

ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cape Tourmente is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the somber hills that wall in the vast amphitheater. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky.

“Quaint batteaux with swelling canvas make their slow way along, or, lying high on the flats, await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favoring tide. The marshes are studded with hay-makers gathering in the abundant yield, or are dotted with cattle. Inland, stiff poplars and bushy elms trace out the long brown ribbons of the roads. Here and there the white cottages group closer together, and the spire of the overshadowing church, topping the trees, marks the center of a parish. Rich pastures, waving grain, orchards, and maple groves lead the eye back among their softly blending tints to the dark masses of purple and green with which the forests clothe the mountains. Huge rifts, in which sunlight and shadow work rare effects, reveal where imprisoned streams burst their way through the Laurentian rocks in a succession of magnificent cascades. As the sun gets low, one perchance catches the flash reflected from some of the lovely lakes that lie among the hills.”

In going down by stream you of course, miss much of this beauty from the lowness of your point of vision; but you have recompense in the refreshing coolness and comfort of the voyage, and in the magnificent view of the Montmorenci Falls as the vast volume of water hurls itself headlong over the lofty cliff which forms the river-bank, in its mad haste to join its forces with the mighty current sweeping