

we may gaze upon a picture which can scarcely fail to impress us with the wonderful majesty and power of God, and with the greatness of man whom He created in His own image.

We stand at one of the dormitory windows on the south side of the David Morrice Hall, and the view that there meets the eye comprises so many noteworthy features that a full and adequate description would seem out of the question. Lying directly in front of us is the city—the commercial metropolis of Canada,—and, as the eye rests on spires and domes that may be counted almost by dozens we feel how natural it is that this should be called “The City of Churches.” On our right and away to the westward we see the spires of Crescent St. and the American Presbyterian churches.

Directly to the south, rising above the roofs of intervening private houses, stands the High School building, a peculiarly-shaped edifice, and no mean ornament to the city. Towering above it, as if proud of its prominence and beauty, is the “Windsor,” one of the finest hotels on this continent. Just east of it stands St. Peter’s (R. C.) cathedral, modelled from the great St. Peter’s at Rome. For several years past its bare walls have stood in a half completed state, but this summer the work of building was resumed, and now it is assuming a more finished appearance. Passing to the eastward the most conspicuous objects are the tower of St. Paul’s Presbyterian church and the church spires of St. Andrew’s (Presbyterian), the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), and St. Patrick’s (Roman Catholic), while in the nearer foreground are the magnificent spire of Christ Church Cathedral, the tower of the First Baptist church, and the Jesuit church and College on Bleury St., an extensive and substantial pile of buildings, though somewhat grim-looking. Away behind these, nearer the river, rise the magnificent towers of the Parish Church of Notre Dame, their stately grandeur making the Post Office, itself a beautiful building, appear almost insignificant. In the range of our vision the most easterly public building is the new City Hall, an imposing and beautiful structure, conspicuous in the daylight, and scarcely less so at night when the brilliant light in the tower gleaming from the faces of its gigantic clock has the appearance of the lights at the mast head of a ship, and makes it possible for busy tradespeople down-town to note the passage of time after the shades of night have fallen. We extend our view beyond the limits of the city, and now the eye rests on a picture composed almost entirely of natural objects, a picture varied by river, mountain and plain. The mighty St. Lawrence appears like a narrow streak of blue close to the city, so close that it is in some places hidden behind the intervening buildings. Occasionally we see steamboats moving like mere specks on its surface, and right across it lies the Victoria Bridge, still an object of pride to our city and our Dominion; for, though a quarter of a century has passed since it was built, it is to-day considered