

the pure air we think what a blessing it would be, if but one draught were to blow through the hot workshops and close factories of our cities.

It is late next day when we enter the Detroit River, and towards evening we see the dazzling lights of the city of that name in the distance. The electric lights, erected high in the air, present to the eye a picture as of so many brilliant stars—a fitting introduction to so delightful a city—its charm resulting partly from its lovely situation, partly from its beautiful public buildings and many avenues of gorgeous residences, its clear, bright, fresh look, and general appearance of prosperity. We will draw a veil over Windsor, Detroit's Canadian neighbor, as it must shrink into utter insignificance by comparison. A few miles from Detroit, is Belle Isle, a pretty place, with its artificial canals and drives. Boats are passing to and from the island all the time. There, when the heat of the day is over, the weary ones resort, and tired though they may be make merry the hours that are theirs.

We are entering on Lake St. Clair. Two short hours will take us across this beautiful little lake, and the captain very much surprises us, by saying, that it can get up a most stubborn little storm. At the opening of the St. Clair River is a canal called, "The Flats," about a mile long and just wide enough for vessels to pass each other. Along each pier are rows of willows and at each end is a light-house. We are sailing along the river. On each side the shores are lined with the villas of the wealthy, elegant hotels, boat-houses and parks. Every turn of the steamer as she winds her sinuous way among the beautiful islands which dot the river, gives a new form to the scenery around us. On this river we pass a wreck. In the Spring of the year two vessels collided; the one owned by Phil Armour, the rich pork-packer of Chicago, went down. They are trying to raise her by means of pumps, and they must have been successful, for on our return trip there were no signs of her.

We have touched at Sarnia for provisions. The day has been intensely warm

and bright. Suddenly, clouds pass swiftly across the sky, a darkness as of night throws a mantle over the earth, the thunder rolls and tumbles through the sky and great flashes of lightning chase each other in quick succession, illuminating the dark and angry waters. The rain comes down in torrents. Glad we are that the boat is fastened firmly to the shore—but it is over now. The sun shines out again in all his kingly majesty. The vessel is gliding peacefully out into Lake Huron. But a few hours and we are abreast Saginaw Bay, figuratively called "The Sailor's Grave." The currents from the bay cross the waves of Huron, and in this trough many a crew has found a watery grave. An expression of sadness crosses the face of almost every sailor as he speaks of this dangerous spot, where so many of his brother mariners have found a last resting place.

We are a day and a night on Lake Huron, and dawn finds us at Detour, at the entrance of St. Mary's River. The stream is not navigable by night so every traveller has an opportunity to admire its scenery, which is picturesque beyond all description, with its delicate windings, its islands covered with exquisite green foliage, the huts of the Indians and at its head the far famed Sault St. Marie, or the "Soo" as it is often called. Of the town we heard an American on board say, it had "the raw new look of a Pennsylvania oil country or western mining town." It is, however, an old place. The houses and the inhabitants form strange contrasts. Here is a long row of rude wooden buildings, some with only canvas roofs, while opposite are imposing structures of red granite, and on the sidewalks half-breed Indians mingle with every variety of Celt and Saxon. On the American side, just above the town, is the wonderful "Soo" Canal, the grandest lock in the world. Nine vessels can lock there at one time. Beyond this canal are the foaming rapids into which the waters of old Superior are broken as they begin their rush to the sea. Over the rapids is a magnificent International Bridge, a triumph of engineering skill.

We are entering upon Superior, the