

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

stood that earthquakes were indigenuous to the soil of her State.

She regarded me with a stare of utter wonder, and said, "Earthquakes! what are they compared with this?"

We rose early the next day to see the curve at Jack Fish Bay. We were now north of Lake Superior, whose shore we skirted till we got to Fort William, some time in the afternoon. All day we had a moving, varied picture, of lake and rock, and sky—charming vistas of color and form.

We had to wait at Ft. William for the steamer, and to fill up the interim, Mr. O. got an order for us to go through a great grain elevator, three of which are built on the Kaministiquia, each will hold a million bushels of grain—truly they are enormous. The cars are loaded and unloaded by machinery. We got back to find the steamer in, and our car full of new people, many of whom were well known to Mr. O., so we filled up four or five seats, and had a merry evening. Then next morning we were in Winnipeg. Here I regretfully bade good bye to my kind car friends, as I got off to spend a day. I don't know much about this place, save that its main street is wide, it has a fine hotel, and handsome city buildings. It poured rain all day, and they had an earthquake, I think, but nobody mentioned it. I know the floor rose up every time I tried to walk, and when I lifted my foot to meet this rise, it ignominiously sank away, leaving me pointing out the pictures on the wall with my foot.

I left next day and went as far as Brandon, getting my first view of prairie land. Brandon is prettily situated on the slope of the Assiniboine, and is a lively go ahead place, the centre of a magnificent grain producing country. From here I went south to visit some relatives on a farm, where I remained some

days, revelling in the strangeness of things. First the prairie; how can I tell about it! Its immensity, one feels in the centre of an illimitable world; its loneliness, which sounds unspeakable depths of sadness, especially in the evening, when the wind which moans uninterruptedly always, seems to gain in weirdness and dreariness, as "darkness falls from the wings of night."

The flowers, which nestle on the earth's broad bosom, would delight the soul of a nature lover; the prairie was literally covered with "all sorts and conditions" of blossoms, the most conspicuous being scarlet lilies, very much like our cultivated amaryllis, just as large and brilliant; then there is a blue flower, whose blossoms are similar in color, shape, and arrangement to the campanula of our winter window gardens, the roses! pale pink, or deep red. I can never forget a drive we took over the prairie, for nineteen or twenty miles, one day. We started early in the morning; the roads are superb in dry weather, like driving over rubber, no stones, and they wind at their own sweet will all over. We passed through acres of roses, which were yielding up their exquisite perfume, in response to the imperious summons of the sun god; the air was so pure, every sense was alert to nature's touches; hundreds of gophers skurried out of our way to the sides of the trail, where they perched up in a most absurd attitude of curiosity.

It seemed odd to my eyes to see birds resting on the backs of cattle, which went on calmly grazing, taking no notice of their musical attendants. On asking for the reason of this novel sight, I was told, that on account of the lack of trees and fences, the birds have no choice of a resting place, so the cattle are a sort of Hobson's choice.