

title-deeds for the vast stretches of the earth over which he will be conducted during the next fortnight were obtained on that one eventful day at this eventful place.

The panorama of Quebec is not seen by him now for the first time, but it is a scene that does not soon grow stale. It is one of the few places where the theatre is quite worthy of the Imperial drama which was enacted there. The man who can stand at the King's Bastion and sweep his eye over that Titan scene of grim rocks and hills receding in ever-increasing majesty, and swept by the tidal waters of one of the great rivers of the world, and not feel its might and sublimity, would be proof against all influences whatsoever. When to its natural grandeur its historic interest is added we have a combination to which the most unemotional man must succumb. The words with which Byron introduces his splendid lines on Waterloo, "Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust," might with even more appropriateness be uttered to the visitor at Quebec, and to its glories is added the pathos of the fact that the leaders in the strife, conqueror and conquered, lie "sepulchred below."

What the course of events would have been if Wolfe and his men had been hurled back and the beetling rock had proved as impregnable as it looks, if not a fruitful, is an interesting subject of speculation. Of all the European peoples Frenchmen show the least disposition to swarm and leave the parent hive. It is such a pleasant hive, so full of honey and with no marked tendency to become overcrowded, that its peo-

ple go on the principle that France is good enough for them. If not from the mother country, where were settlers for Canada to come from? In view of present conditions one can only wonder at the Champlains, La Salles, Joliet and La Verendryes whom France poured into the new world. Surely these unwearied and unappalled explorers and scouts of civilization were the advance guard of a colonizing people. No toil or suffering daunted them, no peril dismayed. The couriers of the woods, a humble class, with inferior motives to incite them, were nevertheless scarcely less hardy or daring. Their modern representatives may be found in the thousands of French-Canadians who engage in the toilsome and at times dangerous labors of the lumber woods all over the continent. These seem to be of the stuff of which a colonizing race is made, and appear to be of different mould from the Frenchman of modern France. The character of the latter displays strong domestic traits. The only land on earth to him is France, and the dearest spot in it is the few acres over which he labors so patiently and so incessantly. This was certainly not the character of the men who, while other nations were dreaming of America, were christening the lands even beyond the Mississippi with the Gallic names which still stare at us from the maps of the continent.

Quebec has other memories. It is associated with later times, when men of English lineage turned their arms against each other. The American visitor is able here also to read a page of the history