

actually descend a precipice of waters in the midst of a chaos of breakers, above which the jagged crags appear on every side. In an instant we topple on the summit of the avalanche, with a plunge that takes away the breath and sends a quick thrill through the heart, we rush down into the yawning deep beyond—

" Like disunited spirits when they leap
Together from this earth's obscure and fading steep."

But not into the arms of destruction do we go with that dismal settling down of a sinking ship, which only those can know who have felt its terrible spell. Trembling, like one who suddenly contemplates escape from deadly peril, the vessel rights herself on the placid bosom of the now contented, tranquil river. No one who has made this passage can ever forget the novel, thrilling and inspiring feelings it induced. One feels that he has had a wonderful experience, a hair-breadth escape; yet it is a fact, reflecting the highest credit on those who navigate these rapids, that no accident of any consequence has ever befallen the vessels that make the descent, nor has a single life ever been lost of the vast number of people who have come from all parts of the world to make this short but wonderful voyage. Now bursts upon the eye the unequalled panorama of the city and harbour of Montreal. It is as if one had passed through the fabled experiences of the spirits in old mythology, and having descended the river of doom, emerged in sunlight and glory before the walls of the golden city.

FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC.

The journey down the St. Lawrence, from Montreal to Quebec, in one of the palatial steamers that ply on this route, is as pleasant a trip as could be taken anywhere in America.

Leaving Montreal, usually in the evening, we first pass Longueuil, a small village on the south bank, and the summer residence of many Montrealers. Longueuil is memorable in history for the repulse of General Carleton in 1775 by the Americans. A little down on the north shore is Longue Pointe. At a