

stood, the home of Father Marquette, the explorer of the River Mississippi. Returning to the steamer we swing out from the little wharf, turn to those mighty rocks, and enter the silent, gloomy river Saugenay. Such an indescribable eerie feeling seizes one as we pass up this lonely place in the evening shadows. Not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard but that our own steamer is making. Nothing but huge rocks towering up on either side, like one great mountain rent asunder in remote ages by some great convulsion of nature. Ha-Ha Bay, sixty miles from the mouth of the river, is reached about midnight, and our boat remains there until early morning. This bay is so named because early navigators ascending this river could not find a landing place or anchorage until reaching this bay, when they broke out laughing on being able to touch bottom with their anchors. Chicoutimi is at the head of the navigable part of the river, and is quite an imposing little town, with its important-looking cathedral, seminary and convent, rows of shops, railway station and numerous saw-mills. We have passed through the Laurentian range of mountains and have reached softly undulating lands rich with verdure.

Returning, the river seems not a whit less grand and gloomy by the hazy daylight; the bare rocks and others covered sparsely by hardy pine trees; the silver threads of cascades occasionally trickling down the dark precipices, and the few scattered hamlets in valleys or where the rocks slope more gently whence a landing could be effected. There is a suppressed feeling of excitement as all passengers crowd to the front of the boat, for looming up in front of us is that wonderful Cape Trinity. Three different elevations and yet one rock, three distinct steps leading up from the river to a height of 1800 feet. As the steamer glides nearer and nearer to these precipitous cliffs we more and more appreciate the awful height and massive grandeur of the cape. How the steamer seems to dwindle to insignificance as we are overpowered by the mightiness of nature. A statue of the Virgin is seen on the first step of the Triune, and higher up still is a cross planted by some pious zealot, who has risked life and limb to rear aloft the sacred emblem of his church.

Across the bay, like a huge cleft in the mountain, stands the still grander and more imposing Cape Eternity. Sheer rock rising straight out of the water 1900 feet. When one thinks of the depth of the river at the base, over 2000 feet, one's awe is not decreased. The steamer's whistle startles us as we gaze silently, and the long-continued and oft-repeated reverberations of its echo adds to the impression.