

common but nevertheless ever changing scene of beauty. Sometimes the whole world seems ablaze with its light. Let me try and sketch to you such a scene. A half circle, occupying one-fourth of the visible heavens, apparently made of white luminous lace, fringed with pinnacles, each space tipped with a quivering pink edging, whilst overhanging all is a second arc of the bluish green peculiar to the Polar Region—the whole is in rapid movement. One minute the bow rises majestically, and expands only to sink gracefully down the next. Again it rises higher and higher. Now the upper shafts of opal contract and touch the lower bow. Picture thousands of white peaks, tipped with exquisite colour, all with the same slow grace saluting each other. Right overhead, away from the arc, is a canopy of shifting light and colour, trembling and full of stars. Words are inadequate to paint such loveliness. I fear I have failed to convey to your minds one half of the natural beauties of Manitoba. The prairie clad in exquisite flowers, varying from the lavender crocus of spring to the tiger lily, the blush red rose, the purple and white prairie clover, the silver willow, the wild pea blossom, the *tiny cactus, with its pink star rising in the centre, the pretty primula, a rich, red, velvety flower with an orange cross, whose name I know not—all these and many more, waving and nodding to the breeze and intermixed with the feather grass, the Seneca, the reed, and the crested sedge, only partially concealing in some parts, in others failing to hide the red burnished glow of acre after acre of strawberries, whose life blood we press out with our wheels as we drive onward. Again, the plum, most delicious of all wild fruit, the grape, the cherry, the raspberry, black and red, the black gooseberry, high and low bush cranberry, blue bear and buffalo berry, and the hazel nut—these, with myriads of mushrooms in spring and fall constitute

* Macoun.