

tury and a quarter ago. The inscription on one side of Wolfe's monument is as graphic and expressive as any sentence in the English language: "Here died Wolfe victorious!" It speaks volumes in the compass of a breath; it is sublime in its brevity.

Many are the pleasant drives around Quebec, varying from one mile to many in length. Many, also, are the toll-gates which bar the way until five cents' worth of open sesame procures a passage through. Some travellers consider these a nuisance, but all get accustomed to them at last, and feel lonely when they get back to the city, where there are none. So long as they exist, no enemy can steal a march upon the Ancient Capital.

Let those who love a scene of tranquil beauty go at the close of a day in summer, or autumn, to the Dufferin Terrace and linger during the long twilight of the evening. The heat and glare of the day have passed away, and a gentle breeze comes from the river. The last rays of the setting sun are gilding the hills on the shores beyond, while the line of the distant mountains is blending with the sky. For miles and miles the eye follows the river as it flows in silent grandeur to the sea. Distant sails seem like the white wings of sea birds, while "day in melting purple dying," lulls the mind into a dreamy calmness. The shadows deepen. The lights of Levis begin to cluster; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are on historic ground. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where for two hundred years the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning, long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Every where around us have the horrors of war been felt; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbor sound musically through the quiet air; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the citadel; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the Ancient Capital.

Poets have sung of Quebec, but it is a poem of itself which no language can express; its memories linger in the mind, like the sweet remembrance of harmonious music heard in the years long passed away.

LEVIS, AND BEYOND.

Across the broad river to Levis, and we are ready for our railway journey. If the time can be spared, a drive should be taken on the heights, for it is from these that Quebec, its harbor, the river and the surrounding country can be seen to best advantage. Here, also, can be seen additional evidence of the solitude of England for the safety of her colonies. Fortifications, of which the cost is reckoned by millions, command every point of land and water for miles. Peace has reigned here since they were built, but they are ready for the evil hour, should it ever come.

Having seen what there is of interest around this part of the St. Lawrence, including the Chaudiere Falls, the traveller surrenders himself to the comforts of the Intercolonial. The first point of importance reached is Chaudiere Junction, where connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railway, and thence with all parts of the Upper Provinces and the United States. Passing onward, the eye catches sight of one after another of the typical French villages, where the habitants live in peaceful quiet, little disturbed by the advent of strangers. Some of these villages are prettily situated and possess local traditions of more or less interest. Among these is Riviere Ouelle, which takes its name from the tragedy of which Madame Houel was the heroine, in the days when the Iroquois roamed upon these shores. The Abbe Casgrain tells the story under the title of "La Jongleuse," and mentions that the tracks of snow shoes, imprinted on the rocks of the beach, are to be seen defying the action of wind and wave. The imprints of human feet and hands in the rock were formerly visible, but have now disappeared.

Ste. Anne, one of several places of that name, is the seat of a convent of Grey Nuns and a college which will accommodate about 300 students.

Kamouraska is reached from St. Paschal Station, and is the first summer resort of note after leaving Quebec. A drive of about five miles from the station brings one to the village, beautifully situated on the shore. The native population is about 1,200, but the summer months see a large increase in the number of residents. Good accommodations may be had at the St. Louis Hotel, as well as at private houses. The place is well patronized by visitors during the season, and is growing in favor. Governors Morris and Macdonald, and other well-known public men, have been among those