

How many different rites have these gray
old temples known,
What wonders of the past in their chronicles
of stone,
What terror and what error, what gleams of
love and truth—
Have flashed from these walls since the
world was in its youth."

The poet goes on to tell, in this same beautiful style, how the land changed from paganism to Christianity, and how where sang the monk in after years the warm blood of the victim flowed in days long since.

It is almost useless to multiply the examples; the few we have given should suffice to show how very connected with history and its study is the study of the nations' monuments. In some cases the monument may be still more truthful and more trustworthy than even the record. For documents may be changed, may be lost, may be injured or effaced—while a good monument remains in spite of all changes and all dangers. The study of monuments is, however, far more difficult than that of books. Space, distance, time, and, above all, money, is wanting, and now-a-days nearly every person can complain of a lack of the last mentioned and most necessary of those requisites. But for those who have the chance, and who can afford it, they should not lose the occasion of studying the great and most famous monuments of whatever land they may chance to visit. Many people there are who can travel through a country, and although surrounded on all sides by relics, antiquities, monuments, yet, by some strange means, manage never to remember any of them, while they can tell you every vulgar jest or insignificant act that they may have performed.

In Canada, as we have said, our *monumental history* is very limited, yet we have some. We have been told that the city of Quebec, the Athens of this land, the gateway of Canada, has no really and truly grand monuments. Persons say, it is true Quebec has its little pillar raised to the memory of Wolfe, its other tower to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, and its *monument des braves*, but these tell us nothing. What, they ask, can we learn from these few pillars? We answer that the city of Quebec is itself a monu-

ment. It is a gigantic one. It is a monument that will forever stand upon its ancient rock, and nothing will ever destroy it. Every great event in Canadian history may be found recorded and preserved in some shape or other in the city of Quebec. In the walls, in the citadel, in the guns that line her ramparts, in the very antique gabled houses, in the convents, in the churches—in and on every inch of ground belonging to the ancient capital.

Yes, even in this country we can study our history by means of that second great chain—our monuments. The preservation, therefore, of everything olden, of everything grand, of everything sacred to the memories of men or deeds or great events, should be a self-imposed duty for every person, and above all, for our public men.

Let us conclude by hoping that the study of the past, as illustrated and helped by monuments, may not be confined alone to the old world, but may soon be found in this new and rising country. Canada, preserve thy monuments, they may serve thee yet!

MICHAEL PATRICK RYAN, M.P.

THE stranger who drops into the Speaker's gallery, in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and casts a sweeping glance around the deliberative chamber, having satisfied his natural curiosity in the study of the marked features of the prominent leaders of both political parties, will most certainly have his attention riveted for a moment, by the handsome manly open countenance, the bald unruffled brow, and prematurely venerable head of the present member for Montreal Centre, seated a few rows back on the right hand of the Speaker and evidently following up the proceedings of the House with the air of a man bent on attending to his business.

To represent Montreal Centre in the House of Commons of Canada is, perhaps, the crowning ambition of the career of an Irish Catholic in the Province of Quebec. Any higher he can scarcely expect to attain politically, whatever may be his aspirations. Three French Canadians and an English-speaking Protestant form the Lower