

has been mentioned. Pleasure and sport may be enjoyed in numberless places and yet the traveller will be within the reach of daily mails and the telegraph, and may live like a prince at a very moderate outlay. It is the land for which you have sighed; try it and be convinced. Ho, for Quebec and the provinces by the Sea.

QUEBEC.

We are within the walls of one of the most notable cities of America—one of the most famous places in the world. There are cities which are more fair to look upon; there are some which the mere pleasure seeker esteems more highly; and there are many which have distanced it in the march of progress. There is but one Quebec,—old, quaint and romantic,—the theatre which has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

The story of Quebec is recorded in history, but no historian can do justice to the theme. From the day when the fleet of the intrepid Cartier cast anchor on these shores, down to the hour when the last gun was fired in anger from yon batteries, the story is a romance which fiction cannot surpass. What scenes of hope and fear, of deep patience, undaunted courage and unflinching zeal, have these old rocks witnessed! What dreams of ambition, what bold projects for the glory of God and the honor of France, have here been cherished. Hither, from across the sea, came heroes. Some sought fame, and found nameless graves; some grasped for wealth, and miserably perished; while some, animated solely by a zeal for the cross, won martyrs' crowns in the distant wilderness. For a century and a half the banner of France waved on this rocky height: Priest, soldier and citizen had followed the "star of empire" to the western world and found themselves in another France, of which Quebec was to be the Paris, and within the vast territories of which should arise a mighty nation. Here was the seat of the power of France in America; within these walls were held the Councils of State; and from this rock went forth the edicts for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people.

For nearly a century and a quarter the English flag has floated over the citadel, but the language, customs and religion of France remain. The Vandalism of modern improvement has not spoiled the features of Quebec. Some of the old historic buildings are gone, but many remain. We may still view the solid masonry of two centuries ago. We may wor-

ship in the church which Champlain built to praise God for deliverance from the invaders; we may linger amid the shadows of the old cathedral, among rare old paintings by master hands, and think of the days when these walls echoed the *Te Deums* for the victories of France. We may roam through queer, crooked streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries. Everywhere may be found something to interest a mind given to contemplation. Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of Time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well nigh impregnable Louisbourg, but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here lives Europe in America; here the past and the present meet together; here the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.

Everyone visits the citadel, and everyone is impressed with the wonderful natural advantages of the position. Had Montcalm remained within these walls, the courage of Wolfe would have been displayed in vain. As it was, fifteen minutes changed the destiny of New France, and made two names inseparable and immortal. Ascend a bastion and the panorama of the St. Lawrence and its shores is simply superb. Here one could sit for hours

"And come and come again,
That he might call it up when far away."

To see the places usually visited outside of Quebec one may employ a carter to advantage. There are plenty of them, and some of the local guide books give them a high character for honesty, but the safe course is to make an agreement as to price before starting, which agreement is arrived at by a species of Dutch auction, commencing at the figures named by the carter and bidding down until a fair price is reached. The more carters there are present the more interest is attached to the proceedings, and the better chance there is of a good bargain. The men as a rule, are cheerful and obliging, so much so, that when you trust to them as guides they will tell you more than the historian and geographer ever dreamed of in their philosophy. If stopping at the St. Louis, Russell House or Albion Hotels—all good houses—carters can be procured at the offices.

Outside of the city you will drive to the Plains of Abraham and picture out the scene of that eventful morning in September a cen-