

wake the echoes, where there has been the sacred solitude of ages. The pierced rocks appear as we approach them, like a range of pillars, where once a mighty dwelling of the giants had stood; not, it is true, with the glistening marble, such as Palmyra of the wilderness presents under a Syrian sky, but great masses of brown sandstone, suggesting the poet's description.

"The ground, like one great cemetery, is covered o'er with mouldering monuments."

As the height is ascended from the valley, the chief range is found to run back toward the prairie. "La Roche Percee" proper is seen with its aperture, which is ever widening as the stone is worn away. A gap occurs between the first and second sections seen in the picture. This opening, now twenty-five feet wide, was so small a dozen years ago that visitors could step from one section to another. The process of decay, leaving one portion erect, while another has fallen, suggests to the traveller the fragmentary lines of the aqueducts upon the Campagna, east of old Rome. The crumbling sandstone keeps up the illusion of great columns of tumbling masonry, as we approach it. We can sympathize with the wandering redman as he drew near this remarkable sight upon the prairie, and called it his "Manitou."

When the height is reached, it is found, that lying to the east for hundreds of yards, there is a continuation of the rock series in parallel lines running back from the brow of the hill toward the prairie level. The fantastic forms are seen to arise from the fact that an upper stratum of the Tertiary sandstone is considerably harder than the underlying rock. The base rock is a soft, yielding sandstone, easily cut away with a knife, while that above is firmer, and withstands much better the destructive agencies of climate. This remarkable feature is observed in the rock exposures for miles along the banks of the Souris river.

Two hundred yards to the east of "La Roche Percee" may be singled out another great rock called "Little Pierced Rocks." This very much resembles that better known as the "Pierced Rock," but it too will soon have yielded to the fierce forces of nature and have become a rude sandstone cairn. What a history these silent rocks could tell were they but to speak!

Judging from investigations by Miss F.

Babbitt (Am. Assoc. Adv. of Science) among the "Little Falls quartzes" of Minnesota, Neolithic man may have wandered hither, impressed by these sheer rocks, rising up defiant to the glacial destruction. In later times generations of wandering tribes of the plains have camped beside them for shelter from the fierce storms of the prairie. Still later, visitors of every grade, including the white man of this century, have shown in emblem the transitoriness of human fame by cutting their names upon the rocks,—names so soon to crumble away, and to be lost in oblivion.

In the rocky expanse lying between the two—the greater and lesser pierced rocks—shapes of every variety arise. The visitor imagines himself in a rocky field where "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," and all the merry elves who follow him, have been at work and left fantastic shapes on every side. Giants' tables and huge rustic seats, stone amphitheatres and elephantine masses, simulations of the bear upon his haunches, and the body of the resting buffalo are scattered around, all of which no doubt appealed to the simple imagination of the redman. One of the most noticeable of these strange forms is that called "The Stone Indian's Head." Lonely it stands with stony stare, viewing the elfish confusion—a very

"Sphinx hiding the secrets of the past."

After visiting "Les Roches Percees" for several successive days, and receiving from the objects of interest, and perhaps from the ozone of the prairie air, an exhilaration like that of wine, the writer pursued his journey down the valley. Traces of the same rock formation were visible at points along the overlooking heights.

Some distance below the sacred spot, which we have been describing, a single prominent rock was to be seen, which afforded an outlook for an observer, commanding the whole sweep of the valley. This, known as "The Scout's Stone," rising on the ascent, at this point perfectly treeless, presented a striking appearance.

A few miles down the valley, the eye was arrested by a further succession of fantastic rocks. This spot, some five miles from "Les Roches Percees," is known as "Price's Farm." In this neighbourhood is settled the pioneer white family of the region. Twelve years ago the Price family had pushed on in the van of Canadian settlement, and for years