

---

would have been very sharp ; for our last glimpse of the young Bostonian was of her sitting on a large Saratoga trunk, with two more looming in the distance, while she whispered to me triumphantly, that she had already passed two dozen pairs of new kid gloves.

Going *out* of Canada to the States a year later, my experience was much more searching and severe. Fortunately by that time there could be no possible question as to the antiquity of my very last pair of kid gloves.

Every one has raved about the situation and antiquity of Quebec. There can be no doubt as to the beauties of the former. Nothing shall induce me to describe my sensations on first viewing it from Dufferin Terrace, but I am bound in honour to say that the only rival views in my experience and remembrance, are the one over the Golden Horn at Constantinople, and that from the Presidio at San Francisco.

Antiquity is of course a question of degree. I remember with what feelings of awe the great age of the Roman antiquities impressed my girlhood. Later these seemed to dwindle into monuments of yesterday, compared with the thousands of years that one handled so cheerfully and thoughtlessly in Egypt. A mere century more or less became a sort of