

island, the twin towers of Notre Dame is all that we can see of Montreal with the shadow of the mountain at the back.

The evening shades descend as we plough past hamlets and villages with church spires in every one, meeting vessels of every kind, from the lumbering barge and rafts to the ocean grey-hound. Then the moon rises and we sit on deck, gazing on the enchanted scene, listening to the music of the boat's orchestra. It seems like fairy-land.

The first stopping-place is Sorel, at the mouth of the Richlieu river, once that famous fort built by the French in 1665, where gathered many a time all the seigneurs, from that river, with their dependants, when their own homes were not strong enough to resist the attacks of the Indians.

Leaving Sorel we enter the Lake St. Peter, where the descending waters commence their first struggle with the fringes of the Atlantic's tide. Loath as we were to leave the moon-lit deck, yet retire we must, and we pass historic Three Rivers and Batiscar during the night.

Soon after dawn we are on deck again, for to miss having the first glimpse of Quebec would be indeed dreadful. The land grows higher on each side of the river, we see many vessels loading timber in the coves, and huge rafts manned by sturdy French Canadians, their quaint looking houses, first a few, then many, huddled along the narrow strips of shore at the bottom of the cliffs. Wolf's Cove is pointed out to us where, 136 years ago, that brave leader landed with his men under cover of night, scrambled up that steep precipice and surprised the small guard at the outpost where attack was the least expected, and there, on the Plains of Abraham above, was fought the battle which changed the whole future of Canada. Now the grey walls and the sombre citadel crowning those huge cliffs appear in sight. Another minute and we round Cape Diamond, and the ancient city of Champlain appears before us in all its picturesqueness and antiquated attraction. How beautiful it looks in the bright morning sun! Seemingly dividing those quaint tumble-down looking houses on the shore called Lower Town, from the beautiful buildings above, is the Dufferin Terrace, a parade extending from the citadel rock to the road that winds its tortuous way to Upper Town. The most conspicuous object next to the citadel is the magnificent new hotel, "Chateau Frontenac," built on the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, which was built by Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and was the home of Count Frontenac, and of all the French Governors.