

general order of purification; but were obliged to send all the clothes and bedding we had used during the voyage, on shore with our servant, to be washed. * * * * *

All our provisions were consumed; some of the steerage passengers had been out of food for days, and were half-starved. The Captain was to bring a supply of soft bread from the store-ship, which came daily from Quebec with supplies for the people on the Island. How we reckoned upon once more tasting bread and fresh butter;—the very thought of the treat in store for us, served to sharpen my appetite, and make the long fast more irksome. I could now fully realize Mrs. Bowdich's feelings in her longing so for English bread and butter, after her three years' travels through the burning African deserts, with her talented and devoted husband.

'When we arrived at the hotel at Plymouth,' said she, 'and were asked what refreshments we chose—Tea and home-made bread and butter—brown bread, if you please, and plenty of it.—I never enjoyed any luxury like it; I was positively ashamed of asking the waiter to re-fill the plate. After the execrable African messes, and the hard ship-biscuit, only imagine the luxury of a good slice of English bread and butter!'

I laughed heartily at the lively energy with which that charming and lovely woman related this little incident in her eventful history; but just at that moment I fully realized it all.

As the sun rose above the horizon, all these matter-of-fact circumstances were gradually forgotten, and merged in the surpassing beauty of the scene, which rose majestically before us.—The previous day had been dark and stormy, and a heavy fog had concealed the mountain chain which forms the stupendous back-ground to this sublime scenery, entirely from our view. As the clouds rolled away from the hoary peaks of their grey, bald brows, and cast a denser shadow upon the vast forest belt that girdled them round, and they loomed out like mighty giants, Titans of the earth, in all their wild and awful grandeur, a thrill of wonder and delight pervaded my mind; the spectacle floated dimly on my sight, for my eyes were blinded with tears;—blinded with the excess of beauty. I turned to the right and the left; I looked up and down the glorious river;—never had I beheld so many striking objects in one landscape—nature had lavished all her noblest features in producing that enchanting scene. The rocky Isle in front, with its neat farm houses at the eastern point, and its high bluff, crowned with the telegraph towards the west;—the middle space, occupied by sheds for the cholera patients, and its shores dotted over with motley groups washing their clothes, added not a little to the picturesque effect of the whole land-scene.—Then the river, covered with boats, darting to and fro, and conveying passengers from twenty-five vessels, of various size and tonnage, which rode at anchor, with their flags flying, gave an air of life and interest to the whole.

Turning to the south side of the river, we were not less struck with its low, fertile shores, white houses, and neat churches, whose lofty spires and tin roofs glittered like silver, as they caught the first rays of the sun. As far as the eye could reach, this line of buildings extended

along the shore, its back-ground formed by the dense purple hue of the interminable forest. It was a scene unlike any we had ever beheld; and to which Britain contains no parallel; and this recalls to my memory a remark made by an old Scotch dragoon, who was one of our passengers, when he rose in the morning and saw the Parish of St. Thomas for the first time: 'Weil, it beats a'. It looks jist for a' the world like claes hung out to dry. Can thae white clouts be a' houses?'

There really was some truth in this strange simile; and for many minutes I could scarcely convince myself of the fact that the white patches, scattered so thickly over the opposite bank, were the dwellings of a busy, lively population.

'What sublime views of the north side of the river those inhabitants of St. Thomas must enjoy,' thought I; 'but perhaps familiarity with the scene has made them indifferent to its beauty.'

Eastward, the view down the St. Lawrence towards the Gulf, is the finest of all; perhaps unsurpassed by any in the world. Your eye follows the long range of mountains until their blue summits are blended and lost in the blue of the sky. Some of these, partially cleared, are sprinkled with neat cottages, and the green slopes which spread around them are covered with flocks and herds. The surface of the splendid river is diversified with islands of every size and shape; some in wood, others partially cleared, and adorned with orchards and white farm houses. As the morning sun streamed upon the most prominent of these, leaving the others in deep shadow, the effect was wonderfully grand and imposing. In more remote regions, where the forest has never yet echoed to the woodman's axe, or received the impress of civilization, the first approach to the shores inspires a solemn awe, which almost becomes painful in its intensity.

Land of vast hills and mighty streams,
The lofty sun that o'er thee beams
On fairer clime sheds not his ray,
When basking in the noon of day
Thy waters dance in silver light,
And o'er them, frowning dark as night,
Thy shadowy forests, soaring high,
Stretch far beyond the aching eye,
And blend in distance with the sky.

And silence, awful silence, broods
Profoundly o'er these solitudes;
Naught but the lapsing of the floods
Awakes the stillness of the woods—
A sense of desolation reigns
O'er those unpeopled forest plains,
Where sounds of life ne'er wake a tone
Of cheerful praise round nature's throne—
Man finds himself with God—alone.

From such meditations we were aroused by the return of the boat, and the Captain, who brought a note for M—, from the officer who commanded the station, inviting us to spend the afternoon in his tent, and proposing to show us all that was worthy of notice on the Island. 'This is very kind,' said M—; 'Captain — claims a former acquaintance with me; but to tell you the truth, S—, I have not the least recollection of him.—Do you wish to go?'

'Oh! by all means,' cried I joyfully,—'whosoever he may be I shall owe him a debt of gratitude, for giving me an opportunity of seeing this lovely Island. It looks a perfect Paradise.'

The Captain smiled to himself, as he assisted in placing the baby and me in the boat. 'Don't