Our North-West.

oly, but in t, the high hospitality, lly pay it a

ast August published e hands of ry of those were always ated to the an exceedie meteorfortunately while the

sing every deep wet or rolling sky that of blankorses and us, which en picks mounts, r is cool. m blood, the pale you can ises from he air is mit you dispense the heat the first packed, l. Two stream

is at hand, sketching or taking notes, breakfasting, or perhaps in a few extra winks under a cart or in the shade of a clump of trees, and then you mount into the saddle again. The delight, the purely animal happiness of those days, it is impossible to exaggerate. No sense of monotony was experienced, though there is a general sameness in the character of the country. One hour we rode through avenues of whispering trees; the next through park-like scenery; soon after across open expanses, or by a succession of sparkling lakelets. One part of the day we would jog slowly behind the carts, or lag far in the rear; then gallop up and scamper like boys among the herd of horses that were driven along to relieve the others when they had enough of the shafts or the saddle for the time; off the herd would go like a drove of wild horses, their long manes and tails floating like Turkish banners in the wind. The contagion would seize on the halfbreeds driving the carts, and then commenced a race of horses, horsemen, carts, and buckboards. Along the trail and across the open prairie, up and down long slopes, over deep ruts and badgerholes, through sloughs and marshes, we dashed pell-mell, and then no one thought of drawing rein till a good halting place was reached.

The only rivers of importance that we had to cross between Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton were the Assiniboine, the South and the North Saskatchewans. The first is fordable, and on each of the other two the Hudson Bay Company have a large scow for carts, and the horses swim across.

In another paper I shall speak of the only inhabitants that this "great lone land" has had hitherto. In the meantime, a closing word may be permitted as to the duty that lies nearest us with regard to it.

Our duty is to do something to open it up to a race of hardy immigrants. Usually this determination that "something must be done" is to be suspected, as it indicates lack of knowledge and lack of sense; but in this case any policy is better than that of the sluggard. Too long have we permitted ourselves to be eclipsed by the superior energy and business-like thoroughness of our neighbours in attracting population to their virgin lands. Their Railway Companies are their great immigration agents. These Companies organize colonization schemes, advertize their lands, construct homes for newly arrived emigrants, exhibit the