

on the Mackenzie River, I owe much for their hospitality and disinterested advice and assistance. To the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, both myself personally, and the party generally, owe much for their readiness everywhere to assist us. I can truthfully say that their kindness and assistance were disinterested and genuine, if aiding me, often without being asked, and certainly with no pecuniary profit to themselves or the Company, be any proof of it.

To the four men who accompanied me through the whole journey, I would here return thanks for their cordial co-operation, and spirited readiness to do their duty at all times and in all places. They were called on to toil for long hours, and under conditions more disagreeable and hazardous than fall to the lot of many; yet they never flinched, even when their lives were in danger.

The total result of the expedition has been, in round numbers, nearly nineteen hundred miles of accurate instrumental survey, and a very close approximate determination of the position of the International Boundary Line on the Pelly-Yukon and Forty Mile Rivers. In addition to this, about eight hundred miles of partially instrumental survey was made, which, when plotted, proves more accurate than I had expected. Of this, between five and six hundred miles was over country previously unknown and untravelled by white men. The knowledge gathered by this expedition will enable us to almost complete the map of the extreme north-western portion of the Dominion, as it will serve as a sketch on which to adjust aright the mass of disjointed information we already possess.

A WILLOW AT GRAND PRE.

THE fitful rustle of thy sea-green leaves
 Tells of the homeward tide, and free-blown air
 Upturns thy gleaming leafage like a share,—
 A silvery foam, thy bosom, as it heaves!
 O slender fronds, pale as a moonbeam weaves,
 Some grief through you is telling unaware!
 O, peasant tree, the regal tide doth bare,
 Like thee, its breast to ebbs and floods,—and grieves!

Willow of Normandy, say, do the birds
 Of motherland plain in thy sea-chant low,
 Or voice of those who brought thee in the ships
 To tidal vales of Acadie, or words
 Heavy with heart-ache whence sad Gaspereau
 Bore on its flood the fleet with iron lips?

THEODORE H. RAND.

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