

not hitherto seen at leisure the streets and buildings of the fairest of Canadian cities. The city of the Royal Mountain is wide-streeted and many shop-windowed. Here and there, in the chief streets, are stately buildings, in the Parisian Renaissance style, unlike anything at Quebec or Toronto; and the thoroughfares are far more gay, and the half-French population have more the look of being intent on enjoying themselves than in the purely English towns. There is no one building equal to the Toronto University; but the Court-house is fine, and the Anglican Cathedral is a really good specimen of the revived Gothic of our time. Not so the French Cathedral, which, although its two massive towers look imposing from a distance, is altogether in that debased "Government Gothic" so common in our English Churches built thirty years ago. The interior is still worse, a huge gallery blocks up and defaces the nave; the window-mullions and pillars are of painted wood, pretending to be stone. In the morning we walked through the Market, which is spacious, cool, well-stocked, and resonant with a not unpleasant babel of ladies bargaining in French and English.

From Montreal to the steamboat station by rail. Arrived there, we embark on board of the huge steam-piloted Noah's Ark which voyages up the St. Lawrence for the Lakes. Unlike any English craft, apparently top-heavy and cumbersome, these steamers are in reality comfortable beyond an Englishman's conception. There is no crowding—no perceptible motion, every passenger has a private state-room of ample dimensions, and the saloon is large and elaborately furnished as a drawing-room. Dinner and tea, luxurious and well-appointed, are served in the forepart of this saloon; after tea, when "the woods on shore look dim," and "the lights begin to twinkle from the rocks," as we glide from island to island, the lamps are lit, and the sounds of singing attract us toward the piano. There are several very pretty girls—one decided beauty, tall, and with tresses of the fashionable molten gold ripple; one quite a contrast to her, a brunette, with the *mone matinne* and hair of the no-longer fashionable midnight black, which gave to Lola Montez her chief beauty. There is a little woman, of decidedly Celtic accent (of the Eblano-Donnybrook dialect) who belongs to a lower type of society, and is returning with her daughter, a somewhat dowdy girl, whose face corresponds to her mamma's voice, and has much of the potato about its character, from school at a Montreal convent. The old lady has prospered in the world, and "me daughter has had the best of eddication entirely." She tells every one how Norah can actually play "chunes" on the piano. Accordingly, the young ladies, and notably the brunette, take to chaffing her. Norah is soon induced to play the "Carnival of Venice," which not very new or pleasing composition is welcomed with sarcastic applause. Soon this becomes tiresome—the groups in the saloon thin, and most of the elders having retired, a few fair saunterers are still to be seen in the gallery of the upper deck. It is very cool and still; they may well linger to gaze on the clear lake, unstirred by a wave, and mirroring the evening star—the star of love—as it streams down in its passionate, heart-breaking beauty. The star