



SCENE IN ST. JOHN HARBOR.

Land Department at Fredericton, or D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner at Chatham.

This is the land of Champlain, and as we have opened this modest sketch with the words of one who is held high in honor by all American lovers of forest and stream, let us close it with the glowing tribute in a recent work of that keenest of sportsmen, Mr. Frederic Irland, whose love of Canada was born on the hunting fields of New Brunswick:

"Among all the camp makers of Canada—the world's greatest camping ground—Champlain is foremost. Honor be to his name, and no less to that of Parkman, who, with an imagination of transcendent power, has illumined a minute familiarity with woodland affairs. The picture is so lifelike that we can see through the mists of two hundred and eighty years the very flickerings of Champlain's campfire, and as we do so we thank the good God that we are privileged to gaze upon the same majestic scenes of rock and river, of mossy barren and placid lake, unmapped and unnamed in large part, as in the