

massed against a background of larch and cedar. On the right is the cascade racing down to the sea; beyond it, on the opposite bank, a whole field of wild mustard—sulphur-coloured in the sunshine.

Oh! for the brush of some Canadian artist to paint the glory of these fields of burnished gold, where violet hills, snow-tipped with clouds, pierce the blue, and the sapphire sea melts into the horizon; to do for this beautiful country what MacWhirter has done for the famous blue gentians of the Alps and limn for ever the transient glories of a summer day. Purple heather and golden gorse were never more entrancing in their loveliness than these meadow blooms. The woods are full of choicer blossoms than any millionaire's table can display—slender lady's slippers, swinging orchids, and fragile Indian pipe or ghost flower, crimson berries like vivid drops of sealing-wax, delicate harebells, and love-in-a-mist.

Would that we could educate the poor in great cities to find delight in the wonders of Nature—the immense kaleidoscope of shifting clouds and swaying branches that can be enjoyed in most of our large parks, instead of spending their hardly earned money at common picture shows in bad air and worse company. Which reminds me of a few remarks I overheard last winter at the theatre. Between the