

surface, so to speak, and more than one half of its beauties, as well as of the contents of its rich historic storehouse, remain a sealed book to them. Inspired with the restless spirit of the age, they come and go almost with lighting speed and imagine that they have seen all that is worth being seen in Quebec when they have "done" a few of its principal sights. But there never was a greater mistake committed. Quebec is ✓no prosaic modern town. It is a city to be once thoroughly seen and then for ever delightfully remembered. But this cannot be done even superficially in twenty-four hours. It takes a much longer time to get acquaintad with all its beauties, and all its manifold objects of historic or legendary interest. It is only to the visitor so disposed that all the memory-haunted scenes of its mighty and glorious past unroll themselves. In fact, every stone in the walls of Quebec ✓has a history and every spot of ground is sanctified by andying souvenirs. Almost every building in its antique and tortuous streets, still redolent of the religious and military history of early Canada, has a story to tell, and hardly a foundation can be upturned without disclosing some relic of bloody war in the shape of rusty cannon balls, muskets and swords, mingled with the arrows and tomahawks of the red-man. It is