

deeply, then comes a fall of snow, and a white world for the next five months, with rarely a rise in temperature above the freezing point. But the days are bright, clear and sunny. In the pitiless cold this sun seems a mockery, it even shines during the blizzards when the face of the country is a seething landscape of icy particles which sting the face as they strike it. We need some superlative term for cold to express the difference between a frosty day and forty below zero. Cattle and other creatures will sometimes refuse to face it and bolt back to shelter, while native ponies have a tendency to turn tail for the nearest brush wood if left to their own guidance while the driver is trying to warm himself by running behind a jumper or sleigh. In this sweeping, rustling, snow drive, houses project like rocks in a surf while the sand-like snow packs into drifts into which a spade can hardly be driven, and on which the human foot makes no impression.

Then there comes a calm, steady coldness at sunset of the third day, and other days all sunshine and tense atmosphere when the voice carries for miles and the smoke goes straight upwards and vanishes like mist in the sunshine. People go abroad again as if it had been a storm at sea and now the various craft put out of shelter once more.

Towards April comes the spring. The sun always faithful to this land, summer and winter, has been boring holes in the wind-swept knolls and eminences making little islands of brown grass or burnt prairie. The cattle released from the winter of their discontent, wander about in a meditative way, seeming to relax and expand in the warm sun, and presence of old grass. The air is almost balmy, the clouds are high in deeper blue than the steely blue of winter. A new sound strikes the ear accustomed to silence, the voice of the returning crane or Canada goose, first to come of that great train of migratory birds which people the summer prairie and north land. No dove with olive branch could have been more welcome or blessed token than these new cries which commence the earth's release from the snowy flood of winter.

Spring is not the slow affair of a country affected by icy lakes, and polar icebergs and currents. The sun is strong and radiant in a double sense, it dissipates the snow like a dream, into pans of shallow water, soon to be decked with water fowl and vociferous with frogs. These frogs are mysterious creatures. Some Zoologist should arise and explain this yearly phenomenon of thousands of miles of frogs whose croaking and piping ceases not day nor night for a week or two, and gives place to no adequate return in the shape of tadpoles or young frogs. Such a host should produce something worse than the plague of Egypt. Yet, a young or old frog is a rarity on the prairie during the rest of the year.—Toads are numerous, but keep quiet.

From April to May come the birds; first of all the silent ground lark, then those same little slate-colored birds, juncoes, with a few white feathers in their tails seen dodging their way in short flights round our own buildings and campus in April, after them myriads of water fowl and land birds, bright winged, but for the most part songless, and forth from their long sleep or rest come the gophers and badgers, and all creeping things until the land is once more peopled with summer life, as it has been for ages. The great white silence of winter gives