

of which is the Quarantine establishment, where all merchant vessels inward bound are supposed to anchor, whence they are allowed, after examination, to proceed to Quebec. The islands in order eastward of Grosse Isle are Cliff, Margaret, Middle, Race, Mile, Haystack, Crane, and the Pillars, upon one of the latter, called the *Stone Pillar* islet, is a lighthouse. The tower is of grey stone, of a conical form; it exhibits, at an elevation of 68 feet above high water, a white light, which revolves every minute and a half, and from the upper deck of the Saguenay steamers it can in clear weather be seen at a distance of about 15 miles. The other is called the *Wood Pillar*, because of the trees that are upon it. It is the higher and steeper of the two, and rises to about 100 feet above the high water mark. Neither of them exceed 2 cables in diameter. About N. W. of them are the Seal Islands, which are small and very low, covered with grass and a few bushes. They are visited by the "habitans" for seals, marsh hay, and wild fowl in their season.

As these islands have nothing fascinating about them, save for their legends—for which seek LeMoine's "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence"—and for sportsmen, the Saguenay Steamers leave them well to the right, hauling their course towards Cap Tourmente, the summit of which is about 2,000 feet. Here the coast is quite bold, and its high and precipitous capes of various granitic rocks form a sudden contrast with the low shores of the Island of Orleans. The scenery is much more rugged and mountainous than any passed between Portneuf and Cape Diamond on the route to Quebec from Montreal. To the westward of Cap Tourmente, at a distance of about ten miles as the crow flies, is Mount Ste. Anne, whose summit reaches to about 2,700 feet. At its base is an impetuous river bearing the same name, and famed for its wild picturesqueness and its falls, which have been faithfully transcribed by our Canadian artists, but by no one more so than Jacobi. Henderson, who has travelled over the whole of the Lower St. Lawrence, has made us familiar not only with the falls but with the Church of *La Bonne Ste. Anne*—a spot sacred (as much so as Notre Dame de Lourdes and Paray le Monial) to the faithful hailing from Rome. Here thousands annually make their pilgrimage, and on the festival of Ste. Anne (26th June) the pilgrims outrun the inn accommodation. The legends and miracles are too many and wondrous for my present purpose, therefore I must again refer my readers to LeMoine's "Chronicles" (pp. 250 to 254). Passing along the north shore from Cap Tourmente we pass in order a lot of high headlands well wooded—Cape Burnt, Cap Rouge, Cap Gribauve, Cap Maillard, and so close in shore that by the aid of a field glass we can discern the different kinds of trees which in the summer time are robed in a rich prosperity of leaves. Then we come to St. Paul's Bay, where the steamer disembarks any tourist who wishes to land and sojourn for a day or two in what has been compared to "the happy valley of Rasselas," surrounded by the most wild and rugged mountains, which rise in endless succession one behind the other, stretching away in the distance till they resemble a faint blue wave in the horizon. While waiting for the next steamer the tourist ought to visit L'Isle aux Coudres, which Bayard Taylor calls "a beautiful pastoral Mosaic in the pale emerald setting of the river." "To the pious of the neighbouring parishes"—the island itself forming the Parish of St. Louis (IX.) of France and containing a population of about 750 souls, all Roman Catholics—"on *terra firma*, the island possesses," says Mr. LeMoine, "more than ordinary interest: a mystic, a supernatural glamour surrounds its shores. Here, on the 7th of September, 1535, being the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin, was celebrated the first Mass said on Canadian soil: for this incident we have the undoubted authority of Jacques Cartier."

Leaving the island, we come under the shadow of Eboulemens, a sort of *terra mota*, which attains a height of 2,547 feet. Slight shocks of earthquake are not infrequent in this neighbourhood. The very name of the place inspires one with a sense of insecurity, the soil looks convulsed, and if smoke was seen issuing from its lofty summit we should not be surprised. The whole vicinity is wild. The turbulent streams that sweep down the valleys carry everything before them. The swirling eddies and the cross chopping seas during a gale make the shore dreaded by small sail boats. After leaving this Plutonic region we soon come to Murray Bay, one of the most picturesque places on the shores of the St. Lawrence, between Gaspé and Quebec. It is also one of the principal summer retreats for the families of Montreal during the time when the sun is in the signs of the Lion and Virgin. It has been termed the Highlands of the St. Lawrence. Here, as at Tadousac, there is none of the fashionable, and we may say, objectionable features of hotel life, as experienced at Saratoga and even Cacouna. For the fisherman it has peculiar charms, the lakes and rivers abound with trout:—Grand Lac, Petit Lac, Lac Gravel and the Chute. For two months in the year Point a Pique may be called the very perfection of rural civilization. Crossing from Murray Bay, in a diagonal direction, in about two hours we come abreast of the last of the Pilgrims (Five Islands), the great or Eastern one is the highest, being about 300 feet high, partially wooded with scrubby spruce trees, and forms a pretty foreground to the south shore. In a little less than an hour the steamer is alongside the wharf at Riviere du Loup, another favourite summer residence of the Montrealers, on account of the pureness of the air and its quietude, and again, because it is contiguous to the railway which runs direct in one direction to Halifax, and in the other to

Quebec and Montreal. About four miles from the pier at Riviere du Loup is Cacouna, the Saratoga of Canada. It is a very popular and fashionable watering place, and is much frequented. There is a spacious and well kept hotel, the St. Lawrence Hall, capable of accommodating 500 guests, and there are a great number of cottages lining the banks of the river for nearly two or three miles, where lodgings can be obtained. From Riviere du Loup the steamer crosses to the north shore and reaches Tadousac before sundown, and if the cirro-cumulus clouds with which we started from Quebec have accompanied us, the beautiful hues which they impart to the sunset will never be forgotten. At this very cradle of Canadian history, this little nest in the midst of the granitic rocks that surround the mouth of the Saguenay, I shall rest until next week, when the next chapter will be devoted to the grandest and sublimest scenery in Canada.

Thos. D. King.

FELIX OPPORTUNITATE MORTIS.

Exile or Cæsar? Death hath solved thy doubt,
And made thee certain of thy changeless fate;
And thou no more hast wearily to wait,
Straining to catch the people's tarrying shout,
That from unrestful rest would drag thee out,
And push thee to those pinnacles of State
Round which throng courtly loves, uncourted hate,
Servility's applause, and envy's flout.
Twice happy boy! though cut off in thy flower,
The timeliest doom of all thy race is thine:
Saved from the sad alternative, to pine
For heights unreach'd, or icily to tower,
Like Alpine crests that only specious shine,
And glitter on the lonely peak of Power!

Alfred Austin.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

There are two ways to live on earth,—
Two ways to judge,—to act,—to view;
For all things here have double birth,—
A right and wrong,—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbour's fortune find
No wish,—no impulse,—to complain;
Who feel not,—never felt,—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foil'd endeavour meets,—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor fallen Power, that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more
Are gauds, it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find nought to please, or to exalt,—
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily wants, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And *twice* enjoy the joy they share!

Oh! happy they who happy make,—
Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest!—
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best!

Charles Swain.