

remained in possession of a Quebec family until the Marquis of Lorne bought it for \$1,000 and sent it to Montgomery's relatives.

Passing the entrance to the Citadel, we confront St. Louis gate, a handsome piece of modern architecture with stately Norman towers and guarded by sentinel poplars,—souvenirs of the old days before the "fleur-de-lys" drooped in presence of the British lion. We like to go up the stone steps to the top of the gate and walk to Kent gate on the ramparts looking down on the Esplanade.

We find little pleasure in Kent gate, except the satisfactory architecture, for it was recently built to facilitate travel to the suburbs, and not even the fact that Queen Victoria contributed to it from her private purse because it was named after her father, or that Princess Louise brought from England its beautiful lamps, makes it interesting to us. We always rest on the solid grim masonry of St. John's gate which replaces the old gate through which the brave Montcalm galloped on his black war horse, with his life-blood slowly flowing from his side. We look at the place where the terrified women cried out, "*Oh ! Mon Dieu ! Le Marquis est tué,*" to which he courteously replied, "*Ce n'est rien ! Ce n'est rien ! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies*" Achates is fond of recalling his tender solicitude when dying, for the honour of France and the safety of his men. The coming of the English was the beginning of a brighter era for Canada, but in spite of our logic our sympathies are always with the French.

Leaving the deep fosse, the massive outworks and antiquated ordnance at the embrasures, we follow the wall through D'Auteuil and St. Helen streets, rejoicing in the unfamiliar spectacle of Jesuit and University students in fluttering black robes ; garrison soldiers in natty uniforms, pretty French girls, lavish of primary colours in hat or dress, generally both ; pairs of grey nuns, whose meekly folded hands are fresh from