

observer sits. I have seen many such nights in these wilds.

It is difficult to find in any part of the district more than a few patches of open land here and there, near the mouths of rivers and the borders of lakes. The soil is generally deep, and often rich from the accumulation of vegetable remains; but as rough wooded hills form a great part of the surface of the country, and rocks crop out everywhere, there is not room for many farms. Notwithstanding the deep shade in the forest, the undergrowth of shrubs is luxuriant at certain seasons, but it does not last long. In July and August—July being called *Kow-wishimilk* (from *Kow-wit*, salmon-berry, and *Hishimilk*, a crowd)—the graceful branches and wavy green leaves of the low berry-bushes in the woods are most pleasant to look upon, but are a great hindrance in travelling. Probably there is nothing in Vancouver Island more interesting to a stranger than the aged forests of pine—nearly all of one species, *Abies Douglassii*—which cover the country. Viewed commercially, though the wood is of first-rate quality, these forests are of little value, owing to the difficulty of getting the “logs” or “spars” over a rugged surface to a saw-mill or place of shipment. The traveller, accustomed elsewhere to trees of smaller growth, and to pleasing varieties of verdure and freshness, finds himself here amidst old, gigantic, thick-barked pines without branches to a considerable height from the ground, and with dark-green bristling foliage that hardly ever changes. The tops of these great trees are in many places so densely mingled as to scatter, if not to exclude, the rays of the sun. Here and there in the forest are open spaces where