

At last we come in sight of the City of Quebec, the Gibraltar of Canada, and the second oldest city in the New World. The steep declivities and grim-looking fortifications present a forbidding aspect. At the base of one of these declivities, there is erected a tablet with the inscription: "General Montgomery fell here Jan. 1, 1776"; it speaks for itself. The Chateau Frontenac and Dufferin Terrace are easily distinguishable from mid-river. Quebec is a city of historical associations. It has been the scene of many bloody conflicts, and for a long period was the battle ground of the New World. Quebec lacks the bustling activity of Montreal; it is more staid and dignified, as becomes a city that has played such an important role in the past.

C. M. O'H., 12.



DULCIS LECTULUS.

The clock has struck five. Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!... Oh! we must rise so early? Brr! Brr! The weather looks cold to-day and I am so comfortable. My bed has an attraction for me, and when I want to get up he weeps, cries, and adopts all sorts of ruses to keep me in his arms. He promises to give me warmth and rest to my tired limbs! And, after so many advances, we must rise? Oh! my bed, let us embrace once more before separating! Oh! what warmth inside!

A leg emerges from the blanket... Brr! The weather is icy. Hasten... put on a stocking! Try to get out the other leg! Brr? It is a little less cold! Now we must rise altogether. Oh! my bed, so good for me, let me glance at you for a short time; and to reward you for your good offices, I will withdraw my limbs, only a little... Alas! nature is feeble, the eyes are weak, they close easily; and the lazy boy is almost asleep...

The clock strikes three! He is up. Two minutes more and he is dressed... little shoes, modest overcoat,—and he is out for a walk... He walks, admiring the beauties of nature, the early songs of the feathered singers gracefully perched on the top of the tree; he listens to the gentle murmurs of the silvery brook; his gaze wanders in every direction, and when he has filled his eyes with this spectacle, and his ears with the songs of birds, he stops and listens to the conversation of his friend.

G. S., '14.