Ottawa by Moonlight and at Sunrise.

When the city is wrapped in sleep, and the light of a glorious moon lends a fairy splendour to river and mountain, forest and water-fall, roof, tower and steeple; or in the less mysterious, but more glorious hour of sunrise, one can best recall Parkman's picture of 1613. Let the visitor make his way around the green terraces of Parliament Hill, to the little summer-house that stands on the edge of the cliff. The Chaudiere, in daytime silenced by the noisy city, speaks again, as it did before the irrepressible white man invaded its realm, and harnessed its waters to do his bidding. The Rideau hidden from view behind the rocky promontory of Nepean Point, sends a majestic answer to the song of the great cataract.

The broad and stately river, its surface foam-crowned and sparkling with a million eddies and ripples, flows swiftly between banks which even the presence of countless lumber piles cannot make anything but picturesque. The splendid sweep of the lofty southern shore, with the green-clad cliffs of Parliament Hill dropping sheer to the water's edge many feet below, remains still unspoiled by the ruthless hand of Pine and maple, cedar and hemlock, cling to its rocky face, as they did when Champlain gazed upon these heights from his frail and unsteady canoe, three centuries Midway between hill-top and water's-edge, just visible through trees and bushes, the Lover's Walk circles the cliff, following the course of an ancient Indian trail, and the later path of pioneer raftsmen. To the north-east the Gatineau joins the Ottawa, flowing turbulently from its far-off source in the wild north country. In the distant background the Laurentians, still clothed in primeval verdure from foot to summit, lend an added dignity to the scene.

These mysterious mountains, before whose vast antiquity all human traditions sink into nothingness; to which the beginning of animal and plant life is but as yesterday; beside which the venerable mountains of other lands are still