

Shawenagan as Goat Island is to Niagara. But it occupies a far superior position, inasmuch as it consists of a pretty wooded slope that inclines from the summit to the base of the fall.

A narrow bit of the river flows upon one side, and drops in a little cascade of its own, and it is here the big Government log slide is built. But the main body of water dashes down upon the other side of the island, and a steep sloping pathway beneath shadowy maples stretches all the way beside the magnificent toss of waters and down the edge of the rocky chasm.

So that we get nearer to Shawenagan's mad waters than ever we do to Niagara; so near that the white foam leaps to our faces; and we may walk down beneath the trees sit upon the boulders, or the roughly erected seats, and look and look into the very heart of the wild white tear.

Or we may take the other side; run down the pretty summery path, still among the trees, and come to the foot of the big slide—and here where the waters meet the scene is wonderfully grand.

There is a little railed platform built out at the base of the slide; I had supposed that it was for observation only. But monsieur the engineer smiled at the blunder, and said it was a buffet to protect the base of the slide.

Nevertheless, it answers the former purpose most excellently; and to stand out upon it and look up the height is a thing to be remembered.

The slide is one of the finest in the Government possession; it is 600 feet long, and has a fall of 150 feet. The white waters flash down it and spring in a spouting mass far out into the cascades at the foot of the gorge.

And, oh! to see the logs come down. The boom above us was nearly empty upon the day of our visit; but the boom-master had reserved a few to send at our coming.

One by one they ripped their dark, round heads over the top of the slide and slipped into the white waters.

A dark flash amid the white, a wild leap upward and outward in the foam and mist, and then a drop into the swirling waters, to emerge bruised and beaten into the calm waters of the little bay.

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To stand thus at the meeting-place of the waters; to look up on the one side at the swift white slide, with the pretty cascade near it; on the other, along the grim, deep gorge, to where the deep waters foam at the great fall's base, with the green, prettily wooded rock-founded island between, and the small, curving bay below—it is the perfection of beauty—neither words nor brush can depict it.

I earnestly hope that the C.P.R. will take into consideration the question of building a railway from Three Rivers out to the Shawenagan Falls.

It is only a distance of twenty miles, and the line might have a most picturesque run along the bank of the St. Maurice, passing numerous pretty cascades and falls before reaching the grander waters of Shawenagan.

I cannot speak more emphatically than I have, of the wild magnificence of these falls, and the peculiar beauty of their surroundings.

The pure cool air and constant breeze, no less than the picturesque environments of lightly wooded islands, of rock, of ridge land, of pretty curving bays, and even the Government log slide, which is splendid in itself, all go to make the place peculiarly fitted to become a famous scenic resort.

It is a shame that anything so fine should be thus shut away by only twenty miles from the traveling public.



GOVERNMENT LOG SLIDE.

There is a short line of rail belonging to the C.P.R., running within nine miles of this falls. If the St. Maurice route were not available this might be utilized, and an extension built to run the remaining distance.

The Government owns—in that lovely little island—the choicest of parks, all beautifully cleaned and wooded. There are charming paths through the trees, and beautiful views all along the banks upon either side. It is all ready; waiting only for the little railway and the people,—this beautiful wild falls; this prettiest of Canadian places. I hope some of our clever C.P.R. magnates will go out some sunny day and walk the pretty island paths, clamber out upon the rocks, watch the logs flash down the slide, ascend to the little Passion Play upon the hill, spend an hour beside the wild white foam of the mad water—then, I think, Shawenagan will not remain much longer inaccessible.

FAITH FENTON.

### A MUTE PASSION PLAY.

It stands upon the pretty ridge at Shawenagan—the bit of rocky hill land that divides the upper bay from the lower, forming a dam against which the St. Maurice breaks in vain, and compelling the yellow river to curve about until it finds outlet in these magnificent falls.

We walked slowly up by a pretty path under the trees—up and up, an easy, gradual ascent until we came to the summit and the Cross.

There is always a cross upon every high point in French Canada. It gleams white from the dark pines of the tall mountain tops, it uplifts its arm above the wildest and most solitary heights. In the Laurentide gloom, in the Labrador bareness, on Gaspé's unsought hills, and the Saguenay's riven rocks—where human habitation exists not and only the wild birds scream and the pine trees sigh—some lover of the Holy Cross has climbed a weary way to uplift the sacred emblem and claim Christian possession of the newland.

But this, upon Shawenagan hill top, touched us strangely, for the whole sorrowful story of the Passion is contained within the little railed enclosure.

It is of coarse wood, roughly painted and flecked in crude imitation of marble. The cross itself stands in the center, a humble thing, weather stained and bearing the simple initialing of its sacred prototype, I.N.R.I.

Perched on a high corner post, looking rather jauntily cut over the pretty summer scene, is a white painted cock, life-size, and rudely constructed of metal. A 'tin rooster' I called it, in clumsy Protestant phrase, but the little French maid whispered to me softly that it is

'Peter's bird.' In one corner of the little enclosure is a wooden pillar, and suspended from it are the implements of the Crucifixion—the spear, the rusty nails, the sponge, while the little step ladder stands at its base.

In the opposite corner, and most pathetic of all, stands the scourging pillar, with the rope knotted loosely about it and the whips hung just above.

How strange it was to come thus upon this crude crystalization of the most solemn thought of the Christian faith.

Laugh at it as a superstition? Oh, no, no! Who that has pure reverence for the soul-life could?

If 'Peter's bird' brought a smile, there was the scourging post beside it; and we had but to lift our eyes to see the rusty nails and the sponge.

It thrilled us curiously, this little mute Passion Play, dramatized so roughly, yet with such tenderness, upon the hidden hill-top.

F. F.