

bewildering variety. Do you desire water, with headland and bay, gems of islands, and labyrinths of intricate water-ways? is it music to your ear to listen to the rippling of currents, the tumbling of cascades, and the roaring of rapids? then take from Rat Portage north to the shores of Lake Winnipeg, on to Hudson Bay, and westward into the Athabasca country—here you may paddle and portage your canoe for thousands of miles. Do you desire to stand on some grand range of hills, and from their eminence look out on hills and valleys, shapely, as they have fallen from nature's lathe, islands of timber and fields of prairie, so arranged that, however cultivated your taste, you would not change them if you could? Glistening lakelets and winding creeks, like threads of silver, intersperse the scene, and in season the smell of luxuriant vegetation and the aroma of wild rose-beds is wafted to your nostrils; then come to the nose, the eye, the ear, or to the sick, hills, ranging from the south branch northward to the Saskatchewan, where you will find yourself on the highlands of America, and in the garden of the Dominion. Or perhaps you desire something vaster, grander, more majestic still; then let us take our stand upon one of the ranges of hills running north and south about 150 miles east of the base of the Rocky Mountains. Yonder, rising range beyond range, stretching north and south, are the grand mountains, whose forests as they climb the steeps, and the perpendicular rocks as they stand heavenward, darken the scene, but above them the snow-clad fields and glaciers that never melt glisten in the sunshine—and with this I take leave of my readers.