

On either side lay the hills, silent, changeless, majestic, but their stern, rugged outlines were softened by the fresh verdure of the poplars which veiled their sides. In the midst of the poplars rose here and there a lordly pine, lifting his haughty head above his lowly neighbors, and thoroughly conscious of his sovereignty. Now and then the river encircled with protecting arm an island, beautiful enough with its myriad shades of green to merit the favor of the wandering waters, though in their course from the hills of Algoma they had passed by some of the noblest scenes on earth.

After half an hour's steady paddling, there fell on our ears the sound of swiftly rushing waters, and as we swung around a bend in the river, we beheld a maze of white, seething rapids, where our river plunged between and over the relentless rocks that opposed its advance. So furious did the stream become at this check to its progress, that even after it had reached a level place below the fall, it took a long time to recover its equanimity. It would break out in a vicious eddy, or would curl itself into dark, sullen rings, or snarl spitefully as it tossed up a fleck of foam from the midst of a peaceful pond.

From a rock above the fall we saw it in all its glory. The smooth, oily surface above the rapid showed how every drop of water was reserving its force for the plunge against the rock whose brown shoulder rose defiantly from the very midst of the narrow channel. Then all in a moment the dark, placid current changed into that white mass of roaring, plunging, bounding waters, that made one's blood tingle with the joy of swift, fierce action.

After a portage we launched our canoe once more, and paddled swiftly over a stretch of water so beautiful that we did not dare to make a sound. Even the tinkling of the water that dripped from the blades of our paddles sounded distinct in that silent wilderness. Through a narrow channel, between mighty overhanging masses of grey rock, we glided, and then out into a wider stretch of placid water. Here the banks abounded in a wealth of color, and from above the clear blue sky laughed through the white bars of fleecy cloud that half-revealed and half-concealed the glory beyond. In the water all this rare beauty lay revealed in clear yet softened outline, while the