

Some are grim and horrid in their nakedness, others are clad in pale green of mosses or dwarf shrubbery. Occasionally miles of precipice front the sea, in which the fancy may roughly shape all the structures of human art—castles, palaces and temples. Imagine a row, several miles in length, of some of the stateliest buildings of our city piled up solidly one, two, three hundred feet in height, and often more, exposed to the charge of the great Atlantic rollers, rushing into churches, halls, and spacious buildings, thundering in through doorways and dashing in at the windows, sweeping up the lofty points, then falling back in bright green scrolls and foaming cascades upon the sea. And yet all this imagined can never reach the inimitable grandeur of these precipices. Such then is the fashion of much of the coast.

The interior of the country has been only partially explored. It appears to be a region of hills and mountain ranges and plateaus, strewn with an infinite number of granite boulders, sometimes three and four deep, and varying from one to twenty feet in diameter. These plateaus are pre-eminently sterile. The soil everywhere is scanty and unproductive. Trees are conspicuous by their absence, and even in the south, where the pine and birch are found, they are stunted in their growth. Language fails to paint the awful desolation of Northern Labrador. All is one great and terrible wilderness of 1,000 miles, left to the quiet visitations of the light of the sun, moon and stars and auroral fires, lonesome to the few wild beasts that haunt its hills and desert rock. It is only fit to look upon and then to be handed over to its primeval solitude.

Upon reflection an ancient solitude like this has a sadness which nothing can dispel. "Never, never in all my life," says a writer who has visited these shores, "have I beheld a land like this, the expression and sentiment of which is essentially mournful and sad. The bright sunshine, the pure skies, and all the pomp and circumstance of ocean will never take away what really is, and everlastingly will be, the sentiment of solemnity and death. Nature here is at a funeral all the year round."

This barren country differs little from the Arctic regions. It is even colder and more bleak than Southern Greenland. Snow lies from September or October to June. Cultivation is impossible. The coldness in midwinter is intense. Storms rage with almost