

was this before my eyes when I looked out of my window southward next morning—this marvellous picture in whites and blues? The sky was filled with torn, shapeless, sun-lit masses of woolly vapor. The sea, where a space of it appeared, was grayish, luminous white like a gull's breast, its horizon line swept with a brushful of very pale indigo. But the sea lay off at my right hand, and in front of me stood a high rank of black firs, their point-

moss, flowers, and foliage, closing the view at each successive turn. It is much like Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts, but on a smaller scale; and the "Norman's Woe" is here occupied by a square-towered light-house, whose roof is a vivid dot of red in the sombre picture. This harbor is deep enough for all but the very largest ships to enter safely. The government's vessels of war anchor three miles below, at Esquimault, where there is a



SOME INDIAN GRAVES NEAR YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ed tops and ragged limbs sharp against a broad bank of dazzling white mist rolled up from the water. Presently the clouds resting upon this bank lifted up, and were broken adrift, so that with the suddenness of a stage scene stood forth the magnificent front of the Olympic Mountains, all their precipices, slopes, and forest edge intensely blue, all their summits and plateaus and ledges that would hold the snow as coldly white as marble.

But there were beauties nearer at hand not so easily obscured. The little T-shaped harbor is not only land-locked but rock-bound, its crooked entrance winding between low promontories of solid granite clothed in bright tints of polished rock,

dock-yard and ordnance station, but no garrison. When the Canadian Pacific Railway brings hither a large commerce with China and the East Indies, it is there that the huge steamers will make their port.

Victoria seems to me a very pleasant sort of place, though not so thoroughly English as one might expect it to be. You will see certain infallible signs that you are away from home, but life goes on there much as it does in Portland. The town is widely scattered, the citizens giving themselves land enough around their houses to grow an abundance of flowers; while the gas lamps and the telephone lines extend so far that wheat fields are illuminated,