

here for a sufficient length of time to investigate them for himself, the author knows that he may count upon his sincere and lasting gratitude.

Look on the vision awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of "Roughing it in the bush,"—Mrs. Moody (Suzanna Strickland):—

"Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce another? Edinburgh had been the *beau ideal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature, a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections fade before the present of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. My spirit fell prostrate before the scene, and I melted involuntarily into tears."

The late Henry Ward Beecher recorded his impression of Quebec thus:—"Queer old Quebec! of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind on this side of the ocean. We rode about as if we were in a picture book, turning over a new leaf at each street."

W. D. Howells, the American novelist, thus describes the emotions stirred in him by the contemplation of Quebec:—

"Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to earn her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited on the eve of this costly victory, 'the Elegy in a Country Churchyard,'—which he 'would rather have written than beat the French to-morrow,' but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how brief his time was: 'So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of