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FOR THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NATURAL SCENERY OF CALEDON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Caledon is situated on a very high point of what is here called "the mountain." This is the same elevated ledge which crosses the Niagara River at Queenston, and after stretching round the Head of the Lake, continues in a northerly direction to the corner of Caledon, which it crosses a few lots up from the front of the Township, in about a north easterly direction, and then continues to the eastward across Yonge Street, where it is known by the name of "the oak ridges." The sea beaten, sea worn cliffs in many parts of this ledge bear the amplest evidence that it has been at some former period the shore of Lake Ontario; the boundary at the other end, where "the Falls" would naturally be when the water stood at this height, being probably the ridge of highland which crosses the St. Lawrence near the lower end of the Lake of the Thousand Isles, known on the American side as the Rossie Hills. These cliffs are in many places 500 feet high, and are for the most part composed of limestone in horizontal strata, in some places, of slate, and in others, as in Caledon and Esquesing, of excellent freestone or sandstone.

There is perhaps no part of this ridge where

more extensive views in all directions can be obtained by a few miles travel than in Caledon. On the day after the meeting of the Presbytery, while the writer, with two of his co presbyters, were out calling on some of the families at their own houses, we took a walk to a bold point in the face of the mountain on the same concession line on which the church stands, and about a mile and a half farther down. What a glorious view we had there! Above, the sun was shining brightly in the clear blue sky, while far below, the eye gazed over the tops of the trees dyed by the autumnal frosts in the most varied and gorgeous colours, some brown, some yellow, some a deep red, as the maples, mingled with the dark green shades of the pine, with here and there the blue smoke curling up from some speck of clearing—the whole spread out like an immense and most magnificent carpet, stretching away for miles and miles on every hand, until by degrees the several colours became less and less distinct, and at length in the far distance were blended together in smoky blue, mingling in front of us, away over the Townships of Toronto and Chinguacousy, with the dimly seen waters of Lake Ontario. On the left we looked far away to the east over Vaughan, Markham and Pickering, as far as the eye could carry; and