

ing lumbermen. On the one side were the churches of St. Colomba de Sillery, and St. Augustin, and on the other of St. Nicolas, and then the Falls of the Chaudière. We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat wheeled round with marvellous velocity, and we were on the home stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a winter frozen in vessel ; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorency Falls threw their vapory column high into the rarified atmosphere ; already the cone had begun to form and we could see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept past the villages of Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer, when again we turned and doubling Le Bout de L'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St Joseph de Levis and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, till we struck across to our starting point, after a wild ride of forty miles, accomplished with the speed of a mail train. Our limbs were a little stiff, and we put on our skates to revive the circulation of the blood. No sooner had the steel touched the clear brittle ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle and we swiftly glided over the silvery surface, seeming hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were madly rushing hither and thither, ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards, and horses, as if in delirium, were galloping in every direction. I remained with my lady friend, while her husband sped onwards ;