

end of the land, towards the east. You can see as we stand at the end of the land, which people call the *shore*, that the water is heaving up and down in long waves, and far out where the water is very deep you can see some ships with white sails that catch the wind to drive them along over the vast ocean. Steep down and taste the water of the sea. It is salt and bitter, and not at all like the sweet, fresh water of our own Canadian lakes. You cannot drink it. Now if we turn back home and travel to the west we shall find the ocean on that side too. We go on and on towards the setting sun till the land stretches away on all sides in great level *prairies*. These are the *prairies* that lie in the very middle of our beloved Canada.



Hills and Mountains.

As our train sweeps on, the land before us grows rough and hilly, and the hills get so very high and steep that they are called *mountains*. You see that



Waves dash against a Rocky Shore.

the bare and rocky tops seem to reach the clouds. It is hard work to make a railroad over these great mountains; it is hard for our train to climb the steep grades; but by and by we reach the top and afterwards on our long journey we cross more mountains and catch sight of others in the distance. At last our train has to stop and we behold again the deep-blue water of the ocean before us and the sky-ring, or horizon, out on the water. Near by, the great waves come rolling in against a high and rocky shore and dash into white foam. The water is again salt and bitter; we have reached the end of the land towards the west, as we did before towards the east. Canada is many, many miles wide from east to west; it takes our train six days and six nights to cross from sea to sea, but at last we find before us the wide ocean on this side also.

If we travel from our home north to the sea the journey will be harder and longer because none of the railroads go very far that way. It will take many weeks to go to the northern sea, and we must carry tents and plenty of food. Our way lies through a great, lonely land, where no towns are, no farms and very few people. We shall go in winter so that we can cross the rivers on the ice, for there are no bridges; we shall take dogs to pull our sledges over the snow; and we shall make big fires at night to keep our camp warm, and we shall sleep in warm furs. The way is very long, but at last we again reach the end of the land and the wide, salt sea is before us once more.



Icefields and Icebergs.

Do you see those floating *fields of ice* before us, and the great *icebergs* farther off towards the horizon which has followed us here also? Here the winters are very long and very cold, and the ice grows very thick indeed; some of it is always floating about in the sea. The land ends this way, and the sea is found at the north as well as at the east and the west.