

tipped with the golden rays of the rising sun. After the usual matutinal bath and breakfast we got a tow-line out, and started, the wind having quite forgotten to blow.

St. Ours, what can be said of it ? It is a French village, the reader will understand what that means: a huge church will be pictured by the imagination, with nice, neat white cottages, and one country road running through it. We had not very long to wait before what we were waiting for appeared, namely, a tow. It looked like a long sea-serpent slowly bending its lazy length around the turns of the river. The skipper bided his time, then gave the order to cast loose from the wharf, and, after judging distance, ordered the crew, when near enough to the last barge, to ship the sweeps. A line was then thrown by the man on the barge, who made it fast in the proper manner. Connecting ourselves thus to this slowly moving body we were relieved as to any further anxiety about our progress. Of course a pipe was indulged in, together with a luxuriant lounge. Sailing naturally would have been preferable, but there was not enough wind to blow a candle out. After we had proceeded in this manner about two and a half miles, we reached the locks. This place is really pretty. Magnificent, large, spreading trees may be seen, both on the main-land and island, and the solid masonry composing the locks afforded a