

with nothing to relieve the monotonous level of cultivated fields, with sometimes a barren moor, save a creek here and there eating away its crumbling banks, or a sickly copse of trees called by courtesy a wood, or, as a rare luxury, the deep ravines descending from the plateau to the wide waters of the great rivers of the West. Besides the unrelieved landscape and the flatly prosaic towns, we are conscious of no suggestions from the past, no ancient associations, which can stimulate an engaging thought, or quicken the deadened fancy, beyond scenes which are lonelier still, and drearier far, of repulsive Red Men, tricked out in vain with fictitious interest by historian or novelist. We are wearied and jaded with the unbroken monotone of worm fences, and barbed wire, and model farms. Nor do square miles of Indian corn, or grazing mules, or scampering foals, lend wings to the heavy hour.

But, from the moment when a traveller passes through the Strait of Belle Isle between Newfoundland and Labrador, and begins to skirt the rocky shore southwards and upwards into the great sea, called the Gulf of St. Lawrence; when he draws close to the coast of Gaspé, and scans those mountain slopes, and the villages round their churches nestling in the nooks of the narrow shore, drawing themselves out thence in a fine endless line far away to Quebec and beyond, he awakes to the history which has been enacted there, by that same stalwart race of fishermen and of trappers; and here it was, he recalls, that French-Canadian and English sailor and American colonist struggled in mortal conflict, a century long, for the possession of an empire in the New World. These bold declivities, as they recede into the shadow, or emerge into the sunlight, are like pages eloquent with the story of a valiant race, which struck terror into the British colonies from Boston to South Carolina, which carried its victorious