

their hates, the traveller in this land would meet with as many interesting historical associations as in any other part of the world.

It has been the writer's privilege to skim across the waters of many of our lakes and rivers from the largest to the smallest, both in sunshine and shade, in calm and in storm, and he has yet to meet either lakelet or brooklet, large enough to float a small bark canoe, where a true lover of nature will not find ample reward for his labour even should he fail to land a fish or bring down a feather. And after a brief sojourn the wilds he will return to civilization more than ever impressed with the truth that there are histories in rocks, "books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."