

"It is indeed worthy," replied Kalm; "I see here a scion of the old oak of the Gauls, which, if let grow, will shelter the throne of France itself, in an empire wider than Cæsar wrested from Ambiotrix."

"Yes," replied the Count, kindling at the words of his friend; "it is old France transplanted, transfigured and glorified! where her language, religion and laws shall be handed down to her posterity, the glory of North America as the mother land is the glory of Europe."

The enthusiastic Galissonière stretched out his hands and implored a blessing upon the land entrusted to his keeping.

It was a glorious morning. The sun had just risen over the hill tops of Lauzon, throwing aside his drapery of gold, purple and crimson. The soft haze of the summer morning was floating away into nothingness, leaving every object fresh with dew and magnified in the limpid purity of the air.

The broad St. Lawrence, far beneath their feet, was still partially veiled in a thin blue mist, pierced here and there by the tall mast of a king's ship, or merchantman lying unseen at anchor; or as the fog rolled slowly off, a swift canoe might be seen shooting out into a streak of sunshine, with the first news of the morning from the South shore.

Behind the Count and his companions rose the white glistening walls of the Hôtel Dieu, and farther off the tall tower of the newly restored Cathedral, the belfry of the Recollets and the roofs of the ancient College of the Jesuits. An avenue of old oaks and maples shaded the walk, and in the branches of the trees a swarm of birds fluttered and sang, as if in rivalry with the gay French talk and laughter of the group of officers, who waited the return of the Governor from the bastion where he stood, showing the glories of Quebec to his friend.

The walls of the city ran along the edge of the cliff upwards as they approached the broad gallery and massive front of the Castle of St. Louis, and ascending the green slope of the broad glacis, culminated in the lofty citadel, where streaming in the morning breeze, radiant in the sunshine, and alone in the blue sky, waved the white banner of France, the sight of which sent a thrill of joy and pride into the hearts of her faithful subjects in the New World.