

HAMILTON TO QUEBEC.

Almost too good to be true was my thought on hearing the decision that Quebec was to be the direction of our summer outing. "Quebec,"—the historic part of our vast land, the connecting link between the old world and old times and our new rich country, this Canada of ours.

When King Louis XV, on hearing of the defeat of the French forces, and the capture of Quebec by the English, called this country "only a few acres of snow and ice," little did he know that it was merely the threshold of a grand treasure-house, the path to a land so great and rich.

The trip as far as Montreal is almost too tourist-worn to require more than a brief reference. The first half day after leaving Toronto is very uninteresting. Just the broad expanse of the blue or grey waters (according as the sun shines or no) of our own Ontario. It was greyish green on this day, and as the wind was blowing and the air clammy, only the bravest staid on deck. Even they were glad later on to seek the seclusion of the cabin, and for a change examine their stock of literature, and also their fellow-passengers. Of course there was the usual crowd,—the bored ones, the enthusiastic ones, the literary ones, the few lazy indifferent young men, the inevitable clergy and the usual sprinkling of newly wedded pairs closely clasping Howell's "Wedding Journey" or "A Chance Acquaintance."

The next day every one is up early to see the islands, and there is a grand struggle as to who shall finish breakfast first and secure good seats on deck, and indeed it is well worth the trouble of being up with the birds for once, for having got possession of some of the coveted chairs next to the railing, we proceeded to drink in the beauties of nature. So much has been written about these wonderful thousand islands that I can only say, it is all true. So thickly dotted are they, and so narrow the channels at times, that one would think our vessel was going to run aground, for surely there is no outlet here, but as we go on rounding a point, a passage-way is discovered, and what had seemed an impassable barrier divides into many little islands.

All natures may be satisfied here, for at the fashionable resorts of Alexandria Bay and Thousand Island Park, with all its gaieties and its thickly populated islands around, with magnificent villas and summer castles. One who craves excitement and luxury will enjoy the many beautiful little nooks in the quieter parts of the river, where man has