

end of October), the deciduous trees had all shed their leaves, so that the landscape was rather wintry; but we had great pleasure in descending the rapids of the St. Lawrence, which we did at intervals during the day. The huge steamer bowled along among the foaming waters with the speed of a railroad car, while the four men at the wheel, with anxious faces, were striving to keep her straight. Yet we felt quite safe, for we were carried by the strength of a giant. What a contrast to the days when Moore wrote his "Canadian Boat Song!"

Montreal is a splendid city, on an island in the St. Lawrence, more like an European capital than any one I have yet seen on this Continent. First, there is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, built of the fine limestone which is quarried near, as most of the larger edifices here are, a cathedral of the gothic style, which, if not of the largest size, might still compare, in beauty of architecture, with any in Europe, and, in dimensions, with those of the second class. On the opposite side of a small square stands the temple of another deity, with a portico supported by Corinthian columns in front, and a dome behind, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. In plain English, the bank, a superb building, fronts the cathedral on its western end; then there is a huge Jesuits college, nunneries, and large, handsome churches, most of them Roman Catholic. To complete the resemblance to Europe, there is a more decided peasant class than I have yet seen in the French Canadian; and well there may be, for another European blessing has been added to this country, in the shape of feudal tenure, so that, what between