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tures, and affords fine views in all directions. From the summit, what a panorama meets our view! There stretches away the dreamy length of the St. Lawrence, islanded as far as the eye can reach. The Catskills are in the distance, and the tips of the Green Mountains. Nearer are the humps of Montarville and Belœil, while to the north may be seen rising the blue hills of the Laurentides. The city lies at the foot, humming with busy industry. Near by, hewn out of the eternal rock are the immense reservoirs from which Montreal draws her daily 40,000,000 gallons of water.

It will be at once seen that Montreal, like Quebec, is in portions intensely French. Some few of the older streets—narrow and crooked—are still lined by primitive buildings that strongly remind one of the quaint old towns of Rouen, Caen and others in Normandy. About three-fourths of the population of the city are Catholics, of French extraction, who retain both the language and customs of their Mother Country. The numerous places of worship attended by these and other denominations, have earned for Montreal the name "City of Churches." Many of these places of worship will well repay a visit. The new church of the Jesuits, Notre Dame, Christ Church Cathedral (said to be the best representative of English Gothic architecture in America), the Church of the Gezu, a veritable art gallery, and the Cathedral of St. Peter (in course of erection) are prominent amongst these. Notre Dame, particularly, is claimed to be the largest in North America, and is capable of holding over ten thousand people. The interior has just undergone a gorgeous process of painting in the Byzantine style. Every inch of the edifice has been hand-painted in countless designs at immense cost. In one of the two towers by which this handsome fane is flanked, is a monster bell, which goes by the name of "Gros Bourdon," and weighs nearly 30,000 pounds. From the battlement a most wonderful prospect is obtained—the broad rolling waters of the St. Lawrence, lying almost at the foot of the spectator, covered with shipping; to the right, Victoria Bridge, Nun's Island, La-prairie, the boiling rapids of Lachine, the

blue hills of Vermont in the far-off distance; to the left the beautiful Island of St. Helen's, towns of St. Lambert and Longueuil, and the river studded with islands until its silver course is lost at the village of Verchères.

From St. Helen's Island, the "Coney Island" of Montreal, reached by ferry-boat, the view of the city is not to be surpassed. With Mount Royal for a background, covered with tasteful villas, the city spreading far as the eye can reach, interspersed at frequent intervals with tall spires, the effect is majestic. Returning, St. James and Notre Dame streets will be found the best business thoroughfares, and on them, palatial houses which considerably astonished the Americans who visited the Ice Carnival. Victoria Square is one of the "lungs" of the city. It is a handsome open space, centred with fountains, which in turn are surrounded by tastefully-arranged gardens. In it is a statue of Queen Victoria.

### Shooting Lachine Rapids.

The sensation which tingles through every nerve as one stands on a steamer pitching down an inclined plane of water at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is such a one as would have given a "distinct pulsation" to Charles Matthews' *blast* hero in "Used Up." This is how the experience has been described:

"Suddenly a scene of wild confusion bursts upon the eye; waves are lashed into spray and into breakers of a thousand forms by the submerged rocks which they are dashed against in the headlong impetuosity of the river. Whirlpools, a storm-lashed sea, mingle their sublimity in a single rapid. Now passing with lightning speed within a few yards of rocks which, did the vessel but touch them, would reduce her to an utter wreck before the crash could sound upon the ear. Did she even diverge in the least from her course—if her head were not kept straight with the course of the rapid—she would instantly be submerged and rolled over and over. Ere we can take a glance at the scene, the boat descends the wall of waves and foam like a bird, and a