

increasing in number and importance, and bids fair, in time, to become a successful rival of the older systems of Buddhism and Hinduism.

A PRAIRIE REVERIE.

IT is early June. The sun is slowly sinking toward the West. Three thousand miles from my Cape Breton home, I lie stretched out upon the green sward of the prairie, musing on things past and present. It is the glorious evening of what has been a glorious day. All day the sun has swung gladly on through a perfectly cloudless sky. Gazing up into the zenith the vast dome of heaven appears of a deep and wondrous blue, shading off gradually till it merges near the horizon into an opal tint.

But now the wondrous hues of sunset are beginning to kindle in the West. True there are no massive clouds to be tinged and brightened till the heavens are filled with gloriously tinted battlements and palaces and mountain ranges, but yet the sky begins to glow and brighten in a wondrously beautiful manner, till one is led to wonder how the "land beyond" can be fairer or brighter.

On every side stretches the prairie. Not a dead level, but stretching out in mighty undulations as far as the eye can see, and miles and miles beyond. And it is as green as the sky is blue, except that countless flowers deck its bosom, and add variety and brightness to the garment with which fair spring has robed our earth. To the North and East the ocean verdure stretches in emerald billows of mighty sweep far beyond our ken.

To the Southward several deep gullies may be seen as dark curving breaks in the green expanse, while beyond them rises a range of grassy hills, stretching for miles in a south-east and north-west direction, and, at their nearest point, only a few miles distant. These, with their sunlit slopes and shaded hollows, are especially grateful to the eye of one who has gazed on majestic Blomidon or the rugged

hills of Cape Breton. In the West the scene is lovely beyond description. If, in all its surpassing beauty, it could but be transferred to canvas! The sky is glowing with all the glories of the sunset. The earth is kindled into kindred beauty. In the immediate foreground sweeps in broad curves a deep and picturesque valley, through which winds a somewhat turbid stream. Did it but glance and flash and leap and gurggle like our peerless eastern brooks, what a touch of life and freshness would be added to the scene.

The valley is broad and deep, with alternative grassy flats and steep banks, as the creek curves gracefully on toward the north-west. Along the edges of the water are broad fringes of wild rose bushes and other shrubbery, from which the fragrance of opening blossoms steals gratefully. Up the creek nothing but grass and shrubbery appears, but just as it passes it enters a thick growth of soft maple, and this gradually extends and becomes larger, till, about a mile further up the maple largely gives place to ash, and the valley is almost filled with a dense forest of stalwart ash trees, their darker foliage contrasting well with the lighter green of the grass, and enabling the course of the creek to be traced till it winds out of sight.

Such the scene that spreads out broad and fair before and around me, as I muse on the days of the not very distant past, and of the present. Not many years have passed since these plains and valleys doubtless presented a somewhat different aspect. One lying where I am now would have seen vast multitudes of buffaloes, and heard the earth vibrate and reverbrate beneath the galloping tread of their mighty hosts. Deer and antelope might doubtless have been seen quenching their thirst in this now silent and deserted stream, and if report be true, only a few years have passed since, on the banks of this very creek, only a mile or two lower down, a long and bloody battle was fought between two large bands of Indians. Now, naught but bones remains to tell the tale of these