

Yet, when I slumber with the dead,
 - Some other bard may wander here,
 To muse, like me, on prospects fled,
 And all that life had rendered dear !

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES
 STEWART, LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

——— Φιλῶ δ' ἢ πν ἀνθρώποις
 Παντες γαρ Φιλεσμεν.

Ere I unstring my fond, devoted lyre,
 Whose faithful throbbings spoke the feeling breast—
 Or from the field of poesy retire,
 To seek one little calm of blissful rest ;—

ry extensive building, situated at a short distance from Quebec, on the winding shores of the River St. Charles. The chiming of this bell has a most pleasing effect, when heard at a distance on any part of the surrounding hills.