

Of the geology, the "great Trap overflow" is the most striking feature of the country. This is best seen in the "Inner" and "Outer Barn," two rock islands near Wabanosh Bay, which rise sheer from the surface of Lake Nepigon to heights of 622 and 574 feet respectively. Everywhere the Trap cleaves off into square blocks, and is barren of minerals. The Huronian is seen in the outcroppings of slate, with small blow-outs and stringers of quartz which may mineralize. About twenty miles from Lake Nepigon on the Gull River, we came across a gneiss area heavily charged with hematite, which may be an indication of iron. The formation shows the country to be destitute of coal. No limestone occurs, but red shales and sandstones, red and white, of the Animikie occur, which appear to have a calcareous cement. Isolated areas of Laurentian and Huronian appear among the Trap, but the last is the predominant formation.

Of the fauna, etc., it is apparent

that the country never was stocked with beaver, but evidently lynx and marten have formed the mainstay of the Indians, along with bear, moose and caribou. Bears seem to be plentiful, for we ourselves came across about a dozen in all. We killed a caribou on Gull River, and got a glimpse of one or two moose. The fishing, of course, is the finest in the world. We caught several speckled trout weighing six and seven pounds, lake trout weighing 10 lbs., and a pike as large as 18 lbs.; white fish are also plentiful.

The Indians of the country are fairly numerous, and have large families. They speak a dialect of the *Ojibway*; but seem to be behind the eastern Indians in industry and intelligence. Up to now they have depended for religious instruction upon peripatetic Catholic missionaries; but for the most part the aboriginal inhabitants of this district have not been touched by the hand of civilization or any of its fingers.

THE MONTHS.

(From "A Day's Song.")

WHAT ruthless feet have trampled in the mead
 The long-stemmed violets, matched to Venus' eye;
 What merry maids, what laughter, here passed by,
 When one late hand plucked marigolds in seed!
 Here were a springy lawn, where they might lead
 Light-footed dances 'tween the daisy rows;
 But they passed early, and no watcher knows
 What fingers poppies from their sleep have freed.

The harebell trembled to a touch unseen;
 Succeeding bloom, the aster, Autumn's queen,
 The last, meek flower that drank the morning dew,
 Shed their rich gifts and spread their fragrance mild;
 The quest speeds on, and still the Months pursue
 Beauty, of Love and Life the deathless child.

J. Stuart Thomson