

sleep in the hotel, or to sleep in the sleeping-car just arrived. To return to Quebec, even if it were to start again next morning, would savor of defeat, and might not sound well in any narrative of our doings; we had sat in the hotel parlor, played on its croquet ground, tasted of its fare, but we had not tried its beds—we decided to sleep in the car.

A temporary bridge had been thrown across the stream at the wash-out, and across this all the passengers had to walk; we watched them depart with no misgivings, with no regret: our mind was made up, come what would, Chicoutimi was our goal.

The sensation of going to bed in a sleeping car not in motion is a novel and pleasing one. The waking up in the light early morning in the same spot in which you retired at night, when by all the rules of experience and probability you ought to be hundreds of miles elsewhere, is unique. We tried this and liked it, at Rivière-à-Pierre. It was another perfect day, clear, light and warm, and the morning hours were filled up by a stroll to the "gap" where temporary works had already been commenced. By eleven o'clock the train arrived from Quebec on the other side, another transfer took place, and by noon we were fairly started on our journey. The scenery from this point for about 100 miles is very beautiful. For nearly 20 miles the line runs close alongside the Batiscan River, with high wooded banks on either side, and then for miles passes through dense, pathless woods, the leaves on the trees just beginning to be tinged with the autumn tints. Near Lake Edward the summit of the Laurentian range is reached and the descent to Lake St. John commenced. At the base of the mountains we enter a prosperous agricultural region, the wide expanse of country dotted with farm houses and villages, with here and there a lake, each more or less famous for fishing, as are all the sheets of water here, till towards evening we descry in the distance, what has the appearance at first of the sea coast, the wide ocean-like expanse of Lake St. John, the further shore hardly discernible in the gathering twilight. A steep winding course takes us to the level of its waters at Chambord Junction—that point whence we had fondly hoped to take train for Chicoutimi—and in twenty minutes we are alongside the platform at Hotel Roberval, which looked very inviting with its wide verandah, and electric lights; and it was a luxury to enjoy—well—a good wash, a good shave, and a good dinner.

There are some natures who cannot rest, and others who are too yielding. I have before alluded to one of the party whose conduct in a certain instance did not reflect credit on him. Was it not enough that we had reached Roberval? had braved the unknown dangers of wash-outs and break-downs; had basked in the bright sunshine on the rear platform of a parlor-car, drinking in the beautiful sights and sounds of