

all the peculiarities exist in the winter. Then it is that their national dress, habits, necessities, contrivances, work (to a very great extent), amusements, and frank, genuine, kind hospitality come to light. No one can know anything of Canada who has not passed at least one winter in it.

And how few comparatively do know anything of Canada. How few could tell whether Montreal is east or west or north or south of Quebec, or which is the larger city, or where or what Ottawa is. How few know that the Dominion of Canada is the third maritime nation in the world, and boasts under one firm alone a fleet of merchant steamers second to none in the world; that she has a population of between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000; that she extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that even now her canals are marvels of utility, and are yearly being enlarged and improved to try and meet the ever-growing trade from Europe and the West; that while England herself has only between 14,000 and 15,000 miles of railway, and France only between 10,000 and 11,000 miles, Canada has already upwards of 3000

miles, and will soon have nearly 5000 miles, independently of the line which she is pledged to construct within the next ten years, to span the continent and to connect the two great oceans. That within her territories lie not only unlimited woods for the lumberer, and lands for the emigrant, but vast stores of minerals and coal. And last, not least, that within her beat hearts as truly English as any that beat at home.

Whatever may have been the hurry and work which so attracted C----'s attention, as shown in the preceding sketch, all, as seen in that before us, is now peaceful and quiet enough at Quebec. The last of the autumn fleet are homeward bound, and the last belated raft is close to its yard; a little more and winter will be on us. And off the point of the Island of Orleans, passing down by the south channel, steams H.M.S. the *Orontes* with the best garrison of Quebec. In our ears still linger the soft sad strains from the band, "Good-bye, sweethearts, good-bye." Farewell;—but not we hope for ever; not we hope for long;—farewell Canada, farewell Quebec.

THE END.