

peaceful, have belched forth volcanic flames and burning stones, and that beneath that breast of unsullied white lie the scoriæ and lava thrown out from the earth by forces that may shake a continent. This fact has caused it to occupy the attention of those who have considered the causes of the shocks of earthquake which from time to time agitate the coast.

Following a park-like glade on the outskirts of the city, the visitor from Victoria enters a broad, open space about a mile and a half in circumference, dotted with clumps of dwarf oak and fern, and bordered with stately pines mingled with oaks. It is open on one side to the sea, with its sheltered bays and nooks, where grassy slopes kiss the water's edge, and where the tender green of the copses, filled with the alder, willow and cotton-wood, forms a pleasing contrast to the dark foliage of the pines. Ascending the rising knoll, we stand upon Beacon Hill, and find ourselves at once in the centre of a charmed circle, as if some Prospero had waved his magic wand and evoked a scene of enchantment. Beneath our feet is the greensward strewn with flowers of every hue; immediately around, is a magnificent combination of the park and the forest; whilst beyond, is the old and hoary sea rolling against the base of yonder snow-capped mountains that encircle the horizon.

On a fine day, looking towards the north, Victoria is seen from this spot to great advantage. The upper portion of the city being on an elevated plateau, reveals its white walls and houses sparkling in the sun, and glimpses of its churches and public buildings are seen at intervals through the dark masses of foliage. The cathedral, standing by itself, is prominent in the view of the city, and in the distance rises Cedar Hill, whose jagged outline is dotted with firs. The summit of Beacon Hill appears to have been formerly used as an Indian burial ground, and bears some resemblance to an Anglo-Saxon tumulus, or barrow. We may suppose that here there were formerly dis-