

sparkling sunshine or silvery moon light. Look upon the tree tops as they sway to and fro in the gentle breeze. Watch the tiny wavelets as they merrily chase each other, inanimate nature endowed with life, a denizen of the forest hounding through its glades, or breasting the waters. See the monarchs of the forest as they bend and crash in the howling tempest. The sleeping waters roused into life as they toss, tumble and shriek in their mad endeavours to burst some rocky barrier. Then ask what pen or pencil can do justice to nature, much less improve upon it. Loll on some grassy bank during the silent watches of the night when all nature is hushed in repose, the stillness broken only by the distant cry of the loon, or hoot of night owl, and one can then realize what the great poet means when he speaks of "the music which cannot be heard."

True we cannot take the tourist over scenes rendered famous by some great historical event. We cannot take him over some ancient battle field and point out the position of the contending hosts. We cannot show off the remains of castellated towers. We may not be able to chant our claims to glory, nor loiter in innumerable spots made famous in song or story, as they can do in various other parts of the world.

But as new fields are being reclaimed from the wilds, and the plow of the husbandman is still unearthing so many relics of departed generations of men, so many ancient battle fields, town and village sites, and cities of the dead, there is no doubt this province at one period of time, and of no very remote date, had as large a population as their primitive methods of obtaining a livelihood would admit. And had this western hemisphere made any progress in literature, wherein might have been treasured up the history of their rise and fall of nations, their battles, their tribal and family feuds, their loves and