

in comparison with the dark-coloured pines they replace. When about half way on our journey through the channel the landscape changes. The country had been rocky before, but now we come to a district where there is nothing but rock. Islands like solid boulders from a few feet to many miles across. Solid rock shelving down as far as we could see into the water, and rising in irregular undulating forms sometimes to a height of hundreds of feet. The surfaces are fissured here and there, and in the fissures some enterprising though scraggy trees have obtained a foothold; yet in many places the bare stones cannot boast the covering of even a lichen or a moss. The good ship keeps steadily on, however, ploughing her way through the narrow channels, often passing spots of exquisite beauty, and this cold spring we saw all the hues of Indian summer on the trees in June.

At length open water appears before us, and we find ourselves coming near the place where Michigan pours her waters into Huron. This point the vessel passes during the night, and next morning we find ourselves entering the narrow channel of the Garden River, which leads up to the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie, and thence into Lake Superior. Through this channel, and by way of the canal at the "Soo," as it is always called, all vessels bound from and to the upper lake must pass, and we are told that the daily tonnage of this canal is greater than that passing through the Suez. Immense barges laden with grain, lumber, coal, or products of the mine, and often with a number of schooners in tow, pass up and down the river and through the locks in a never-ceasing stream. The passage is, however, unsafe at night, and at all times impracticable for sailing vessels, hence the necessity of towing schooners through it.

The rapids, which are over a mile long, and I should say three-quarters of a mile in width, are a really beautiful sight, and it is a favourite amusement of tourists to hire an Indian guide and enjoy the thrilling pleasure of shooting the rapids in a canoe. It adds considerably to the interest of the rapids that a number of Indians are generally to be seen dexterously holding their canoes half way up and busily employed in spearing fish. There are two pretty villages just below the rapids—one on each side of the river, the American one slightly the larger. A railway bridge spans the river between the places, and a number of noisy little ferry boats ply their trade in carrying passengers back and forward across the river. In the American "Soo" I was told that the week previous a thousand men were counted out of employment. The town had a boom some years ago and is now suffering the reaction. It is a great resort for sailors, and drinking-houses outnumber the churches ten to one, perhaps more. From this point we continued our journey by the Lake Superior Transit Company's boats, passing along the south shore of the lake and visiting numbers of mining stations situated there. Some of these are fair-sized towns, but as yet the most of the country is primeval forest belonging to the great timber belt of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Lumbering is carried on here to a certain extent, but hardly so much as on Lake Huron. The chief attacks on this great forest region are directed from the south, along the tributaries of the Mississippi. But the mining of iron and copper is pursued here with great energy and enterprise. Some of the most powerful engines and machinery in the world are employed. At one establishment we had the opportunity of seeing, the ground for hundreds of feet around could be felt trembling beneath our feet with