

depths a tremulous reflection of the disordered slopes on either side, while floating upwards come the mingled sounds of country life. Birds talk and sing to you. The black and orange oriole stops a moment to salute you. A greenish-blue gleam shows the presence of the kingfisher, who is too much intent on prey to talk. The supposed sound of the bumblebee and a tiny ball of emerald, sapphire and opal, reveals the presence of the humming-bird, while from a neighbouring branch come the sympathetic note and irrelevant chaff of the Canadian bird. Overhead the robin is speeding through the clear blue on a double mission of endearment, the affection of a mate and the devotion of a parent. The clear note of the linnet, the twitter of the field lark, a touch of music in the thin small voice of the pewee, the low liquid warble of the tree sparrow, and the heartier song from the topmost spray, continue the delicious performance, while the tiny sprite sounds his silver bell to command the attention of the sylvan audience. And so does nature speak;—"the language of the sense and purest thoughts."

What has been said so far of Parliament Hill, will apply also to Major Hill Park, a beautiful place of recreation, largely favoured as a pleasure resort in warm weather. Its dry and elevated position, its cooling shade and sylvan retreat, woo every breeze, and render it conducive to health and enjoyment. A deep gorge separates it from the "Hill." It is covered with large trees, many of which are hundreds of years old. It is beautifully laid out, having fountains, winding walks and avenues, and is profusely planted with flowers of every variety and beauty. With its smooth and well-kept coat of velvety grass, the resort is one of the most popular, where the weary can be refreshed by the perfume of flowers, and be removed from the heat and dust of the city.

At its farther end is Nepean Point, with its lordly brow rivalling the steep promontory where the Parliament Buildings are erected. On certain days the boom of cannon and the curling clouds of smoke remind us of another Queen's Birthday or a Dominion one, and the opening and closing of Parliament.

This is perhaps the best vantage point

to view the Buildings in all their picturesqueness. The rock is clothed with trees, flowers and shrubs, "mingled in the most admired disorder," as Shakspeare hath it. Towers, pinnacles and buttresses, seem heaped upon each other. As Mr. F. A. Dixon has remarked, they are sufficiently near to be taken in as a whole, and yet far enough off to be merged in the grace-giving veil of the atmosphere, their effect in the warm glow of the sun as it sets in the west is simply delightful to the painter's eye. Bit by bit their dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses fade out in the subdued tones of evening, changing from the "symphony in red" to a "harmony in gray," till moonlight makes them all glorious as a "nocturne in silver and black," the whole forming a picture inexpressibly beautiful.

The ascent to the clock tower is a weary one, but a glance around banishes all feelings of fatigue. Where is there to be found a more attractive scene than that spread out before the vision. At your feet lies the city, with its wide, regular and uniform streets, shaded with trees. To the east, to the west, to the north and to the south, there is a magnificent panorama, rich in the variety of its beauty, and unlimited in its attractiveness. The numerous windings of the Ottawa spread out ever-changing gems of natural scenery. About a mile distant are the Rideau Falls, exceedingly beautiful cascades tumbling perpendicularly over a rocky descent of some fifty feet.

Two miles away is Rideau Hall, round which revolves all that is important to the society people of Ottawa. It is a cozy and comfortable structure in the midst of a grove of old trees. Surrounding the Hall is a handsome domain of ninety acres, divided into parks, drives and fields. The Hall is but a shapeless jumble of buildings. Beauty of architecture it cannot claim, and one is almost tempted to turn away with a laugh from the view of its conglomerate architecture.

The banks of the Gatineau are studded with clusters of cottages. Away—

"Where the sunny end of evening smiles—
Miles and miles,"

are the dark Laurentians, with lakes, seared and moss-grown cliffs, places, indeed, where man is yet a stranger, and