

evil one, even as the natives had fallen down and worshipped the great, white-winged god who swam on the waters.

The day was perfect. Not a cloud flecked the sky, save along the horizon, where, in light, fleecy drifts, they hung above the distant mountains. The water was as calm and unruffled as the bosom of a mountain tarn. Many logs floated aimlessly about, the sport of the tides, and winds when they blew, each one the headquarters of a colony of screaming gulls, which circled about it, now dipping into the water, and now resting for a moment on the log. Thousands of ducks were swimming about, the noise of their wings flapping on the water, as they skurried away from the path of the approaching steamer, constantly saluting the ear. On the body of a floating tree, which had, doubtless, stood for years on the margin of the water, until at last, undermined by the constant rise and fall of the tide, it had toppled over and plunged into the mirror which had so long reflected its image, and now floated about, its curling roots reaching high up into the air, four seals were basking in the sun. They seemed to be asleep, and the vessel had approached within a hundred feet before they raised their heads in alarm, and one by one, plunged into the glassy sea.

Around us, enclosing this mirroring center, was a cyclorama of wonderful beauty. On the left, rising abruptly, were the rugged Olympic mountains, their tops crowned with snow, which extended, in white streaks, far down their wooded sides, contrasting strongly with the dark shadows at their base, where dense forests and the haze of distance obscured the detail of hill and canyon. Far to the westward they stretched, gradually diminishing in height, until they faded away in the blue distance, where the bold headland of Flattery looks out upon the sea, and guards the entrance to

this "Mediterranean of the Pacific." Immediately in our front, though many miles distant, was the low, wooded range of the Sooke hills, which divides the lower end of Vancouver island into an outer and inner slope. To the right and rear, stretched, in apparently endless succession, the wooded and bluff islands which fill the lower end of Puget sound, and separate it from the Gulf of Georgia. Back of them, was the long Cascade range, a succession of snowy summits, as far as the eye could reach to the north or south, the great, white mass of Mt. Baker towering above them all, glittering in the glancing rays of the sun, like a pure crystal, save where a light cloud clung to its side like a gauzy veil. For four hours we steamed across that glassy sea, until, with the Royal roads just before us, we turned to the right, into the winding channel of Victoria harbor, and tied up to the dock, where the spell of enchantment was rudely broken by the clamorous voices of the ubiquitous hackmen and hotel runners.

Victoria, the capital and chief commercial city of British Columbia, is a beautiful city, and on every side are evidences of wealth and culture. Good hotels invite the tourist to remain for a few days and enjoy the surrounding beauties of nature. Without any abrupt hills, the townsite rises gradually from the water to a low plateau, upon which are situated the business streets and much of the residence portion. On the east, a branch of the harbor, known as James bay, penetrates some distance, that portion lying east of it containing the government buildings and many handsome residences, the two portions of the city being connected by a long bridge. Another branch of the harbor, known as "the arm," skirts the city on the south, and reaches several miles inland, stopping within a few hundred