

great expanse of plain, only bounded by the deep blue of the horizon—some such feeling comes over one as when we find ourselves amid the silence of ocean. The beauty and variety of the flowers add much to the charm of the scene as we travel over the trails which offer such delightful drives—so soft and easy is the motion; crocuses, roses, blue bells, convolvuli, sun-flowers, anemones, asters, and other flowers too numerous to mention—if indeed we know all their names—follow each other in rapid succession from May to September, and mingle with the “billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.” The sunsets in the prairie country are the most glorious that ever dazzled the eye. The sky to the very zenith is at moments one mass of varied hues of a perfection of colouring that shows us how futile after all is the best work of the artist who dares to imitate nature’s gorgeous tints.

It must have been some such scene that our great English poet saw when he speaks of

‘Sunny isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.’

Then the lights and shadows that pass over the mingled grasses and flowers, as the sun declines, and the sky assumes its brilliant colours. Then the enchantment of the scene when the sun disappears beneath the horizon, and a mist perhaps comes over the prairie, and lakes and streams seem to surround us with one of those curious phenomena with which nature sometimes deceives us. It was of such illusions that Longfellow wrote in the lines—

‘Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and vanished before
them.’

We should like to take our readers with us in imagination to the magnificent mountainous country of British Columbia—to those stupendous masses of bare rugged rock, crowned here and there with snow and ice, and assuming all the curious forms which Nature loves to take in her great upheavals. We should like them to see with us the picturesque beauty and the impressive grandeur of the Selkirk range, and take the delightful ride by the side of the broad, rapid Frazer, over trestle-work, around curves, and through tunnels, with the forest-clad mountains rising precipitously on all sides, with glimpses of precipices and cañons, of cataracts and falls that tumble down from the snows and glaciers far above us. But we must not dally with a theme so attractive, but proceed to the subjects more strictly within the scope of this paper. If we are asked
what