

we pass Berthier, on the north shore, opposite to the entrance of the Richelieu, and to numerous islands similar to those of Boucherville, till five miles farther down, at the junction of the Richelieu, we arrive at Sorel, lately raised to the dignity of a city. This place was once called William Henry, after William IV., who, when in the navy, and lying off Quebec, visited this place, coming up in his vessel to Lake St. Peter, whence he took a small boat upwards. It stands on the site of the fort, previously mentioned as having been built by De Tracy in 1665, and was for many years the summer residence of successive Governors of Canada. There is splendid snipe shooting in this neighbourhood in October, and very good fishing all through the year among the numerous islands which here stud the surface of the river.

About five miles further down the river expands into a vast sheet of water, about twenty-five miles long and nine miles broad, which is known as Lake St. Peter.

This lake is for the most part quite shallow, except in the channel, which has been dredged so as to enable the largest ocean steamers to pass up and down without difficulty. In passing through this lake the traveller is almost sure to see several rafts on their way downwards. The songs of the raftsmen were once a delightful melody on these waters, but the towing system has done away with much of the old romance of the river.

Passing the mouth of the St. Francis, which flows in from the Eastern Townships, near which is a settlement of the Abenakis Indians, we arrive at the city of Three Rivers, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, which here separates into three channels, whence the name of the city is derived, and lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal, being about ninety miles from either of these two cities. This is a most interesting place in many respects. Benjamin Sulte, the French-Canadian poet and historian, has worked its mines of historical lore to noble uses, and given it a fame greater than its lumber and iron industries could ever achieve. The French began the smelting of iron here as early as 1737. Three Rivers is the See of a Roman Catholic bishopric. The cathedral is a stately edifice and the neighbourhood is rich in associations to any one who cares to explore them.