

left by pilgrims in testimony of this cure. In the centre of the church is the shrine containing a relic supposed to be a small bone of St. Anne's foot, with a figure of that good Saint simply covered with gold chains, watches, bracelets, rings and jewelry of every kind, also left by grateful pilgrims. Before this shrine is a constant stream of people who come and kneel kissing the glass covered relic and repeating their prayers.

The next day we visited the most important bit of Quebec, the citadel. Passing by those huge walls of masonry and through the heavy arched gateway, a polite little bugle boy offers to escort us around the fortress. We go the usual rounds, peeping into the soldiers' barracks and black dungeons where they put the intoxicated soldiers when they are noisy and rebellious, watched the morning drill, and then crossed over to the ramparts, where the huge cannons stand guarding the river. Here a glorious panorama is spread out before our delighted eyes. Just below are the narrow crooked streets and ancient houses of lower town, the beautiful glistening river, and beyond the heights of Point Levis, where we can just make out the walls of the three now garrisonless forts. We feel indeed that we are standing on historic ground, as memories of the past come surging up. This was the spot where in 1535 Jacques Cartier erected a small fort and spent a winter, suffering great privations, as he and his small band were unprepared for the extreme rigor of the climate. Five years later he returned with Sieur de Roberval, nominated by King Francis I, of France, "Viceroy of Canada," but the Indians were less friendly than last time, and the little band of colonists spent a miserable four months at Cape Rouge four miles above Quebec, then returned to France. It was sixty seven years later before Frenchmen again lived in Quebec, although a few years previous an expedition had set out under Marquis de la Roche. Searching for a suitable place for settlement he left forty of his crew, who were convicts, on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia. He, himself, encountered such tempestuous weather that he was obliged to return to France, leaving his wretched followers, who suffered untold hardships, and all died, with the exception of twelve, who managed to find their way back to France.

With Champlain lies the honor of founding Quebec, as it was now called for the first time. In 1608 he fixed upon this high promontory, then covered by luxuriant vines and shaded by noble walnut trees, for the building of a rude shelter for his men, which was the humble beginning of this mighty fortress, which, by the way, has been totally