

fields, rich in the pride of their fresh greenery, and dotted, abundantly, with dark and picturesque woodlands, from amongst which peep many pleasant-looking country-houses, and sweet, placid villages—while, far in the back-ground, rise the blue mountains of the Laurentian Chain, standing out clear and distinct from the pure sky of this lovely land. Two of the numerous churches that we saw were particularly striking, from the beauty of their tall, elegant tinned-spires, which shone brilliantly in the sunlight—the Roman Catholic church of St John, and that of Les Sœurs Grises.

At Lorette a host of children gathered round us, with Indian curiosities for sale, and amongst them, was a charming little French-Canadian girl, possessed of more than common beauty, combined with the grace and polished manner of her race. She told us that her name was Hermine Ligny, and that she had, herself, manufactured many of the pin-cushions and other trifles which she solicited us to buy. We seated ourselves in the midst of the importunate crowd, and they clustered eagerly about us, extolling their wares, and doing their utmost to tempt us to become purchasers; and, eventually, when we departed from Lorette, our pockets were filled with the handiwork of *la petite Hermine*, for we bought the whole of her ample stock.

From Lorette we went to the Falls of Montmorenci, passing through the villages of Charlesbourg and Beauport, and crossing the River Beauport at the latter place. We had attempted to make a short cut across country, but were obliged to turn back, and follow the usual route.

The beautiful and gloriously wild Montmorenci River rises