



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.  
(Pulpit and Lectern.)

CANADIAN CHURCHES, X.

are visible all the way, and steep your soul in beauty. Lovely woods of maple, oak, and elm, lime, birch, and balsam, cloth all the landscape, and among the rolling hills are spread beautiful farms with crops that drive away the very idea of want, and what is best of all they are not mortgaged as I took the trouble to enquire, but belong to the farmer who lives comfortably in the large brick, stone, or clap board house, surrounded by its orchards, and flanked by big barns and extensive sheds for cattle. And they are fine cattle, too, and excellent horses of good breed. Yet this is not mainly an agricultural district but a lumberer's paradise, and at many points in the river and lake, wide stretches of timber booms, each with its accompanying little shanty, speak of another source of Canadian wealth. That field of logs lying so quiescent upon the lake is on its way to Quebec. From thence whither, who can tell?

But I did not visit Bobcaygeon from Lindsay but from Fenelon Falls, where the waters of lovely Cameron Lake are pouring over the dams that, here intercepting the Falls, form a splendid waterpower once utilized in the lumber mills now lying almost in ruins—being in chancery I believe—on both hands. Moreover, here are splendid locks of the Trent Valley canal, built of stone quarried in this region; a stone very like Queenston limestone. At the foot of these locks is a rough wharf, and there I embarked on a very wet morning, for a trip to 'Caygeon. Not on a boat, however, though we were indebted to the handsome little Ada Ethel for our motive power, but on a scow, a large wide, two-decked flat-bottomed boat with no more paint on it than its usual prosaic life of carrying timber and supplies warranted, but a very easy going, quiet sort of a vehicle tied to the clean white little tug by a rope cable; and so we were pulled down the Fenelon River, between steep, shady banks

beautified by silver birches, blue bells, and many another graceful growth, out into Sturgeon Lake.

The river and lake were calm as a pool, nevertheless I have every confidence that if our Atlantic liners would only pull scows their passengers would not know sea-sickness. How the cable—or indeed the scow would act in an Atlantic gale I do not prophesy. On the way we had to call at Sandy Point for passengers, and at Sturgeon Point for more. The latter is a typical summer resort. It is always cool, the natural trees are of the old forest, there is no nonsense of dressing three or four times a day. Supplies are brought on the boat every day from Lindsay, and boating and bathing are both more than possible, though there is very little beach. There are a good many handsome cottages, owned chiefly by Toronto and Lindsay people, and a good hotel and cheap rates. The hotel is largely patronized by people from Buffalo, Rochester and the South.

Then the tug screams, the scow steers off and the next stopping place is our destination, Bobcaygeon. This also is a resort. A fine hotel, the Rockland House, stands at the corner of the principal street—there is only one—close to the swing bridge. With lake, river, woodland, and woods where a bear is occasionally shot, the true tourist has all the ingredients for enjoyment at hand, and for the pedestrian there are excellent and long roads. All the roads in this beautiful district are excellent, there is so much gravel and stone, indeed you would say the soil of Bobcaygeon was all stone, for it lies in great flags all over, except, as in other neighbouring parts, where a bottom filled with splendid white cedars, each a picture in itself, gives a chance of good black loam for pots and surface gardening. Notwithstanding this difficulty the Bobcaygeon people grow lots of gay flowers and decorate their houses with hanging baskets freely.

Through the little town may be followed the sidewalk for a mile or so, and then a wide road deeply covered with sawdust is reached, passing through more luxuriant woods and cedar groves, and at the end the largest lumbering concern in Victoria or neighbouring counties is reached. The good folks have dubbed it 'Little Bob,' just as they call the larger town 'Caygeon. The mills are the property of Boyd Brothers, who live in handsome residences near the locks.

But I must not inflict any more country talk upon you, only I thought you ought to have a reason for the omission of my letter last week, and moreover would feel interested in knowing that there are lovely lakes, and a beautiful country 'beyond the railway.'

S. A. CURZON.

Leal and True.

I asked her did she love me true?  
Was my name whispered by the wind  
That nightly shed its silver dew  
On leaf and blade? Reigned I enshrined  
Within the temple of her heart?  
Would all the coming years still find  
Two souls unrent apart?

And as the pale moon shrank from sight,  
She vowed she'd love me to the end—  
Remain as true as yon star bright,  
And Venus' son our hearts attend  
E'en to the grave's green side;—and she,  
To prove her love hath wed my friend  
And named her boy for me!

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.