

and north, the latter opening up the Saskatchewan country as far as Prince Albert, its capital, which was an old settlement, and now is a thriving little town. This comparatively new country is gaining a great reputation for sheep, cattle, and horse raising. The land is fertile and well sheltered, and settlers are flocking thither. Bryant's prophecy is being rapidly fulfilled as the tide of human life flows over the Great West—

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In fairy undulations, far away,
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless?—
No!—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye:
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges.

Still, this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaily as the flowers
They flutter over, gently quadrupeds
And birds—that scarce have learnt the fear of man—
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee—
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern deep—
Fills the savannahs with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Yes! at the present day the "Church-going bell" is heard in all the principal towns of the North-West, and children are growing up in health and beauty. Proceeding west from Regina, the buildings visible from the Railway have more of the ordinary farm look about them. Cattle raising and wheat-growing appear to be conducted