

shelter of its pleasant music. On the farther side of the Ring once stood the old Recollet Church, long ago gone the way of all Quebec—to ashes. Under it were buried the early French rulers. One of them, Count de Frontenac, was exiled as governor by Louis XIV., because he found favour with Madame de Montespan. His proud, beautiful countess refused to follow her husband to the New World, and the sturdy old Count braved out ten years of solitary grandeur in the castle. In the ruins of the church was found a small leaden casket containing the Count's heart. Tradition says that the haughty lady declined to receive it when it reached France, saying she would not take a dead heart that was not hers when living. It was returned to Canada, and now rests with the body under the French Basilica. History confronts us, turn which way we will in this rich stronghold of the North so rich in its past, so unique in its present, but whose future is uncertain. To return to my beautiful window view, of which we never weary—the St. Lawrence, with here and there a sail, winds far down toward the sunrise with the purple contour of the Laurentian Mountains against the horizon. Achates seems to value them chiefly because they are the oldest geological formation in North America; but to me not being scientific, they are an ever growing mystery as they recede to Hudson's Bay—an unbroken wilderness where the bear still hunts for blueberries and the caribou tosses his shapely antlers.

We were shown one house plainly bearing the scars of many winters, that has a mortgage on it given before the Conquest, and handed down from father to son and grandson. We always regard with respect a little steep-roofed house opposite the hotel on St. Louis street, where Montcalm held his last council of war. It is now utilized as a barber's shop. A few steps beyond is a low dingy house with Indian handiwork for sale. Here General Montgomery was brought to die that ill-fated December night a century ago. His sword