

An Acrostic on The Land We Live In.

The land of our birth is the land of our love;
for in it life opened its day;
Home of our childhood and youth, where we
thought for ever to stay;
Earth's grandeur could not allure our love
from its charms away.

Land of our manhood and choice, we dwell
with delight on thy shore,
And, like the eagle, ambitious, still higher
and higher to soar;
New hopes are inspired with our change of
climate, condition and home,
Daring, courageous and bold, we fear not thy
deserts to roam.

Wealth, health and prosperity follow the
labour of industry's hand,
Each honest man may become an owner
of beautiful land.

Lakes, rivers and mountains from mantle—the
greatest of waterfalls—
In minerals richly profuse; for develop-
ment land are their calls,
Varities, great and many of birds, beasts and
fishes are found,
Each kind of field-like produce—the fruit of
its fertile ground.

Industry's arts are thriving, and gain for our
land great fame;
Nor cease we to worship our Maker, and
honour His Word and Name!

Nov. 12th, 1889.

G. B.

Calgary, N.W.T.

ITS SCENERY AND SPORTS.

We are permitted to make the following
extracts from a letter written by a present
resident of Calgary, North West Terri-
tory, to a Sherbrooke friend. It bears
date, the 29th October last, and may prove
interesting to many of our readers.

"The weather has been pretty fine for
some weeks past. The fact is Joe, that
if we have a snow or rain storm here, it is
only because the snow or rain has managed
to get ahead of the wind. That same
wind, if he is not blowing his hardest, is
just hiding behind the bluff watching for
any other of the elements to make a de-
scent on his territory. This is his own
country every time. The reason why the
prairie is rolling is because the wind has
blown it into that shape. Within the last
two weeks the clouds have piled right up,
dark and stormy looking as one could
ever hope to see them, on several occa-
sions; the good folks all shaking their
wise noddles and agreeing that they were
in for stormy weather now, but no, up
gets a big wind and where are these clouds?
The sky bright and smiling again, and if
at night one can see every little blooming
star laughing and winking at puzzled
humanity below. It's a grand country
for Wind Mills? The fact is
Joe, that there are very few married men
here who would not get out, but the big
lot of them spent all they had coming up
and are stuck fast. It is great fun to hear
the women folks set to work to discuss
the country. Don't the chips fly! If a
man makes up his mind to get along with-
out the comforts of life, that is on the bare
necessities, well and good, but no beef-
steaks and poached eggs, and these things
come in very handy occasionally.

From the above you will be able to
glean the fact that this chick is still of
the opinion, that coming an opportunity,
he would make tracks for what you term
God's Country. I don't know if it is al-
together the country that is the attraction.
You know Joe, that there were a few fel-
lows round Sherbrooke, that made the
time pass pretty evenly, and I fancy that
had we come out here en masse, we would
not have so many objections to the coun-
try. As I have remarked before this
would make a very fine pic-nic if that
were all the interest that one had in it.
I coolly took my fishing rod last Saturday,
and started to fish in the town limits, I
landed nine fine trout, and came home
with them on a string, in blissful ignor-
ance of the fact that it was close season.
The season closes 30th September, the
same as in the East, it appears. Birse
drove me out about twelve miles on the
prairie the other morning pretty early.
The mountains looked grand Joe, I could
feel my spirits go right up at the sight, I
am afraid that I can't resist them long,
every time I look on them it seems as if

the Mountain Spirit whispered "Come."
Shall I respond to that call? go right in
and see all that they hide in their dark
bosoms. It's the land of big game, the
biggest of game. There never was a school
boy that did not dream of the terrors and
mysteries of that Land of Wonder, I don't
know but that I shall be unable to resist
their calling and one day "button up my
uniform," tie my hair and go in. I wish
that you were round, Joe. What a trip
for the pair of us! Think of the Elk, the
Antelope, the Grizzly! the Goats and
that King of Western game, the Sheep!
the Cimarron! Wouldn't a head killed
right by one's own rifle, be an ornament
that one would never tire of looking at,
and then the stories that a fellow could
narrate to the admiring crowd? the same!
I have not decided yet, but I am much
inclined to pack up and go for two or
three weeks. I may never get the chance
again, that is if I can get out of the N.W.
territory in a reasonable time.

You will see, if you care to figure it out,
that it would be a little premature for me
to think of arranging to go fishing in
Maine next Spring, pleasant though the
trip would be in your company, but could
the thing be managed, I have no doubt
that would be a trip that would leave
nothing to be desired.

Oh! I say Joe! What do you think!
That little story of yours about the
"Common house flies" is all up. Guess
my feelings when I saw a couple of fellows
actually fishing with these same ordinary
house flies and catching fish—trout—with
them too. They told me they were the
best fly one could use. Don't you think
that we had better set to work to learn
from some expert just how fish are caught?

Now Joe! what about the Rockies?
Shall I go up like Samson of old, and slay
my big numbers? Will you promise that
you won't hint that we both used the
same weapon?

I've a scheme in my head that could be
carried out if you do as I tell you. If I
come East I will do the same, if I don't
come East, why it will take you the less
time and be less expensive, because I'll be
here to look after you when you get here,
I'm off now Joe, don't stop me for God's
sake!

Let's work hard, save all we can, every
blooming cent we can get, take no holi-
days until we can take a big one, after
having fairly earned it, and then, Hurrah
for the West! The Rockies my boy!
Think of them, carrying their snow-capped
heads away up where even the clouds
dare not look upon them! Think of the
sights! Man! a sunset on the prairie
would pay you for the whole trip, and we
could have one every evening. Of course
you have read all about them, everybody
has described them, but for all that you
never can realise their grandeur until you
look them straight in the face. You are
stricken dumb at the tremendous display,
where colors seem to burst their bounds,
and run fairly wild. Every conceivable
shade and combination of shades, from
the cold blue overhead down to the sea of
liquid fire flaming up from the horizon.
The whole picture is girdled by long belts
of azure and flame paling into amethyst
and orange at the zenith, but as they de-
scend to the great ocean of flaming red,
growing darker and stronger, ready to
harmonize with the waves and billows of
that sea in colors that the eye never
wearies of seeing, and the whole scene
burns its image deep into the memory to
stay there for all time. Then the great-
ness of this Western County, its grandeur
harmonizes with the unequalled painting
on its cupola. In some ways one would
think that the Great Architect had here
drawn his plans on the biggest scale. The
mountains unequalled in extent and tower-
ing majesty guarding the far stretching
prairie lands (for reference as to prairie
lands see C.P.R. advertisement), and
above all the sky of unclouded blue or
liquid fire, as the case may be.

Then Joe! think of the sport, every
river, stream, and creek teeming with
silvery trout, gamey to the heart's con-
tent! The prairie with its thousands of
grouse! Every lake covered with ducks

and geese! The Coyotes, the Antelopes,
Deer, Moose, Bears, the Mountain Lion,
and away on the mountain top—lord of
the game list—the Cimarron, or Rocky
Mountain Sheep! Think of it Joe! and
can't we do it? Is it not something that
ought to satisfy the sportsman's instinct,
that are part of our natures, and is not
that something well within our reach? I
say! let's place this before us, let's go
about as I suggest, work hard, save hard,
be good husbands and fathers, fairly earn
the holiday and use it well. It will be
something to look forward to, and—ac-
complished, it will be something to look
back upon. As we grow older, the game
we killed on that memorable, never-to-be-
forgotten trip will grow bigger and more
numerous, and our reward and enjoyment
will increase in a corresponding series of
ratios. You know just how this is done—
I mean from hearing other fellows do it.
Give us a line when you can find
time, and trusting that through all this
rigmarole you may detect some glimmer-
ings of my regard for you and yours.

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