

picturesque, it is because we view them at closer range. Here nature in her grandeur and sublimity appeals to us. Our river, unlike the Hudson, is not bordered by palatial residences, but its quaint villages, with their church steeples visible from afar, symbolize not only the faith and struggles of their founders, but the piety of the latter day inhabitants, who lovingly maintain and embellish the temples wherein their entrance to life was blessed, where they come to seek strength and consolation in their sorrows, and where, alas! they must bid a last farewell to those who have left them for the undiscovered country.

What we need to excite in us a livelier appreciation of our beautiful land are those guides so numerous in the Old World, who draw attention to its scenic beauties and recall the associations entwined therewith.

Last summer, with a party of friends, we made the trip from Montreal to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Our interest was constantly roused by the parishes we passed, the mountains that loomed above us, and the many rivers whose waters flow into this inland sea. Rarely, however, could we discover even their name, while the historic events and legends which lend to the scene a glamour of poetry remained unknown to us.

As editor of *La Revue Canadienne*, my friends maintained that it was incumbent on me to supply this much felt want. Having vainly sought another, willing to undertake the task, I have resigned myself to its performance, believing, however, that one more skilled in the use of the pen might render the subject of greater interest to my compatriots, as also to the many tourists drawn hither by our beautiful climate.

We do not pretend to offer a complete history of the river, but merely such an outline as may render the trip more interesting and profitable. The tourist generally seeks rest, and will not be wearied by serious reading. Nevertheless, if he may briefly acquire a knowledge of the beauties he admires, he derives more pleasure and profit from these moments of relaxation. It also renders the delights of retrospection more vivid, and during the long winter evenings he may, with his faithful guide, re-live those pleasant summer hours; and, if his interest