

16 THE GREATEST EVENT IN CANADIAN HISTORY

or where, when the sun has retired for the day, and companionship seeks its solace amid the crowding citizens, one becomes more and more engrossed in the scene,

Within a flood of festive light that glares
A dazzling nucleus 'mid encircling gloom,
Where earth below seems heaven for brilliancy
That twinkles in the landscape and the glass
Of waters gleaming like a nether sky.

And what Howells has said of the spot in its summer aspects, the morning newspaper of the city once took time to tell us what it looks like in winter.

The former in his "Wedding Journey" has told us how the locality impressed him at that particular moment of eventide, when the valleys and the heights around were vanishing after sunset. The river defines itself, he says, by the varicoloured lights of the ships and steamers that lie dark and motionless hulks upon its broad breast. The lights of Levis swarm upon the other shore. The lower town, two hundred feet below, stretches along an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamp-lit windows, and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural crowned. Suddenly a long arch lightens over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pallid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shoot upwards from it and play with a vivid apparition and evanescence to the zenith. And while one looks and looks to wonder at the phenomena, a gun booms from the Citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle spring out from the silence.

Nor one whit less true or striking is what the equally