

But if the supposed necessities of the early settlers in the hard struggle for the necessities of life must somewhat extenuate the wrong they thus did to the country, no such excuse can be pleaded for the authors of the destruction still going on. P. S. H. notices the amount of unjustifiable destruction caused by the lumbermen of Canada, who, in the hope of making large profits in a most precarious occupation, are pursuing an over-crowded occupation, to "the manifest ruin of each other, to the vast over-production of timber in our markets, and to the obvious and not remote total destruction of the sources of production." P. S. H. believes, that "*upon the whole*, the exports of the products of the forests of British North America have cost the producer more than he has actually received therefor," and considers the action of those who represent the lumbering interest of Canada as simply suicidal. Surely this is a case in which our Legislature may well interfere and protect the most obvious interests of the country by husbanding these invaluable resources for the time when their value shall have increased a hundred fold, provided we have not first allowed ourselves to be recklessly robbed of our richest heritage.

But the most inexcusable cause of destruction of all is one which is daily, during the hot and dry summer months, bringing about the utterly aimless destruction of large tracts of forest land, ruining some of our finest natural scenery, and endangering, often destroying the property and the lives of hard-working farmers. How often do we read the item of news with too little concern: "Large bush-fires raging in—county or township!" How often are our clear summer atmosphere and pure summer sky veiled in a smoky pall, representing the wanton destruction of thousands of dollars' worth of Canada's most valuable treasure! "Wanton," we say, and the expression is not too strong. Every right-minded person will agree with P. S. H. that language is too weak fitly to characterise the selfish recklessness of the man who leaves his camp-fire smouldering where a light breeze may soon fan it into a conflagration, or tosses the match with which he lights his pipe down among dry leaves and timber without a look to see what has become of it, when all experience tells him that he may thus become the culpable agent of destroying an indefinite amount of beauty, of property, and even of life. As for the man who wilfully sets fire to the woods, whether from malice aforethought or childish love of mischievous "fun," he should be classed with such human fiends as barn-burners and common incendiaries, and should be stowed away, out of the reach of doing further mischief, in the penitentiary for life. It is true, as P. S. H. says, that the crime of forest incendiarism is one most difficult of detection; but Government might do something at least to repress it, by imposing severe penalties, which might at least act as a deterrent to those not capable of being influenced by other considerations. It is quite time that some active legislative means should be taken to protect those rapidly decreasing forest resources, in which should be stored up, with a wise care, provision of warmth, of locomotion, of commerce and manufacture, for future generations, as well as refreshing parks and breathing grounds for our people in all time to come.

There are still other reasons, of which P. S. H. takes notice, why our forests are an invaluable possession, and any extensive destruction of them would be a national calamity. Their presence, as every schoolboy ought to know, in precipitating rainfalls and preserving and distributing moisture, is a preventive at once of droughts and devastating floods. P. S. H. says he has not "the means of ascertaining whether or not the partial denudation of the forests of Canada hitherto has as yet produced any material effect upon the quantity of its rainfall." The present writer knows of districts of country in which the wholesale denudation of forests has very perceptibly reduced the rainfall, and subjected the country to withering droughts. Yet even *there* proprietors of such woodland as is left will, through greed of a little personal gain, continue to cut down the almost inestimable timber that remains. Some of our prettiest river scenery is fast becoming spoiled by this means, and it seems to be forgotten that there are many bits of woodland which, from their beauty, might be a "joy for ever," which are yet unfitted for any other use. Take, for instance, a bit of river-bank well known to the writer, which has been, unlike the rest of the shore, stripped of its natural adorning of trees, leaving a patch of barren, unsightly common, on which nothing can be made to grow. It is, to the most slightly observant eye, a blot on the fair landscape, and must for ever remain so. Yet how many more such blots will disfigure our fairest scenery, through the stupidity or the cloddish selfishness of proprietors, unless our Legislature interfere in some way for *this* most legitimate sort of *protection*! In Germany, beautiful scenery is rightly considered a public possession, and not even proprietorship of the land gives a man the right to disfigure it. In Canada, where the appreciation of the beautiful is not nearly so widespread as in Germany, we stand still more urgently in need of such protection for preserving our beautiful scenery, so much of which depends on *foliage*, intact, for future generations.

As has been noticed, forests are a material safeguard against floods. In a thrilling description of the late destructive inundation at Szegedin, in Hungary, which recently appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, this or other disasters of a similar kind are traced to their source in the denudation of forest lands, which act as so many reservoirs, holding the water in their shady and porous recesses

till it becomes gradually distributed as needed, and forms the running streams which make the difference between a well watered country and a dry one. Take away our forests and we shall not long possess our fishing streams, and the water instead of running in its quiet, natural channels, will be suddenly spread over the country in the shape of floods, while even our "water privileges" will soon become seriously circumscribed. As for the fishing privileges, P. S. H. says that "experience has already taught the lesson, in Canada, that even what have been recognised as valuable fish streams cannot always continue to exist as such when the neighbouring forest is cut away." And he further "points the moral by referring to the desolation which forest destruction has spread like a blight over what were some of the richest and fairest portions of the earth.

It is earnestly to be hoped that our rising generation may be educated into a value for and appreciation of the beauty and use of our forests which is too much lacking in the present. We should, with P. S. H., be glad to see Canadian children impressed with the same reverence for trees and care for their preservation, which the children of Holland feel and show in regard to their canals. Teachers might do much to cultivate a sentiment of respect for trees, and all who can influence public opinion in this direction, should, as patriotic men and women, endeavour to use their influence in behalf of the preservation of the greatest glory of our forest land.

One means of doing this must, of course, be the planting out of young trees, and to this end the destruction of young timber should be most carefully avoided. Yet, even our very loyalty threatens to work mischief in this particular! It is to be regretted that in our cities and towns, and even in our villages, loyal or political demonstrations so often take the form of building arches composed of quantities of young evergreens, and the adorning of the streets with rows of rootless trees. If this rather childish fashion could only be superseded by the planting of *permanent* trees *with roots*, it would be considerably for the improvement of the places in question. But certainly the sacrifice of thousands of young trees to make arches for a day or two's decoration is a custom which were better honoured in the breach than the observance. As Lord Dufferin has left an impress among us of his regard for our old historical monuments, his much-esteemed successor might do us a further benefit by discouraging a system which threatens to make still farther havoc in our fast diminishing woodlands.

One other cause of injury to the attractiveness of our woodlands must be noticed, the havoc made among its beautiful and innocent denizens, feathered and furred, by idle loungers who find a base pleasure in firing off powder and shot at any living thing which they think they can kill with impunity. We have few enough song-birds in many parts of Canada; yet these loafers—one cannot call them by a better name—go on recklessly destroying every one they can cover, apparently neither knowing nor caring how their ruthless puff-puff, for mere idle amusement, mars the enjoyment of all within hearing who love to watch our pretty birds and squirrels in the enjoyment of the forest life to which they add its crowning attraction. We want a more healthful, a nobler sentiment cultivated in our youth, in this matter also, unless our forests are to become in no long time, a silent lifeless wilderness. Could not our Government afford a sufficient number of *rangers*, in much frequented localities, for the protection of both our song-birds and our game from the indiscriminate slaughter of reckless and selfish pleasure-seekers. *Fidelis.*

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. VII.

After leaving the Bay of Chaleur, or Chaleur Bay, according to Admiral Bayfield, and bidding farewell to the red sandstone cliffs of Cape Despair, pursuing a northerly course, and supposing the departure to be break of day, and a glimpse of Table Roulante, or Mont St. Anne, or Mont Percé be obtained about sunrise, the beholder will never forget the scene. On the right, Bonaventure Island, with its high perpendicular cliffs of red sandstone, their colour heightened by the morning sun, and their ledges and fissures dotted with an innumerable number of gannets and snow-white gulls, making an imaginary mosaic, rivalling in beauty the enamelled walls and tessellated pavements of the Cathedral of St. Mark. On the left, the celebrated Percé rock, with its natural doorway, rising like a fortress out of the sea to a height of nearly 300 feet, and remaining to this day much like it was when Jacques Cartier visited it in 1534. Here between the Rock and White Head is the Bay of Percé, on the shores of which is situated the town of Percé, inhabited since the 16th century by a race of hardy fishermen. Here, as at Tadoussac, the spiritual wants of these early toilers on the sea were not neglected, for, in the "Chronicles," we learn that Bishop Laval in 1673 founded a mission, entrusting it to the Recollet Fathers, who erected a chapel at Percé—another at Bonaventure Island, which was called *Ste. Claire*. These chapels were destroyed by fire by some English adventurers in 1690, who attempted to seize on Canada, and who pillaged and sacked and burnt the houses of the defenceless inhabitants. A new church at Percé now occupies the place of the old one, but the interior, like the church at