

vast exploits, to-day the waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few mouldering ruin-mounds mark the graves of so much military pomp and power and glory."

The majestic forests of New Brunswick, the home of the moose deer, and its crystal streams, the haunt of the salmon, awaken the sportsman instincts of the author, and are sketched with both pen and pencil. "The clear current," he says, "allows every stone under its gliding surface to be distinctly seen. You can hear the big owls lamenting from the thickets, and the loud drumming sound of the grouse. The Cascapedia, which flows through a sylvan paradise, is perhaps the best salmon river in the world." The majestic Gulf of St. Lawrence and the storied heights of Quebec of course stir the patriotic emotions of the Governor-General of Canada. The memory of his gallant predecessors of less happy fate, who kept their feudal court on the fortress-crowned rock, often besieged and at last defeated, appeal at once to his sympathy and admiration. He pictures again the scene on the Plains of Abraham, and visits with romantic interest the quaint old Hotel Dieu and Ursuline Convent. Our initial cut shows one of the queer steep streets leading by a short cut from the lower to the upper town. Not elsewhere on this continent—and in very few places in the world—are there combined such broad majestic views, such picturesque surroundings, and such thrilling historic associations as in this old walled city of Quebec.

" Memories haunt its pointed gables,
Like the rooks that round them throng."

The city of Montreal in its varied aspects is well illustrated and described. We give the view of the descent of the Lachine Rapids. Many of our readers have experienced the excitement of this adventure. It would seem as though the staunch steamer would be dashed in pieces as she plunges into the seething torrent. But strong hands are at the helm. The keen eyes of Jean Baptiste, the Indian pilot, note every rock and eddy. Now the steamer makes straight for a huge rock lying in mid-channel. A crash seems inevitable, but with a sudden swerve it turns aside, and gliding terribly near a sunken ledge sweeps out into the calmer current below. The sensation of sailing perceptibly down hill is a very extraordinary one.