

A TRIP THROUGH CANADA TO-DAY.

We like to go fast, and indeed we need to go fast, for we want to take a long journey, so we will step on a train. Of course we must sit by a window, because we want to see how quickly everything flies past us, as the puffing iron-horse carries the long train of cars behind him.

On we rush, past fields of tasselled corn and golden wheat. Out in the hot sun the busy farmers stand, hard at work, for they must gather in their summer's crop.

We pass the pretty farm-house, where the roses climb, and the yellow sunflowers and the gay hollyhocks hold up their bright heads and smile at us.

Now we see a field where the horses, cows, and sheep are busy cropping the sweet, green grass. They lift their heads lazily as we whizz past them, and gaze with wonder at us. One merry little colt takes a run with us as far as the fence of the field. Our last backward look