olympic range. On the other side you look across the lagoon and see Victoria—where the houses are plainly to be seen. Groups of trees are left here and there in the fields and by the road-side, and the wild rose bushes, with their sweet scent, are here in profusion. I never saw before the tree so prized by the Indians (who use the buds medicinally, I am told), the trees rarely found which they call here "Balm of Gilead." I asked what it was that scented the air so sweetly, as we drove past,