

But it is only a glimpse we can have of old Quebec, and are again hurried to another steamer. As we go sea-ward, the water seems to grow greener, and, as we pass the beautiful fertile Isle of Orleans, it is not all imagination which makes us believe we can sniff the sea-air, for we find that the salt water extends up the river as far as the shores of this island. Rising nearly 2000 feet from the river we see Cape Tourment, dark, desolate and gloomy, on the highest elevation of which a cross was erected in 1616, but was replaced by a small chapel in 1870, to which brothers from a monastery near by ascend to pray on every holy day. Then there is a succession of huge peaks, some higher, some lower, of this pine covered Laurentian range, with cascades and water falls looking like tiny threads of glistening silver in the distance, and only very occasionally a desolate looking house on some part of the shore more accessible than the rest.

Grosse Isle is pointed out to us on our right, and as we see that speck of green in the distance, memories come to us of that awful year 1847, when thousands of emigrants died of fever on this island of quarantine. The mighty St. Lawrence has now grown so wide that the opposite shore is scarcely visible, and we might indeed be plowing the Atlantic ocean, for the waves are high and the wind is strong.

Baie St. Paul is our first stopping place, the mountains here seem to take a wide scoop inland, leaving considerable shore and a very wide sandy beach. Instead of landing on terra-firma, the passengers are left stranded on a high quay right out in the river, and are taken to a sandy strip by small boats. On this sand are waiting several caliches and buck-boards, which surely have to drive right through the water, for there seems no other way to get to shore. Thankful was I that fate had not decreed that this was to be our resting place. Leaving this bar we passed Isle aux Condres, of smuggling fame. As soon as we have a Canadian Hardy or Crockett we may expect as fascinating romances as that of the "Wessex Tales" or "Raiders," for there is abundant store of material about this river island.

And now at last is Murray Bay (which is our abiding place for a few weeks), beautifully situated among the frowning hills.

Everything charms us here, the quaint fishing village with its wee houses where live a few French habitants and Indians, who have small stalls to sell their wares made of birch bark and grass. Winding up from there is the road leading around the bay where we come to beautiful summer residences, cottages and hotels, a Catholic and also an