

min River, and rather more than ten times that distance from Quebec, forty-six miles being the estimated length of the road by which we have travelled. From St. Henry it has been an almost continued ascent, so that we must, by this time, have attained to a considerable height above the level of the St. Lawrence—probably about 1500 feet.

After luncheon, we wandered into the woods, following, as our guide, a beautiful little stream, called Le Décharge du Lac, which runs from the lake, and falls into the Etchemin some distance below. At no time have I been more forcibly impressed with the solitude and silence of the American primeval forest than to-day. Although within a mile of Mc Ceaghry's house, it seemed as if we were in the heart of a great, forlorn and untrodden wilderness, so utterly destitute of life, and so still and voiceless were the woods around us. Not a bird was visible. Even the inquisitive and cheerful chickadee, (*Parus atricapillus*) which I have so frequently found under similar circumstances, was absent. No pert and noisy squirrels sported amongst these recluse and ancient trees, whose destiny seemed literally to be a silent passage through the various phases of vegetation, from the bright, sweet verdure and bloom of youth, to the inevitable death, which awaits alike the animate and inanimate in this sub-lunar world. Huge, prostrate trunks—moss-covered and half-hidden by the thick underbrush and untold generations of mouldering leaves—lay scattered about in all directions; some of them mere empty shells, the interior of which had rotted and passed away, leaving the less perishable bark to tell the story of their former grandeur, ere the unsparing