



May I not tempt you, kind reader, to leave England for a few short weeks and journey with me across that broad land, the beauties and glories of which have so recently been brought within our reach? There will be no hardships to endure, no difficulties to overcome, and no dangers or annoyances whatever. You shall see mighty rivers, vast forests, boundless plains, stupendous mountains and wonders innumerable; and you shall see all in comfort, nay, in luxury. If you are a jaded tourist, sick of Old World scenes and smells, you will find everything here fresh and novel. If you are a sportsman, you will meet with unlimited opportunities and endless variety, and no one shall deny your right to shoot or fish at your own sweet will. If you are a mountain climber, you shall have cliffs and peaks and glaciers worthy of your alpenstock; and if you have lived in India, and tiger hunting has lost its zest, a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear will renew your interest in life.

We may choose between a Canadian and a New York steamship. The former will take us, in summer, directly up the noble St. Lawrence River to the old and picturesque city of Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," and the most interesting of all the cities of the New World. Its quaint buildings, crowding along the water's edge and perching on the mountain side, its massive walls and battlements rising tier upon tier to the famous citadel, crowning the mountain top and dominating the magnificent landscape for many miles around, plainly tell of a place and a people with a history. All about this ancient stronghold, first of the French and then of the English, every height and hill-side has been the scene of desperately fought battles. Here the French made their last fight for empire in America, in the memorable battle in which Wolfe and Montcalm fell. But peace has prevailed for many years: the fortifications are giving place to warehouses, manufactories, hotels, and universities, and the great new docks of massive masonry indicate that Quebec is about to re-enter the contest with Montreal for commercial supremacy in Canada.

Here we find the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one of its trains will take us in a few hours along the north bank of the St. Lawrence, through a well-tilled country and a chain of quaint French towns and villages, to Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion.

In the winter the Canadian steamship will land us at the old city of Halifax, with its magnificent harbor, its strong citadel garrisoned by British troops, its extensive cotton-mills and sugar refineries, its beautiful parks and charming views. Here, too, a Canadian Pacific Railway train will be found ready to carry us westward to Montreal, passing on its