

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

the dwellers in the Norseland much more susceptible to receiving the new religion in place of their paganism. In the Greek myths, Prometheus chained like Loke, goes on forever suffering,—Ixion is ever bound to the wheel,—Jupiter's thunderbolts never cease to be hurled, and we might prolong the list. But with the Scandinavians there was an end, and some assert, that they like us, believed in a still higher life than that of the gods. Be that as it may, we cannot but admire their noble rendering of the works of God.

JONATHAN.

"WESTWARD, HO."

Some of you, will perhaps be misled by the title of my paper. I am not going to give a resume of Kingsley's incomparable story, but some recollections and impressions of a trip which I made to the Pacific coast, in the summer of 1893.

I left home on the first of July, got into Toronto in the evening, and after a few hours wait, left for North Bay, where we arrived early the next morning. Here we again changed cars. North Bay is a busy railroad centre on the shores of Lake Nipissing, which spread its shimmering surface in the morning sun.

We soon "got aboard the trans-continental," and off for the land of the red man and buffalo. There were not many in the sleeper, so I soon made friends with two ladies, Mrs. and Miss California, and later in the day, through the gift of a bunch of wild flowers, with Mr. Ontario.

We were very much amused, at the geographical knowledge displayed by a lady, who was sitting near us. The Porter came through, and the following conversation took place: "Portah, Portah, where are we now?" He politely took the

map she was examining, and showed her the very spot. She thanked him, looked at it, and said: "Are we in the United States?" Without the ghost of a smile, he replied: "No, madam, this railway runs through Canadian territory only."

The country through which we passed, was so different from the cultivated farm land about home, that it took all our attention. It was wild, unfinished looking, uninhabited; giant boulders lying topsy-turvy, everywhere; scrubby vegetation; it looked incomplete, untidy, as if Dame Nature were housecleaning, and had the furniture scattered about, while she was resting, but would get up and tidy things by and by.

We crossed numerous fine rivers, passed manifold mirror-like lakes, and dashed through cuttings in the solid rock.

The conversation of Mrs. and Miss California and Mr. Ontario was most charming; the former told us all about their flowery, sunny home, and Mr. O. was the most entertaining man I have ever met, with a marvellous fund of anecdote, and courteous manners.

At Sudbury, we had an unusually terrific thunder storm, which caused "my courage to ooze out at my finger ends," and I thought what a wonderful thing custom is, as I stood at the car door with Miss California, and watched the vivid lightning, listened to the deafening thunder and the pour of rain. Miss C. who had never seen a storm of this kind before, was in an abject state of terror; she asked me if we often had such terrible storms. I hated her to go back to California with the idea that there was anything small about Canada, so led her to believe that such manifestations of Nature were common, so common as to excite small notice, and that I was surprised at her being alarmed, as I always under-