

To the eye undimmed by the glare of the latter-day magnificence, and the ear attuned to catch the whisperings that echo amid the jarring clamor and bustle of a great trade mart, these appeal with forceful insistence. The very air is voiceful with memories of a stirring past. Amid the work-a-day crowds, impalpable forms, clad in doublet or cuirass, move to the accompanying tinkle of rapier and spur; the ghostly chanson of rollicking voyageur and *courreur-de-bois* is hushed by the warning finger of cassocked cleric, or shamed by the averted glance and shrinking demeanor of hooded saint gliding by on some old-time errand of mercy; while high and shrill above the clangor of alarm bell, Pilote's warning bark, or defiant gun screams the strident yell of the vindictive foe that ever hovered, alert and ruthless.

Yes, wealth we have in rich abundance, gathered from near and far, from mine and field and sea, by the sturdy energy and brawn and brains, and as lavishly poured at her feet by the City's hard-headed Saxon sons; but should we not cherish as fondly that legacy of the past handed down to us and deeded in a tongue other than our own that it behoves us to know a little better than many of us do?

Glance rapidly over the record. Sail with the Discoverer, in 1535, up the vast, unknown, expanse of mighty waters, past Gaspé's cliffs, the awful portal of Saguenay's mysterious depths, and Stadacona's beetling crags, on to where the Royal Mount rears its plumes above the foam of the rapids and shadows the town of Hochelaga nestling at its feet. Read of his reception and the homage, as to a god, paid him by the chief, and see the plans he made of the well-laid-out, circular, walled town, which, in a few short years, was so utterly destroyed by



A PILGRIM TO OUR SIGHTS AND SHRINES.