thrifty market steamers and white-winged ships of the Canadian timber-fleet.

Nature has here indeed been most lavish in the distribution of her favors, and this Terrace and the Citadel above are the spots whereon to stand to view to the very best advantage one of the most brilliant combinations in the whole round of her kaleidoscopic wonders. Let us stand a while and feast the eyes upon the unrivalled scene. Then we may climb the grassy surface of the Glacis, which slopes down from the edge of the moat that separates it from the King's Bastion. From no other standpoint in the old city may the tourist better view the remarkable panorama of scenic beauty stretching away out from the Gibraltar of America than from this King's Bastion in the Citadel of Quebec, whence rises the flagstaff that floats the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in this old French Province.

We are alongside of it now, with only a deep ditch between. The bold heights of Levis on the other side of the stream, the broad expanse of water looking towards the sea, with the picturesque Isle of Orleans stretching down from opposite the Falls of Montmorency to below the saintly shrine of the miracle-working St. Anne, form a picture whose beauty is but seldom equalled, and around which clusters such a stock of legendary lore and historic memories that the very air seems haunted by the spirits of dead saints and heroes. Nor is the setting unworthy of the picture. Those are the Laurentian mountains that form the deep blue background stretching away in the distance towards the north for nearly two hundred miles, and full of the interest excited by all far northern latitudes. Till within the last few years the interior of this mountain region had been practically an unknown land. Many of the secrets of these Laurentian mountains still remain locked within their own bosoms. Recent surveys have brought to light many interesting facts concern-