

Quebec!' In the city for which they perished, their fame has never been divided."

A more recent writer says:—"One has only to dip into the historical memories which clothe the ancient City of Quebec, to find within what a tangle of romance, chivalry and heroism this town has lifted upon its sombre walls. Francis Parkman in sad refrain: over the lost glories of old France in the New World, says: 'The French Dominion is a memory of the past; and when we wake its departed shades, they ride upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly campfire seems to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal, and black-robed priest. * * * A boundless vision grows upon us, an untamed continent, vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake and glimmering pool; wilderness, oceans mingling with the sky. * * * Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister here spend the noon and evening of their lives.'

'I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was in the nineteenth century,' says the great Thoreau in giving his first impressions of Quebec.

'Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm, and his soldier's grave dug for him, when yet alive, by the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant deeds of History.' The last few lines express the thoughts of Charles Dickens.

Quebec has seen the years of two centuries and is growing towards the close of the third. Through all this period the quaint old town has passed and wears the wrinkled brow. At one time it was