

gifted writer in the Quebec newspaper, whose name is now undiscoverable, says of the look of things in winter, from this entrancingly engrossing vantage outlook. A magnificent picture it is, he says, a most magnificent picture, a scene of glorified nature painted by the hand of the Creator himself. The setting sun has charged the skies with all the gorgeous heraldry of purple and crimson and gold, and the tints are diffused and reflected through fleecy clouds becoming softer and softer through expansion. The mountain tops, wood-crowned, where the light and shadow struggle for mastery, stand out in relief, with the deep blue of the clear waters beyond, from which the Island of Orleans rises, and into which its nearest promontory juts out in rural picturesqueness. The light plays through the frost-adorned but still sombre pines, and spreads out over the deserted fields. Levis and the south shore of the river receive their share of that light, while the grimness of the Citadel serves as a contrast and a relief to the eye, bewildered with the exceptional splendour of things terrestrial. But, as the sun sinks deeper behind the eternal hills, shadows begin to lengthen, and the bright colours gradually tone down to the grey of dusk. The stars shine out, the grey is chased away, and the azure diamond-dotted skies tell not of the glory of sunset which has so shortly before suffused them.

And yet the story is only half told in these brilliant descriptions of the blending of natural beauty and historic interest that hallows this vantage height for observation, when it is viewed in itself from the Citadel above and the harbour below, in the light of the advances that have been made towards its fuller beau-