

lakes and streams and hills forever remain, though the place of their former frequenters knows them no more. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of this vast region, whether to be some day the home of a future people, or to remain a dismantled desolation, the wide waters and swift streams and sublime mountains are eternal, as all of God's nature is.

In closing this necessarily brief description of the Quebee lake region, it may be quite fitting to refer to the widened expanse of the St. Lawrence at the junction of that river and the Charles River at Quebee. Here, as at St. Peter and St. Louis, the stream widens into a lake, whose shores and waters are famous in Canadian history. Here looms the great crag which Wolfe sealed and where Montcalm fell, at the gateway of one of the great waterways of the Western World, whose history fades into antiquity.

“Meanwhile thou broodest where vast mountains frown,
And thy great river, seaward, ever melts,
Beyond Orleans for many a weary mile