

in a holiday walk up the mountain-side. Seen from Mountain Park—at first in glimpses from the avenue and through the maple groves, and at last, as a whole, from the highest prospect point—the streets running north and south extend from the rural-like mansion retreats of the wealthy, past the terraced dwellings of the industrious bread-winners, down to the very heart of warehouse dust and turmoil; while those extending east and west until they become a straggling fringe of houses in the distance, mark, as in the diagram of an oral lesson, in lines running parallel with the river's breastwork, the gradations of labor from the factory to the warehouse, from the humblest abode to the home of comfort and ease. The routine of buildings, as seen from above, is that of any city built upon the level; yet the domes and towers and numerous spires break in upon the panoramic regularity and add to the interest of the picture to the holiday Rambler who is familiar with the streets below.

But it is not in the view of the city proper that there is more than ordinary attractiveness. The city itself is but the foreground to a wider prospect. The river, with its forest of masts and its seaport-bustle on the one side, and its villages and rural retreats on the other, with its islets above where the rapids rush and roar, and St. Helen's below where the current is swift and strong, with the canal locks near, and the great iron bridge beyond, is but the seeming of a silver-grey ribbon that runs through the broad and fertile plain of which Mount Royal is the outlook. Away in the distance, where Bekeil, and one or two other mound-like crust upheavals, form a resting point for the eye, while it finds limit in the dim outline of the highlands of Vermont, and nearer at hand, where woodlands and meadows and rich corn-fields run for miles behind St. Lambert, Longueuil, and Caughnawaga, there is to be seen repeated the picture of St. Charles's Plain, where

"The covering hamlets dotted o'er the glebe,
Bright emblems of Arcadian peace and joy,
Bespeak themselves the havens of a rest
That hovers, like an angel, in the air."

With such an extensive picture to admire amid the rural sweetness of the mountain-side, is it any wonder that the citizens of Montreal take a pride in the city, which, with its many