

Ha-Ha Bay, is far from completion—the old cry, poverty of the people, which alas, is too visible in all these cod-fishing districts from Paspebiac to Cap Rosier, despite the Princes of *Gaspesia*, Messrs. Robin and Le Boutillier. The town of Percé, notwithstanding its beautiful situation, will never command a name as a summer resort. Compared with Arabia-Deserta, it is Ossa to a wart, but Mont Percé, though it rises to a height of 1,230 feet above the sea, and from its summit there is a view which language cannot convey to the eye any more than the eye can convey to the ear the divisions of sound—the roaring surf, and the wild outcry of the gulls and cormorants on the neighbouring rock when engaged in a fight for their respective territories—yet there is an ancient and fish-like smell, a dead putridified cod-head effluvia wafted even to the top of the mountain, which would make one sigh for those perfumes extracted from the aromatic herbs growing in the oases of the land of the Bedouins. For miles you “nose” fish, whale and seal oil; there’s no escape, unless by putting out to sea in the “*Miramichi*,” for all the sailing-boats are tainted with a fishy odour, and the “*Chronicles*” say that “well-to-do houses in some localities have a fishy smell.” The churches are not proof against it. Not many years back, the R. C. Bishop, visiting the chapel on a fishing station, on entering, exclaimed to the pastor, ‘Is the chapel used to dry and cure cod-fish? The smell here is positively dreadful!’ ‘No, my lord,’ the pastor replied; ‘but at the news of your approach my parishioners had the floor carefully washed with soap. Unfortunately the soap was made from fish oil.’”

From the top of Mont Percé, which can be seen at sea from a distance of forty miles, there is a picturesque view, and though it lacks the sublimity of the views obtained from the summits of the granitic mountains on the Saguenay, yet it borders upon grandeur, with its hill and dale, mighty woods and verdant valleys, in all the pleasing gradations of perspective. From this mountain there is a gorge or highway which winds round the hills, edged by forests and overhung by hoary cliffs, leading to Mal Bay, which is about five miles wide by four miles deep. On its south side there are magnificent cliffs nearly 700 feet in perpendicular height above the sea; a fine broad, sandy beach extends across the head of the bay, and encloses a shallow lagoon. It is a delicious place for bathing, and a capital one for camping out in calm weather. The river Mal Bay, in which are to be procured both trout and salmon, flows into this lagoon. From Mal Bay there is a road, but not a very good one, to Douglastown, a fine harbour at the head of Gaspé Bay, in which, on the 12th of August, 1860, at sunset, the Royal squadron, consisting of the “*Hero*,” the “*Ariadne*” and the “*Flying Fish*,” anchored, and on the following morning His Excellency the Governor-General welcomed H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to Canadian waters, and a royal salute was fired from a battery situated in front of the house of Mr. Le Boutillier, and the people cheered most lustily. In the month of July, 1534, shouts of joy arose from the crew of Jacques Cartier when they planted a cross on the sandy point at the entrance to the harbour, and took possession of Gaspé in the name of Francis I. of France, not, however, without an energetic protest being then and there made by a great Chief, clad in a bear skin, and standing erect in his canoe, followed by his numerous warriors.

The town or village of Gaspé or Gaspé Basin, as it is called, is prettily situated on a plateau overlooking the bay, and is destined at no very distant day to become one of the most frequented of our Laurentian watering-places. It has a number of good stores, many handsome private residences, a Protestant and a Roman Catholic Church; it can boast of a collector of Customs, a harbour master, an American Consul; but it lacks a good comfortable hotel. It is in direct communication with Quebec and Montreal by means of the Gulf Ports Steamer *Miramichi*, than which there is no more staunch, fast and worthy sea-boat plying the waters of the St. Lawrence; it has a telegraph station, and it has a genial, hospitable and well-informed people, so that the visitor need not lack society. The sea-bathing is good; the air is balmy and is not subjected to the vicissitudes of temperature so common to the villages on the north shore of the river. Added to these qualities, there is good yachting and boating, spearing for lobster, and bobbing for mackerel, while the true disciples of Isaac Walton may indulge in salmon and trout fishing to their hearts’ content.

The scenery in the neighbourhood is very beautiful, the roads are tolerably good, but the water high-ways are better and more pleasant. The artist will find in his rambles many admirable studies infinitely beyond the contracted bounds of the photographer’s camera. Here he may see Nature in her full dimensions and enjoy the contemplation of her in all her simplicity and grandeur; under all the varieties of light and shade, sunshine and storm, morning and evening, he would find an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, while the great volume of Nature expanded before his eye would banish the littleness of life and naturally impress his mind with all that is lofty and great, and he will be bound to confess that the Bay of Gaspé with its environs is a most charming and enchanting country, and its beauty may possibly draw from him the apostrophe of the enraptured bard,—

“Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!”

Thos. D. King.

LIVING.

A tree lives when the machinery for obtaining the elements of its existence from the soil (the sunlight and the rain) is in good working condition—when the absorbents in the thread-like fibre of the roots take up the moisture from the ground and the innumerable cells in the trunk and limbs bear it away into the slender twigs and leaves, pushing the buds into flowers, and a new growth of wood. There is nothing above or beyond this in that existence. Cultivation can only make each tree perfect of its kind, but not change the one into another.

An animal lives when it fulfils, in like manner, all the requirements of its being. Ask a bird what it is to live, its answer would be, “for me to live is to be a bird.” Ask the eagle what it is to live. He will turn his eye toward the sun and rise up into the air till lost in sight; or, perched on some old tree that overhangs the lake, or the frightful precipice, he will utter a wild defiant scream. Question the canary in its cage on the same subject; ruffling its feathers and hopping from bar to bar, it will pour out in liquid strains of music its life, which makes it plain that its life is to sing.

For a man to live is to be a man—not a vegetable, nor a bird, nor a sheep, nor an owl, but a man with all the word implies.

A mere animal existence is not living. All there is of birds and beasts is in the physical structure, but the body of the man is only the house he lives in. Not even a refined physical life is being. Wealth may provide us with better habitation, and furnish us with more comforts and luxuries, but physical life is the same whether housed in a log hut or marble palace. The difference between those who live in stately mansions and those who live in hovels is not enough for record.

What does life mean? What was intended in the creation of man? What is man? A living man is an immortal truth, a truth that breathes, thinks and feels—a truth that is immortal because it is above and beyond all that can live and die in this world.

The theory is every where. Our friend will discuss theories and creeds and systems with us by the hour. The book is full of good advice. Our beliefs are all right. But a man who knows men in the street—who makes bargains with professors of religion instead of talking the Bible with them—a man who has found out that there are plenty of praying rogues and swearing saints in the world, above all, who has found out, by living into the very pith and core of life, that all the truth there is in the world is in man and men of every-day life—not in books, sermons and professions—will demand to see the life and truth, with far more confidence in what we are than what we seem. There is no truth in the world but that found in the streets, in the fields, behind the counter, or in the domestic circle. All there is in the church is found in good deeds, not in the creed. It makes no difference how beautiful the speech or heavenly the sentiment, the test of life and being is found when we trade with our neighbour, or when the cart strikes a stone. True manhood cannot be hammered to pieces or melted in the hot furnace.

A true human life plans and works for the good of others—for the degraded and the poor, and every man knows that our definition of living is true. We feel at home in living the good and the beautiful. We feel free amid fields of flowers. Every pure thought and tear of sympathy points upward, not downward. A wrong principle offends us, while a truth is as musical love. We are more at home with a living author and in the picture gallery of a real artist, than we can be in a palace filled with fashion. He who speaks a truth is always heard. That tone thrills the generation.

To be men is to be alive. A living man grows in truth, justice and law. Acting deprives him. He has no time for mere pretense and profession. We cannot have too much intellectual ability and culture; but it is not the intellectual giant who is the most alive, it is the men of fervour. Live men do not stop to explain theories or discuss creeds, but build life into a practical form to make the world better.

Men who stand still are dead. Those who have wealth and live without a care, may have a pew in a fashionable church, but they are not living the life of men. The body is alive, well clad, and well fed, but the man is dead.

Discouraged men are dead. Like soggy driftwood, lodged on the banks of streams and rotting into ruin, they have not received decent burial.

Nations, institutions and churches, that never put forth anything new, whose strength is spent in warding off storms and nursing their sickly systems—all people, the foundation of whose existence begins to crumble and where from between the stones the moss begins to grow, and in whose temples we hear only the hooting of owls, or the melancholy tones of old men chanting the praises of the buried past—churches that are more zealous in being orthodox than in carrying bread to the hungry, and nations that are engaged in repairing Chinese Walls against the encroachments of new ideas, are dead, and the best place for them is in the grave.

There is nothing so sublime as life—nothing so magnificent as living. To feel the thrill of life is pure bliss. What is common to the body, is of but little comparative importance, but giving grand truths that are stronger and more enduring than time, a living practical existence is sublime beyond conception.