

canoe. To begin with, the canoe is, of all possible craft, the nearest to Nature. There is no apparatus between you and it and the water, except a paddle, and the paddle gets its fulcrum and leverage directly from your own body. Every motion,—fast or slow, ahead, astern, or veering—is also directly due to your own bodily self. And your pleasure, your sport, and often your very life, entirely depend upon the courage, skill and strength with which you use your muscles. The canoe must be seaworthy enough to ride out a storm; yet light enough for two men to handle under all circumstances, and for one man to handle alone when working for a throw. If you would see man to perfection as a beast of prey, take the stern paddle and watch the harpooner forward—his every faculty intent, his every muscle full-charged for a spring, and his whole tense body the same to the harpoon as the bow is to the arrow. But if you would actually feel what it is to be this human bow and arrow, you had better begin by making sure that you are absolutely at home in a canoe in all emergencies. Then take the harpoon and poise it so that the rocking water, your comrade in the stern, the mettlesome canoe, yourself, your line and your harpoon can all become one single point of energy whenever that sudden white-domed gleam tells you the whale is head-on and close-to for just one thrilling flash of a second.

Thus, sanctuaries and game preserves each have their own peculiar interests and delights. But there is one supreme interest and delight they share together. This is the Pageant of Evolution—a pageant now being played under the eye of the flesh, but only as part of an infinitely greater whole, that began we know not when nor where, that is tending we know not whither, and that will end we know not how. It is a pageant always growing greater and greater, as the mind's eye finds higher and ever higher points of view. And it is a pageant with the same setting all over the World—except on the St. Lawrence. I have dwelt on this difference before; but I return to it, because it gives us one deep note of significance that is lacking everywhere else. It consists, of course, in the immeasurable age of the Laurentians, which, being older than Life, are, therefore, a land co-eval with the sea and sky. Think of this triune stage of sky and sea and primal land, set up by God so long before He put his creatures there, these millions of years ago! Then watch the actors. First, and slowest of all in their simplicity, the plants; and animals so lowly that they have hardly got beyond the frontiers of the vegetable kingdom. Next, the rest of the immense sub-kingdom of *Invertebrata*. And, after them, the fishes and reptilia, and the birds, who are directly of reptilian origin. And then the mammals, who, after infinite travail, have produced one