

its rivers, gorgeous in the lavished beauty of its mountains and valleys, sublime in its endless woods, rich in the relics of its past, bright in hopes of its future, the fringes of the Atlantic laving its Eastern slopes; the mirror-waters of the Pacific reflecting the shadows of its Western hills.

The pleasant task which we now mark out for ourselves, is that of bringing forth in as simple a manner as possible, a few of the divers characteristics, beauties and advantages that embellish our land. If we succeed in interesting the public, we will feel a true satisfaction; if we succeed in lighting up a spark of patriotism which may have been smouldering for want of a breath to stir it into action, we will experience a pardonable pride; if we succeed in awaking in the breasts of our fellow-countrymen, an interest in Canada, her past, her present and her future, we shall consider our object attained, and it will be our pleasant duty to thank a generous public for being instrumental in our success.

A SKETCH OF THE PAST!

It may seem a useless task, a superfluous work to retrace the history of our young country, but our object is not to give a history; rather would we throw a glance, as rapidly as possible, on those events which characterize our earlier epochs, in order to prove the fact, that if Canada continues to progress in the ratio in which she has progressed from the days when first the foot of civilized man was set upon her shore, on to our own time, that in years to come, when the mighty nations of Europe shall have followed in the wake of Troy, Palmyra, Athens, Carthage, and Ancient Rome, when their trophies and their monuments shall lie by the side of Babel's ruined tower, and Nero's deserted temple, that Canada, still in the freshness of her being, still in the vigor of her existence, shall have reached the noon-tide glory and prosperity, from which to-day shine the kingdoms, empires and republics of the old world.

Ascending the stream of time, we find ourselves towards the close of the first half of the sixteenth century, looking down upon a yet undiscovered land. Where, to-day, the flags of England and

Canada wave from the spires of Ottawa's Parliament House, the pine-tree swayed to the breezes that swept the spaces of the Ottawa valley; where, to-day; the vast structures and towering monuments mark the great city of Montreal, from the top of Mount Royal the Indian warrior gazed upon the Council-fire that blazed in the village of Hochelaga; where, to-day, the grand old fortress and hundred spires of the antiquated city of Quebec point to the blue dome, the wild Huron and fiery Iroquois met in deadly strife upon the historic heights of Stadacona. From the straits of Belle-Isle to the height of land there was naught but one boundless, unmeasurable forest. Here and there it was intersected by the rivers and streams, that flowing on through the country, blended at last in the waves of one giant flood which in its turn rolled itself into the vast bosom of the Atlantic.

Such was Canada upon the 13th of September, 1535. It was evening and the red sun was sinking behind the purple Laurentides, as a pilgrim barque ploughed for the first time the mighty St. Lawrence. With wondering admiration, with whole-souled awe, with sentiments of gratitude to the Guider of Nations' destinies, breathing, perhaps, a prayer to the Star of the Sea, the sailor of St. Malo stood upon the deck, drinking in the grandeur of Canada's primeval landscape. Night cast her shadows upon the new fairy-land, and the moon, slowly rising, lit with a ghastly light, the spectro-like rocks and yawning abysses that lined the great flood. Day dawned on the 14th of September, the day consecrated to the memory of the great St. Lawrence, and Jacques Cartier, the founder of this magnificent land, the first European to sail on those mighty waters, filled with that chivalric spirit that characterizes the sons of France, instead of giving his name to the land or the stream, styled the one "New France," and called the other after the Saint on whose day it was discovered.

Thus was Canada found! The Cross was planted by Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, and then and there did the envoys of France commence—the one party to conquer, the other to convert the wild Indian inhabitants. Cartier ascended further the St. Lawrence. He