

have been revealed to the gaze of civilized mankind, and even the old world has undergone such startling transformations that the hardy mariner of Brittany would find in it comparatively little to remind him of those far-away times when he had his habitation therein. In his native town of St. Malo he might, perhaps, be able to find his way along once familiar streets to the site of the little house near the *Quai St. Dominique* which he was wont to call his home; but the house itself has given way to an establishment for the sale of ships' stores, and the little church where he was wont to attend mass has been metamorphosed into a refuge for disabled seamen. By journeying out a mile or two into the suburbs he would find the seignorial mansion of Limouillon still standing, and looking sufficiently like its former self to recall to his memory the days when it served the purpose of his country-seat. But if he were wafted to these western shores, and set down anywhere within the limits of what is now the city of Montreal, his would be a lost spirit indeed. On the site where, on the morning of the 3rd of October, 1535, he found large fields of Indian corn and a few rude Indian huts covered with bark, he would to-day behold a great and prosperous city, abounding with stately temples of commerce, and with palatial private mansions beside which the most pretentious structures of his native town would appear poor and insignificant. Instead of languid stalks of corn, more or less stunted by the severity of the northern climate, lofty cathedral towers and church spires now raise their tall points cloud-ward, and myriad human feet tread the streets which once echoed only to the shrill war-

whoop of the barbarian and to the disconsolate wail of the forest. The noble river still rolls by on its way to the sea, and the neighbouring mountain still rears its front in the distance; but the banks of the one no longer present an uninviting face of slime and mud, and the heights of the other are no longer the abodes of poisonous serpents and howling beasts of prey. The mud-bank has given way to a long unbroken front of sculptured stone, by the side of which are moored stately ships which bear the choice products of the land to every port in the known world. On the mountain where the swarthy savage roamed at his own sweet will in pursuit of wolves and deer, the eye now encounters beautifully laid out drives and pleasure-grounds, attractive suburban villas, and many other objects indicative of an advanced state of civilization. And instead of a sparse population of about a hundred and fifty Indian families gaining a rude livelihood by hunting, fishing, and primitive agriculture, Sailor Jacques would, in these days, find an active, energetic people to the number of more than a hundred thousand—composed largely of descendants of his own countrymen—engaged in almost every branch of trade under the sun, and rapidly increasing in numbers, in wealth, and in general commercial importance. Such are the changes which three and a half centuries of time have brought about. The bewildered ghost of the erewhile skipper of St. Malo might well be excused if it failed to recognize anything familiar in the landscape which once aroused his enthusiasm, and which he was the first European to behold and describe.