

commemorated as follows by Whittier, found its scene:

"Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him;
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!'—
And off he sailed through the fog and rain.
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart
By the women of Marblehead.

"Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain that sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a
cart
By the women of Marblehead."

majestic. The whole region is mountainous, and almost precipitous enough to be Alpine; but its grandeur is derived less from cliffs, chasms, and peaks, than from far-reaching sweeps of outline, and continually rising domes that mingle with the clouds.

What a splendid panorama is enjoyed day by day by the occupants of the lonely farm-houses on the far hills looking over the majestic bay. Steamer trips are made to Gaspé, that bit of France where all the quaint customs and dress of the Breton fishermen are retained, to a large degree.

Campbellton, an important railway and shipping point, is situated at the head of deep water navigation. The river is here a mile wide, and at its busy mills Norwegian vessels were loading with deals for British



MILL STREAM, METAPEDIA.

For many miles the railway runs close to the shore of this noble bay, its blue waters sparkling in the sun,

And like the wings of the sea-birds
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

Around the numerous fishing hamlets in the foreground lay boats, nets, lobster pots and the like; and out in the offing gleamed the snowy sails of the fishing boats. A branch railway runs down the bay to Dalhousie, a pleasant seaside town backed by noble hills. As the bay narrows into the estuary of the Restigouche, the scenery becomes bolder and more

ports. Its situation is most romantic. As I went to church on Sunday night the scene was very impressive. The solemn hills beguarded the town on every side, waiting as if for the sun's last benediction on their heads. The saffron sky deepened in tone to golden and purple. Twilight shadows filled the glens and mantled over sea and shore. I could not help thinking, if you take the church spires and the religious life they represent out of Canadian villages what a blank you would leave behind. How sordid and poor and mean the life and thought of the