

small change that nobody felt bound to have any more conscience about, than you would have had about a stray penny in paying a heavy dressmaker's bill. If the coin came handy, you gave it. If not, well you were quite near enough.

Travellers in ancient parts of India and Persia have gone through similar experience of the necessity for a re-adjustment of the standard of antiquity, *Egypt* taking in their eyes the place that *Rome* held in mine.

It is no wonder then that to Canadians, and still more to Americans, Quebec with its bare three centuries seems very old. The city itself is certainly dirty and dismal enough to need some such justification, but we English cannot be expected to find the charm of antiquity so overpowering as our neighbours do.

Had the charm of *association* been pleaded, I could have understood it better; for the Plains of Abraham and the name of General Wolfe must be household words to every English child amongst us.

So many have written of the beauties of Quebec that it seems ungracious in us to have noticed its dirt, dulness and its generally provincial aspect. It has more or less the look of a buried city with the mourners still lingering round the grave. No doubt when winter has fairly set in, when the snow has