

up to the top of Mount Royal with me ; time $7\frac{1}{2}$ p.m. You will probably find it hard work at first, but there ! take hold of my sash, or stick, and come along. Up long hills which seem to grow longer as you grow tired, and over little hills : take advantage of every twig and tree as you climb, and thrust your hands or stick in the snow to assist you in scaling the hills, and you'll seldom slip back or come to the undecided stand of the novice. Here we are at the top. Now let us stand for a few minutes. Hark !—"whoop ! whoop !" there they are ! a long file of apparently silent figures come winding around yonder hillock of snow, with bodies slightly bent forward, all in step, on they come towards us, at a quick steady pace. Tramp ! tramp ! here they are on the summit. A wild "hurrah !" bursts forth from the whole line as they see us, and never stopping, on they go at a steady run, down the other side of the mountain, into the valley of *Côte des Neiges*, their destination being the village of that name. Along the plain with their characteristic long stride ; over fences, over snow-covered ditches—sometimes into them—through snow drifts, over the fields into the cemetery, and a run over there in spite of the savage mastiffs who bark unheeded ! Now the pace slackens a little and a fine manly voice starts, "The Canadian snow shoe tramp," and all join in the chorus. Hark !—

Men may talk of steam and railroads,
 But too well our comrades know,
 We can beat the fastest engines
 In a night tramp o'er the snow !
 They may puff, sir, they may blow, sir,
 They may whistle, they may scream,
 But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
 Snow-shoes leave behind the steam !

CHORUS :—Tramp ! tramp ! on snow-shoes tramping,
 All the day we marching go !
 Till at night, by fires encamping,
 We find couches 'mid the snow !

Isn't the view from here a fine one ? There before us lies the beautiful valley shrouded in snow ; the royal mountain looking down upon it, and stretching its arms around its limits like the Greek mother sheltering her offspring from the wrath of the son of Artemis ; while the wind wails through the trees like some distant harp, and the glorious old moon shines as grandly upon the scenery as it did when Jacques Cartier and his band first stood here, perhaps on the very spot where we are. But where are our snow-shoers ? Out of sight, and doubtless at their rendezvous by this time. So let us start for home and *coucher*, to dream of losing our head in a snow-drift, and finding it at *Côte des Neiges* ; of getting into snow-caverns, and snow-shoeing about there for a score of