

ourselves was there, no bathing machines spoke of modern life, but all was wild and luxuriant nature. From a rock, from which we started seabirds innumerable, we plunged into the waters and revelled in its coolness till prudence called us forth. Coming from that bath, we felt as if renewed from a long life of uselessness, as if we were ready and able to combat a world of difficulties; and thus it was every morning,—the morning's sun saw us emerge from the waters strengthened for labor, of which there was none but the sense of enjoyment. Not far from where we bathed, a point jutted out into the river, and on its summit was a ruin, as it were, of an old castle; but I was soon undeceived by Williams, who told me that it was the ruins of a former church which had been suffered to fall into decay through religious faction. Even in this almost Acadian village, the quarrels of churchmen had intruded, and one party seceded from the then church, and established one more inland, which gradually attracted to it all the "upper ten;" so that the old-fashioned church, looking out on the expanse of waters, was deserted and became the ruin which it now is. We went over to examine the deserted edifice, and it seemed almost ancient; inside and out grew the wild herbage of the country, and even a sort of vine made an attempt to crawl up its mouldering walls. From its site, a beautiful bay stretched beneath us, round which the bright sands seemed a circle of gold. On its bosom were the fishing boats of the inhabitants, and further out two schooners lay at anchor. Isle-aux-Basque seemed nearer at hand than seen from the house, and in the early morning, when there was not a breath of wind and the waters were almost as placid as a lake, reminded one of those islands among the thousands which grace the St. Lawrence where it issues from Lake Ontario. During the day Williams, with his wife and children and myself, again visited the

deserted church and strolled about the promontory on which it stood; not fearing, as in the city, the dreaded rays of the sun, but quietly and pleasantly taking in the whole beauty of the scene.

There are certainly times at these watering places in which one accustomed to busy city life, must be afflicted by *ennui*, but they are rare; and certainly one of these times was not when Williams and I tried our skill as marksmen. There was a rock which at high tide was not covered, and which lay as we measured about one thousand yards from the beach. On the rock, when the tide was high, the seals were accustomed to sun themselves, and, cruel as it may perhaps seem, we as often as possible placed ourselves on the beach and made them targets to our Enfields. For my part, I may say they did not receive much damage, having killed but one during the course of my stay, and that one, I have privately decided, was a fluke; but Williams was rather a crack shot, and the poor seals often fell a victim to his *penchant* for rifle practice. I, last winter, wore some of the results of his gunnery, in the shape of a cap and gauntlets.

How pleasantly the time passed by in these days at Trois Pistoles! Wandering by the receding tide on the sands, where lay myriads of countless seashells of every conceivable hue, where were seaweeds twined in unimaginable turns, where were the beautiful and ever changeable anemone in the shifting sands, where were springing up here and there unaccounted-for mineral springs. There we loitered day by day, my friend, his wife attended by or rather attending to her little flock, and myself, seeking there the most beautiful among the countless shells, and finding seaweeds wherewith to compile chosen albums of specimens, or catching the beautiful anemone before it hid itself beneath the yielding sand. Often at eventide have we found ourselves, when the sun