

Here have we indeed

A blending of all beauties, streams and dells;  
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, river,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells  
From grey but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

Looking southward, the foaming rapid of the "Long Sault" is visible; and following the river in its course, my eye rests upon St. Helen's Island, stemming the waters with its green barks. Here is a magazine for the safe keeping of that dangerous article, gunpowder. There is also an armory, in which are stowed away all manner of implements of war. What a pity that the pointed steel is necessary as the safeguard of a nation's liberty. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when contending forces shall cease to be—when our peace shall be firm and lasting, because secured through the Prince of Peace.

Between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal, the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence pass, forming the Current St. Marie. Eastward, I observe the apex of a mountain wreathed in the brilliant sunset; this is the famous and fashionable Belœil, signifying, I believe, a fine view, or, perhaps more literally, a *good eye*, and then stretching away till they are lost in the distance, appear the green hills of Vermont. Turning westward, I mark the river Ottawa, its shores studded with little villages, prominent among which is that of St. Annes, celebrated by the facile pen of Tom Moore, in the popular "Canadian Boat Song." Turning slightly to the north, the glittering spires of a parish church display themselves. This is the village of St. Eustache, on the Riviere du Chene. Other villages appear, and are plainly indicated by the tin covered spires of their churches. Confining my view, I have the Little River, a branch of the Ottawa, and which again subdivided, washes the shores of the fertile Isle Jesu. Before me are the happy homesteads of the rugged tillers of the soil, a class of people whom, as a class, I most respect, for I have mingled with the homespun grey, and have been well content to occupy a rustic stool in the kitchen, not because I am, or would be, what is commonly styled a sentimentalist, but because I found a satisfying enjoyment in their affectionate and simple pastimes,—because I liked to look up into the open honest face, and there, in characters the plainest and most unmistakable, read man.