

From the giant cauldron dimly seen  
 Where never human foot has been  
 Aside the mist and evermore  
 Obscure thy face on western shore

Again thy life on Kanimiskiquia  
 Who bears it towards Niagara  
 And there in one majestic fall  
 Exceeding thine, eclipses all.

But ~~where~~ there built to him a shrine  
 Where mighty Jupiter would reign,  
 One to Apollo would then be Thine  
 Where youth and vigor e'er life regain

Now Kakabeka, farewell, farewell  
 Thy music I'll hear no more  
 But time shall not from my mind expell  
 Those scenes you put in store.

Sunday 14  
 fine

The above lines were penned today. Sunday away from home is always a very dull day for me, unless I am with my instruments and work. Thus the musing mind reverted to the scenes of July 29 and brought forth the above.

In the afternoon strolled around the shady walk -  
 - Love's walk - of Government Hill where I met - Kauska,  
 with whom I chatted away an hour.

Monday 15  
 fine  
 warm

Attended examination. - Spent the evening at Mr. King's, - where were also Mrs Snow & Mrs. J. Maclean

Tuesday 16  
 fine  
 Cool

Finished the examination & Chas P. Squires presided very creditably. In afternoon I called on Mr. Deville's Surveyor General. We talked over my work. He is very undecided about anything, or rather very easily upset by meeting with any obstacle. Unfortunately a storm