

r. The
uous as
infancy
's throw
aptized
altered
d richer
a dozen
ge, and
stately
ith the
th, and
f faded
pes and
clouded,
life.
nt, at a
springs
midway
at may
rban
of rail-
lf, how-
line of
is hand
is still
altered
brother
s street.
easily
m in its
ould be

interesting to know how many, if indeed any, of the thousands of holiday-making folk who flit in summer past the sunny, sleepy old-world looking town have the dimmest notion that they are treading on classic ground. A humble tavern, it is true, at the western outlet of the village, proclaims from its signboard that there, at any rate, the illustrious son of Westerham is not forgotten. At the other end of the town, too, the eye of the traveller approaching it from the Brasted and Sevenoaks road would, not long ago at any rate, have noticed the words "Quebec House" inscribed upon some railings on his right hand as he began to mount the hil' on which the church and main street stand. Behind the railings he would get a glimpse of the flat stuccoed front of what appears at first sight to be a somewhat melancholy-looking modern villa. If he gave a thought to the matter at all, it might perhaps be to the seeming incongruity of the house and its title. In both respects, however, no verdict could be more entirely unjust. Behind the debased front of some Vandal of the nineteenth century there lurks a most admirable specimen of the smaller Elizabethan manor-house, while within its walls the conqueror of Quebec himself spent his infancy and early youth.

But with the exception of the unlovely modern face which obscures its true character, Quebec House has not been altered in any important particulars since the parents of James Wolfe went to live there nearly two centuries ago. Being, however, a good deal shut in both by foliage and other buildings, it consequently escapes the notice which, even apart from its historic association, it deserves to command. From the churchyard on