

THE SWORD OF LUCIFER. •

BY C. P. CRANCH.

HIS sword was forged from a meteor stone
 That fell from the skies,
 A splintered piece of a star that shone
 Ere the earth had eyes.

It came and it went with a gleaming trail
 Like fiery snow,
 And its scattered aerolites fell like hail
 On the fields below.

And one of them, borne to a wizard's cave,
 Was tempered and wrought
 To a falchion keen as a knight could crave
 In his eagerest thought.

Keener than that of King Arthur of old—
 The gift of the fays—
 Excalibur, flashing with rubies and gold
 In its lightning blaze.

For the starry steel in its flaming turned
 The gaze of all eyes,
 And the blade took the comet's shape, and burned
 As of old in the skies.

But the tyrant who wielded this mighty brand
 No magic could shield,
 For shattered it dropped from his nerveless hand
 Ere he fell on the field.

For the earth and the fire were mixed in the ore
 Of his meteor sword,
 And the falsehoods of ages cowered before
 Truth's conquering word.

Woven of light from the heavenly spheres,
 Like a Zodiac sign,
 Steadily gaining through æons of years,
 Resistless, divine—

This was the Spirit's sword in the war
 Of heaven and hell;
 This was the blade that was wrought from a star
 That never fell.

QUEBEC.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

QUEBEC may be called the Poets' Corner of America, for the poet there is most certainly buried under monastic shadows, even while yet alive. And taking the term in a more attractive sense—one that pleased my fancy greatly when a child—Quebec is the mellowest nook of this raw continent, a cozy corner filled with materials for imagination to work over. It is verily a dusty, shadowy garret—where else can the poet lodge?—furnished with intellectual rubbish and bric-à-brac of the Middle Age; striking pictures of monk, nun, soldier, seigneur, savage; said to be actually haunted by the devil and his spirits, and defended by God and His angels; with miracles of daily occurrence; the air full of legends and

superstitions, as well as of religious zeal; peopled by the quaint folk of mediæval times; and the whole made misty with dust and cobwebs, comfortable with somnolence, and rich with the glow of social warmth. And Nature herself draws down the shade at candle-light to concentrate and emphasize his feelings; for so long as Canada is assailed by arctic winters his nook will be an outpost in the polar wilderness, life out-of-doors will seem a bleak adventure, and he will often turn from it with intenser interest to the human world of his corner, while the tempest howls in the chimney. But the outside world also is full of suggestions. The surroundings of Quebec have become familiar to me by years of observation, and still I always

look abroad with pleasure from the Citadel or the Terrace, at the great St. Lawrence Valley, walled in with mountains, cloven by a vast arm of the sea, and still watched over by primeval forests. You thus pass in a glance from the populous town through a rapid *diminuendo* of humanity on the surrounding hills to the mountain portals of the arctic wilderness. And the dome over this vast horizon of snow-drifted rivers, islands, vales, hills, mountains, is often filled with the grandest storms, the richest sunset hues, and the awful serenity and magnificence of the polar nights. Death and life here are strangely sociable; the surrounding mountains of arctic desert have many pathetic touches of human warmth, and the compact, cozy town has many marks of arctic snow and monastic austerity—a penetration of desolation into the very heart of man. The Citadel is not an inappropriate crown to the rock of Quebec, bearing in mind its historic military importance; at present it is peaceful enough in its winter whiteness and stillness; guns, mortars, and pyramids of shot peep innocently up above the snow, and the trenches are partly filled with drifts, reaching often to the parapets. But the Citadel should be crowned by a lofty monastery—the emblem of the city's birth, of its growth, and of its decay. As you leave the fortress to descend into the town you pass through a suggestive gate of chains into a little walled and cloistered city half buried in snow. You hear with relief the shouts of children on the glacis, building their own tiny forts, or "tobogganing" on the slopes, or you see young couples snow-shoeing and scaling the fortifications, with no other arms than the shafts of Cupid. And thus you are soon recalled from feeling the inexorable dominion of an arctic desolation to enjoy the warmth and cheer of human life.

Quebec occupies a high narrow promontory, Cape Diamond, between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers. It is a populous cliff, crowned with a fortress. The lower part of the town is a narrow strip of wharves and stores running about the foot of the cliffs; the upper part, enclosed by a fortified wall, covers the end of the promontory; the Citadel crowns the very summit, with bastions and parapets, and various streets and steps mount in zigzags from the Lower Town

to the Upper Town. The St. Lawrence shore, Champlain Street, is devoted to the "Coves," where the Irish part of the population live, and load vessels with lumber and timber; the Lower Town, St. Peter Street, is given up to banks, offices, shipping business, and wholesale houses; and along the St. Charles are to be found the Princess Louise Basin, with its coasting vessels, and the French wards of St. Roch and St. Sauveur. A large part of the Upper Town is occupied by Catholic institutions, many of them founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, almost before the colony contained people enough to man them: the Laval University, the Ursuline Convent, the Hôtel Dieu, the French cathedral, are prominent objects. As nine-tenths of the 62,000 inhabitants are French Catholics, and as they give the city its most original features, the most of my observations have been confined to the French Canadian population.

Outside the walls, at the rear of the Upper Town, the plateau is occupied by the Houses of Parliament, the rink, the Plains of Abraham with their martello towers, Wolfe's Monument, and the jail. The country near by is converted into a park-like region by the Gubernatorial residence, named Spencerwood, and many other country-seats. Beyond all these in every direction you find a great number of interesting resorts—lakes, falls, streams, valleys, and mountains; and the villages excel the city in quaintness and in the patriarchal character of their domestic life. In wandering along the foot of the cliffs you find some exceedingly picturesque nooks, as "Sous-le-Cap" alley; and the steep slopes of the town are full of quaint little nests—porches, back stairs, terraces for plants, vine-clad angles of rock. But these cliffs now are in places covered with masses of ice and snow that often come down as avalanches, and sometimes injure houses and people. When, after winding up the hill, you reach the Dufferin Terrace on top of the walls, you look down on a broken mass of roofs, dormer-windows, gables, and chimneys peeping up out of the snow, you peer into the honey-combed mass and speculate on the doings inside as you used to watch an ant-hill when a child. The houses of Quebec have two principal features—a high steep roof pierced with dormer-windows gives them a hovering, sheltering effect, and their