

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. III.

"Here leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."—Milton.

The Saguenay at its mouth is about three quarters of a mile wide from Ilot Point on the right across to Noire Point. About half a mile above Ilot Point, to the right, is a deep and natural *crevasse* or lateral gorge, in area about three quarters of an acre, which forms the unique harbour called l'Anse a l'Eau. On its left is a very high wall of granitic gneiss, at the base of which is a rudely constructed pier, and platform upon which stands the Post office and Custom House and chief store,—*Tria juncta in uno*. In front is a salmon breeding establishment or "hatchery," over it is a Museum, in which there is a collection of the numerous sea fowl frequenting the shores and islands of the lower St. Lawrence. In this curious *crevasse* or haven the Saguenay steamers stop for a few hours before proceeding on their night passage up the river, which one tourist compares to the boldest of the fiords of Norway, another declares it is fit to take rank with Styx and Acheron, and another affirms that Lethe and the Styx must have been purling brooks compared with it,—nevertheless it exercises a fascination, which is irresistible, upon every soul capable of betraying emotion. At the pier or wharf will be found carriages for the conveyance of passengers to the hotel, which is situated in a very beautiful bay about a half mile wide and a third of a mile deep between Ilot Point to the right and Rouge Point to the left. In shape it is a deep crescent, it has lofty shores of rock on either side, while at its concave is a fine sandy beach with a green terrace, upon which formerly stood the Hudson's Bay Company's Factory, but now stands Fennell's Hotel and the old Chapel of Ste. Croix. The bay is backed by steep, high and rugged hills of granite interspersed with terraces of sand rising one above the other resembling in the distance the tiers of a fortress. From l'Anse a l'Eau there is a ravine or cleft between the rocks, through which a pathway has been made which leads to a grove, beautiful in the wildness of Nature. The visitor having passed through it is brought to a little rivulet, fed from a lake in the top of an adjacent mountain, which supplies the hamlet of Tadousac with clear, cool drinking water. Crossing it, the Hotel is reached, and from its front is seen one of the finest natural harbours in the St. Lawrence, being very deep quite close to the rocky shores. It is much frequented by vessels and craft, of every description. Schooners, yachts, fishing boats, and batteaux lie calmly at anchor close into the shore, while outside when there is a north easterly breeze and the ebb tide is setting out of the River others may be seen beating about at the mouth of the harbour attempting to enter, and in the offing may be seen large inward and outward bound ships whose white sails glimmer on the horizon as they proceed on their course for England or Quebec. This magnificent living panorama, on a bright clear day, is closed by the hills of the opposite shore more than twenty miles distant blending with the blue sky.

Tadousac is intimately associated with the early history of Canada. Jacques Cartier landed in its bay in September, 1535; Chauvin made it a fishing port as early as 1599; and Champlain found ships therein in 1610, four years before New York was founded, and ten years before the English colony was established at Plymouth, New England. Whether Cartier planted the cross, as he was wont to do, upon his landing on a *terra incognita*, at the head of this bay or not, history is silent—the "Chronicles" are mute—nevertheless, there is a tradition that on the site of the little chapel of *Ste. Croix de Tadousac* he did so. Let us believe the tradition, and let us embrace the fact that as early as 1642 the Indians received with joy Father Jean Deguen, S.J., and built on the same spot a "cabane," part of which was dedicated to *Le Seigneur et Sauveur*, and hymns in honour of *La Ste. Vierge* were chanted. From the facts already narrated, we may term Tadousac the cradle not only of Canadian History, commerce and civilization, but of the evangelization of the Indian tribes. Near where the hotel now stands was a fort, which with the dwelling quarters of the early settlers and the cabane dignified to a *Church*, was burnt in 1665. In 1668 this "Eglise des Sauvages de Tadousac" was rebuilt with great acclamations and grand ceremonies. Without following the architectural history of the chapel, it was rebuilt again in 1747, Father Claude Godefroi Coquart, S.J., laying the foundations, the history of which is engraved upon a plate of lead, and may be seen at the house of the Curé, immediately in the rear of the chapel. It possesses some curious old paintings, and a bell, rich in tone, presented to the Mission in the reign of Louis XIV. of France. These old pioneers came not as conquerors, neither did they appropriate to themselves the wealth of others, they came to subdue a wilderness; and plenty, good fellowship, and civilization mark their footsteps. In the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated News* I have made an appeal to Christians of all denominations for the *rehabilitation* of the "*Chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac*," which I hope will not be in vain, and I fervently trust that every transient visitor to Fennell's Hotel will contribute his or her "silver mite" towards such a laudable object.

Now for the Saguenay, which in a nautical point of view was but imperfectly known before Bayfield's survey in 1829, who then dissipated all the wild and extravagant notions and exaggerated statements respecting the rapidity of its currents, its whirlpools and unfathomable depths. In the same year the only permanent inhabitants were the residents at the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post. Now in addition there are a number of summer residences, and a Protestant Church whose ministrations are served by clergymen who happen to be visitors—in their absence the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England is read by some layman every Sunday morning. Though there is no resident minister to attend to the spiritual wants of those out of the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, there is a doctor of medicine, a graduate of the McGill School, resident at the Hotel, but I believe he has little to do more than to amuse his patients—Nature, the pure air, the quietude, the loveliness of the spot, which may be called the "Valley of Seclusion," doing more for health and sound sleep than "poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world."

The Saguenay has been described in every guide-book, so that little can be said of it that will be new. The following descriptions are new as far as guide-books and chronicles are concerned. The first is simply descriptive, and is from the pen of Admiral Bayfield:—

"The Saguenay is a very remarkable and extraordinary river, if that indeed can be called a river which more nearly resembles a mountain loch for the first fifty miles up from its confluence with the St. Lawrence. In this distance the Saguenay is from two-thirds of a mile to two miles wide, filling up a deep transverse valley through mountains of sienitic granite and gneiss. These mountains rise everywhere more or less abruptly from the water, forming, in some parts, precipitous headlands more than a thousand feet in height, and these, when seen one beyond the other up magnificent reaches of many miles in length, give rise to scenery which, although wild and barren, is yet full of grandeur and beauty. Within the same part of the Saguenay the water is almost as deep as the mountains are high. It is this enormous depth, its mountainous shores, and its impetuous stream, that have rendered the Saguenay so celebrated. The bed of the Saguenay, for many miles, is sunk more than one hundred fathoms below the St. Lawrence at their point of juncture."

Another writer thus expresses the feelings aroused within him at the contemplation of this "Nature's sarcophagus, where life and sound seem never to have entered":—

"The feelings which filled my breast, and the thoughts which oppressed my brain, as I paddled by these places in my canoe, were allied to those which almost overwhelmed me when I first looked upward from below the fall to the mighty flood of Niagara. Awful beyond expression is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay; to raise his eye heavenward and behold hanging directly over his head a mass of granite apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing, perhaps, a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, [and, I may add, beyond the pencil of any living artist] are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they at the same time whisper into the ear of man that he is but as the moth which flutters in the noon-tide air. O yes, beautiful and beyond compare are the charms of the Saguenay."

Before proceeding on the voyage below in the Gulf Ports steamer *Miramichi*, I shall rest at Tadousac, which I would recommend every tourist to do, and explore the neighbourhood and examine its natural features. Though it may not consist of cultivated fields, pretty villages, luxuriant forests, rich pastures and well-tended flocks, yet the hills and valleys will unfold scenery which for grandeur and physical beauty cannot be surpassed on the continent of North America.

Thos. D. King.

CAN'T OR WON'T.

"Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

The use or misuse of these two words, "can't" and "won't," is a very important matter for consideration. "Cannot" does not mean "will not." The first means it is impossible to do such and such a thing: the second means that we have not the *will* to do such and such a thing. In most cases it is the *will* that is wanting and not the ability; but as we do not care to confess this, we prefer to say this thing "can't" be done—it's impossible. Now we comfort ourselves with such statements, and try to cover up a sinful will that *will not* exert itself; but it is only a subterfuge after all, and a false balm to a sleeping conscience. See the evil this faith in "cannot" has worked, and is working amongst all men. We have, for instance, "a beautiful abstract theory" of right doing laid before us. It's all very pretty, but we *can't* do it, and the man is a fool who tries. Is he? Then "let him become a fool that he may be counted wise." If we remove the "can't" and say we "won't," then we arrive more nearly at the truth; it is the *will* to do right that is wanting, and not the ability. It is a most pernicious teaching, that what is seen to be beautiful and good *can't* be done by men. At all events, teach them to try, and more, tell them it is absolutely necessary to try; that it is their duty, and no less. Their party, their position, business, family, friends, or daily food, are nothing to their highest life, it is true: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." A beautiful *abstract theory*, but it is men who abstract it from being a living force in the