

tired and weary way-farer to enter and find rest. Perchance the melodious chimes may wake from their slumber in one of the twin towers, to be answered by the boom of the "*Grand Bourdon*" in the other. With iron tongue it seems to proclaim in tones that reach beyond the heart of the city lying at its feet, across the tree-covered crown on the one side, or the blue St. Lawrence sweeping majestically past and guarding the other, far out and over the orchards and farm lands around, the power that raised such a monument and endowed it with a voice so commanding.

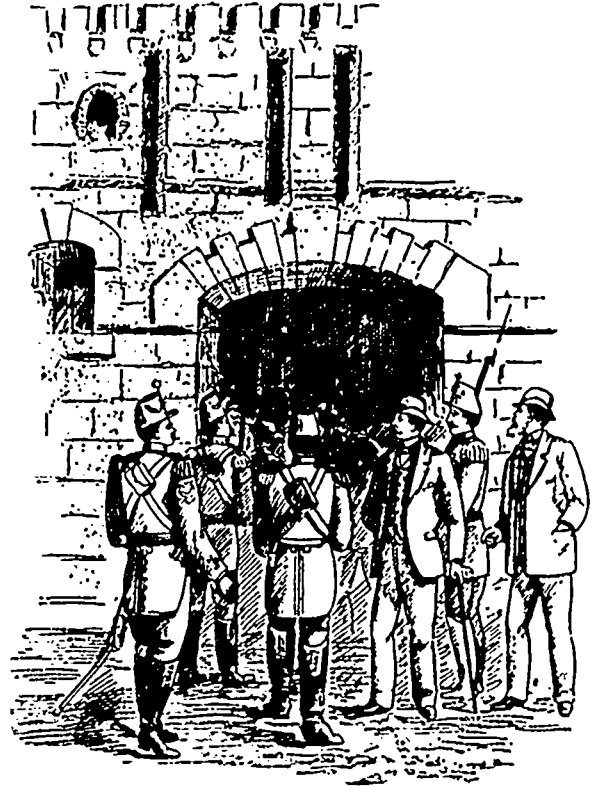
Nothing of this magnificence do our friends see or dream of, only a straggling row of indifferent dwellings—solidly built like the fortunes of their owners—and shops, with a church and a bank building to break the monotony. A light covering of snow had fallen, and the city sparks and their military rivals, enveloped in furs, were showing off the paces of their nags and the style of their equipages to admiring promenaders, as if eager to catch and bind King Winter to their service, who shall so soon settle his chill presence unbidden among them.

An unusual crowd seems gathering; a jargon of mingled English and French fills the air; excited heads are thrust out of window and door; scowls and bitter words from one party, jeers and exultation from the other.

"What is it all about?" the curé asks a passer by.

"The prisoners being brought in" was the short answer.

The curé would have drawn Evelyn down a side street, but they were hemmed in and could scarcely move. Again that shrill scream and rattle of fife and drum; a flash of sunlight thrown off from the polished bayonets that so lately were stained and dim; a dejected band of young, middle-aged, and old men tied together in couples, and haggard and worn with strife, long marches, and anxiety. Our friend Raoul walked near the rear, but, unlike the rest, with head erect and eyes looking straight before him; more soldiers; the mounted officers and staff; then the small boy and the usual tag-rag that has closed every procession from time immemorial.



"WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?" THE CURÉ ASKED
A PASSER BY.



THE MARKET, WITH ITS STRANGE SIGHTS AND QUAINLY-DRESSED HABITANT FARMERS.