

At New Westminster the steamer stops a few hours, long enough and to spare to see the little town, which rests upon the high bank commanding fine river views. The site suggests Seattle, although a better clearance has been made among the trees. Some of the homes are attractive, each having a fair display of flowers, chiefly roses, with a far greater allowance of grass and shrubbery. Vegetation here, as well as everywhere else in this region, seems soaked with moisture, hence its rankness; vines and all kinds of creeping plants forming a thick undergrowth in the compact wilderness. A fine post-office is in process of erection in New Westminster, but other buildings are small and mainly constructed of wood. One of the most interesting spots is the public library. As you enter the humble edifice, you are at once confronted by a huge puma; but be not alarmed, the animal is a dead curiosity merely. A few other specimens of natural wonder, not kept in the best condition, lie scattered about the vestibule. The reading-room, lighted dimly by lamps hung from a low ceiling, a tall stove in the center of the apartment, tables, chairs, stands on the uncarpeted floor, here, nevertheless, an aspect of rude convenience; it contained the English illustrated and other papers, a few magazines, English and American, and the like. The books, not a large collection, and of what choice I know not, stood on rough shelves behind an open wood-work. Altogether, it was a place at which laughter might be easily excited, did not the sincerity and promise give the little spot a peculiar dignity.

Returning to the steamer, I sat for some time at the stern: the water was excessively still, only the sliding down of logs indicating movement; a half-moon cast scarcely a reflection, so smooth was the water; ice could not be more unresponsive; the scene was rich with repose and silence. Behind one might distinguish pale islands and woodland, vague and dreamy in the soft light. Frogs croaked half-asleep from time to time. About ten o'clock we steamed out into the drowsy tide, pursuing our upward course, but were compelled to lie by the bank half

the night, waiting for a mist to be dissipated.

Next morning was cloudy. Through similar scenes to those of yesterday we sail, yet our course is more winding: mountains approach, but recede after reaching a certain distance, so that nowhere are they near enough to be imposing. We touch at a station or two, tying up to some tree close to the bank; houses appear here and there. Debris of the forest strews the sides of the current, now so strong as to hurry trees and great logs down impetuously; pieces fall from the banks, and it would seem as though the channel changed its direction, yet no extra care is taken, and the steamer pursues an even tenor. The mountains come nearer with tops even, sawlike, so far as jealous clouds will permit one to judge. The river has made a great bend, and on what is now the eastern shore the heights are seamed and scarred, but not deeply wooded, except at their base. The track of a cataract is seen but no waterfalls; ice fragments only remain. We graze by woody islands; one may almost seize the branches of curtseying trees; wild roses abound everywhere.

In going through the Cascades the scene is wild and grand like that on the Columbia, though lacking in the strange and rocky shapes of that river. Gangs of men at work on the Canadian Pacific Railroad are descried from time to time, their camp of tents not far off. Ascending heights arise thick with crops of spear-like pines, gleaming as steel. On a long, large, level stretch of land at the foot of crags gray with rock and shafts of trees stand a few scattered houses—an Indian community apparently, for only brown visages look out from the doorways; a little boy, followed by a yelping puppy, chases us along the bank; people in civilized attire, well-to-do, cultivating their little territory here live an easy life; cows, pigs, horses, dogs abound. A few huts seem deserted. Canoes not unlike those of southern seas are drawn up on the bank.

But we gradually draw away from the rude tillage of these children of the soil, and nature, pure and unadulterated, begins