

There are two features which repeat themselves over and over again to the eye, the ear and the senses: they are that Canada is a land of many forests, and that Canada is a land of many waters.

For many hundreds of miles we passed through the midst of these enduring spruce forests, the narrow track whose path has been roughly cleared by burning, extending with its thin thread of iron through their densest growth, lost through their trackless depths. On either side of the clearing through these mighty forests, there is a belt of blackened stumps of grey, armless stems, where the fire has passed over them. Sometimes even there will be one green living tree left standing among the dead. And these dull grey mutilated trees look quite pathetic in their pale nakedness, leaning hither and thither, and finding support across one another, as if falling in their last agony, or lying dead and uprooted on the ground. They exercise quite a fascination as they continue for mile after mile in their dying contortions, whilst in the background there are their living brethren, so green, hardy and dense in their growth. The ground beneath is strewn with blackened snags that are partly covered with green moss and ferns, their fresh growth mingling with these dark reminiscences of man's ruthless hands. In sedgy places there are beds of waving bulrushes,