

and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realized that I also had received a gift from my brother.

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A DAY ON THE RIDEAU.

THERE are, in this Canada of ours, regions of beauty and grandeur that but few eyes have gazed upon, and which, instead of being inaccessible and remote, are at our very doors, but hidden by the veil of our ignorance and indifference regarding them.

The Rockies, Niagara and the Thousand Islands, grand and awe-inspiring as they are, are not the only scenes of natural beauty in our native land worthy to rank as high as the highest of those in other countries. Let us look and see if we cannot chance upon one of these bits of fairyland.

How many of you, my readers, have seen the Rideau river? I need hardly wait for an answer, for I am convinced there are but few. Let us, however, in spite of the frost and snow which now are considerably more common than gently flowing waves and green-mantled hills, banish the calendar and in imagination take a summer voyage to Smith's Falls.

The sun has just risen, this cool July morning, on the old city of Kingston. The screech of the whistle calls us all on board, the ropes are loosed, the wheels revolve, and off we go.

Through a narrow, winding channel, which reminds us of the labyrinths of ancient Greece, we pass low banks on either hand until we come to the rocky gorge at the entrance to our first lock at Kingston Mills, six miles north of the city. Here we ascend, through four locks, about forty-five feet, and while this is going on we have plenty of time to look about us and admire the attractiveness of the surroundings. High, rocky hills, covered with verdure, rising on either side of the narrow river, which reflects their beauties on its calm surface, rapid, rushing waterfalls, sloping lawns, covered with a green velvet sod and shaded by graceful maples—a paradise for picnickers, an overflowing draught for the thirsty soul of an artist.

But our steamer is ready for us again, and on we glide through a maze of stumps and shoals which threaten our safety, but past which we smoothly run, thanks to our pilot's skilful arm, on and on toward the green rocky shore which seems to block the channel, till we begin to wonder if this is to be the end. Suddenly the land breaks and we see an opening—so narrow, indeed, that doubts arise within us as to the possibility of such a bulky craft as ours passing through. But on we go. The

opening widens and we rush through, almost touching the overhanging trees on either bank, emerging into one of those picturesque little lakes so freely distributed on this river.

The shores now are becoming less rocky and barren, and a mantle of green covers them all, stretching from the surface of the river to the summit of the high range of hills on either side. We almost feel the solitude and silence which reign here, and it is seldom we come across any evidences of man's handiwork. Everywhere wild, ragged hills, dense, impassable forests, and low, irregular shores meet the eye, until suddenly we round a point and approach the heavy masonry of a collection of locks.

These useful obstacles are scattered pretty freely on this peculiar stream, and serve to break the monotony which often oppresses the traveller in an unbroken run of several hours through even the most enchanting scenery. Most of them are beautifully situated, and the combination of the artificial with the natural makes a decidedly attractive picture. Unquestionably the finest of these is at Jones' Falls, which we reach after a run of several hours, and as there are here five locks to pass through in order to rise ninety feet, we may as well disembark and spend our time surveying the beauty of the place.

A short walk takes us to where the river leaps over a partially artificial barrier, and, rushing through a narrow cut in the rocks, winds its way in rapid, foaming waves to the foot of the gorge. The trees on either hand overhang the fall, their branches almost meeting in a natural arch, and, viewed from below, the whole scene is wonderfully grand.

But all this takes time, and before we have time to thoroughly digest what we have seen we must hurry on board in obedience to the sharp whistle, giving only a glance at the immense dam, which is one hundred and twenty feet high, and built of enormous blocks of grey sandstone.

The islands now become more numerous, and the channel shoots in and out among them in its erratic course till our minds grow bewildered and we hopelessly lose our bearings. But somehow or other the way opens up as we advance, and after passing through Newboro Cut we soon emerge into Rideau Lake, which is the largest on the river, and the highest point between Kingston and Ottawa. This may seem strange to many, but it is a fact that the Rideau flows both ways, and we now begin to descend.

Rideau Lake stretches for ten miles, and is full of small, nicely shaded islands, which are well patronized by campers in the summer months. Having crossed the lake, a short run brings us to the most beautiful part of this picturesque river, Pullamalee Cut, and just as we enter it the sun, bathed in golden splendor, is approaching the horizon, making the whole scene appear indescribably lovely. Pullamalee Cut is a narrow, artificial canal, about two miles long, and was constructed about a century ago, but since then the hand of Nature has been at