

village nestling among the crags and stunted firs, where, as Professor Duncan reminded them, the very first little settlement had been perched when the fur-traders had their headquarters there for traffic with the Indians, who brought their furs down the gloomy Saguenay.

They went ashore to see the little ancient church which had so long stood like a tiny "light in the surrounding darkness" of savagery and heathenism, and watched the lights of the village as they left it, seeming a type of the part which the little church had played so long.

They remained up till midnight to see Cape Trinity and Eternity by moonlight, looking like great Titanic shadows looming over the blackness of the stream. In the early morning they went ashore at Ha Ha Bay, and went to hear the early mass in the village church, where a devout congregation of the country folk was assembled.

They had a delightful day on the wild river, with its endless ranges of stern cliffs and wooded gorges, the little villages perched on craggy ledges, the weird majesty of Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, with their dizzy height and weather-scarred precipices. They passed Tadousac again in the "gloaming," and were almost relieved to get out of the gloomy shadows of the Saguenay and out on the broad St. Lawrence.

It was very late — about three in the August morn-