

still, though in diminished numbers, dare the deep, dare danger by the side of the Leviathan steamboats, which find access to Lake Superior by means of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal a magnificent effort of engineering skill and $1\frac{17}{100}$ mile in length.

Here, on the very outskirts of civilization the obsolete savage gazes, as impassively as ever, on that wondrous progress which is fatal to his race. He dies and makes no sign.

And yet here, for a time, progress seems to pause. All that can be done has been done. The territory which surrounds this huge lake is not on its border, attractive to settlement; the shores are rocky, sterile, sandy, and forbidding. But nature provides compensation—great mineral wealth abounds. Mines of copper, of increasing promise are successfully worked, but the capital required makes progress slow. The further, however, we penetrate within, the richer, the more promising, and the more prolific becomes the soil, until the great western plains, extending from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains offer millions of unoccupied acres to future emigration and culture. But, until Lake Superior becomes the channel of communication with the Red River Settlements, and the vast plains of the Saskatchewan, it can influence but little the defence of Canada. Passing events too, hurrying on, anticipate and confound speculation. We pause and await ulterior developments, satisfied that the day is not distant when we shall see and appreciate, face to face, that which at present we behold through a glass darkly.

We abide the future; and, in the meantime, and at once, would arouse our people, not so much to a sense of their danger as to a sense of the ease with which that danger, foreseen and forestalled, may be encountered and repelled. We would familiarize the public mind to thoughts on defence. We know that our effort is an imperfect one, but if we can