

River; and Centre Town, which in the old Bytown days had been an open space between Upper and Lower Towns, now struggling to assume a business-like aspect; while up on "the Hill" stood the unfinished Parliament Buildings, with the stone-cutters' sheds, the building materials, and all the unsightly accompaniments of such a great work lying scattered about the grounds. I remember the plain church buildings of those days, all now given place to handsome and stately edifices; the old City Hall, originally built for a market, with its outside stairs leading up to a platform or balcony, from which the newly-elected member harangued his constituents, and Campbell's Hotel, where now stands "The Russell."

The view from Parliament Hill looked not then, as afterwards, on huge lumber piles, or, as still later, on a fire-swept area and a railway bridge, but on the wooded banks of the river opposite, where two little churches nestled among the trees over at Hull. The Chaudière Falls were not crowded almost out of sight by projecting mills, nor disfigured with booms and bulkheads, but flowed in stately majesty over rocks which are now almost bare.

And what of the people who walked the streets of Ottawa in those days, forty years ago? Nearly all who were then engaged in the active life of the city have passed away. I meet now only a few, and they bear the marks of advancing age, but memory recalls their forms and faces: Mr. H. V.