

take a look at it, picking out a course and impressing it well upon your memory. At the place you have chosen for your entrance the smooth water runs into the broken in the shape of a V, and you point the bow of the canoe for its apex. Very little steering is required; the slightest turn of the paddle in the swiftly rushing water and the canoe answers the demand. All is motionless; not a breath is stirring; you seem to be standing still. But take a glance at the shore. See how the trees and rocks and ground are flying by in one continuous streak.

And now you have reached the apex. One moment all is steady as a rock; the next, wild confusion reigns supreme. Currents here; eddies there; disorder everywhere. And see! you are rushing right on a boulder—you strike! But no! A quick turn of the paddle, a long drawn breadth, and it flies by—a narrow shave; but in a rapid a miss is as good as a mile. And now you are in the surges near the foot, the water is boiling and bubbling on every side—spray is flying in the air like myriads of diamonds as it glitters in the sunlight; the roar is sounding in your ears, you feel like a hero, ready to do or dare anything, only for one moment, the next you are quietly floating up the eddy below, waiting to see your comrades take the run, and feeling that it is over, but that in the last few moments you have had a lifetime of pleasure.

Passing without difficulty Timmon's Current and the Rocky Farm Rapids, a stretch of ten miles lays between the last mentioned and the Levier Rapids. Certainly at no other season of the year could we have made the trip to such advantage from a picturesque point of view. The banks on either hand were high, rising on the north side to an elevation of between three and four hundred feet. Not a ripple stirred the glassy sheet of water between them. The whole scene represented a most wondrous wealth of colouring. The bright yellow of the poplars, the dark red and green of the scrub oak and tall pine, the bright crimson of the bush maple, the light green of the untouched poplar, the dull brown of the ground, and slaty grey of the rocks, streaked with the white stems of the silver birch—above a blue sky fleeced with white—below an almost identical reflection of it—presented such a brilliant and many-coloured picture as to be almost bewildering, and yet the whole was blended in such perfect harmony that one could not help crying mentally, "Oh, nature, where is the artist who can compare unto thee?"

Often while paddling along I have striven to remember where I had ever seen any resemblance to it, and my mind has gone back to old times in the Wicklow Mountains, where on a bright hazy day almost every shade of blue might be seen, from the darkest slate to the brightest azure, tinged here and there with pink from the thick growth of heather; and yet, though I am truly loyal to my native land, and maintain that Ireland can hold its own with any country in the world for scenery, I am fain to confess that autumn on the Upper Ottawa has been a great blow to my pride in that respect.