

## CANADA:

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*"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."*

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## Our Contributors.

## THE AUTUMN THISTLES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE morning sky is white with mist, the earth  
 White with the inspiration of the dew.  
 The harvest light is on the hills anew,  
 And cheer in the grave acres' fruitful girth.  
 Only in this high pasture is there dearth,  
 Where the grey thistles crowd in ranks austere,  
 As if the sod, close-cropt for many a year,  
 Brought only bane and bitterness to birth.

But in the crisp air's amethystine wave  
 How the harsh stalks are washed with radiance now,—  
 How gleams the harsh turf where the crickets lie  
 Dew-freshened in their burnished armour brave;  
 Since earth could not endure, nor heaven allow,  
 Aught of unlovely in the morn's clear eye!

*"Kingscroft", Windsor, N. S.*A RED LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS  
OF QUEBEC.*Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Repulse of Phips before  
Quebec, October 23rd, 1890.*

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

**A** MIDST the many thrilling scenes and dramatic incidents chronicled in the annals of the five sieges at Quebec—1629, 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775—there are few calculated to create deeper emotion than those recalled by the week of peril and dire alarm for the besieged extending from 16th to 23rd October, 1890.

The subject has just furnished an exhaustive narrative of this memorable anniversary to one of our leading journals, for which our French-Canadian *litterati* have contributed their choicest inspirations.

Let us resume the theme where we have just left off. We shall now view the sturdy chieftain, Count Frontenac—who, on his return to Quebec in 1689, was christened the Pillow of Canada—such as history depicts him—undis-  
 d, striding across the lofty terrace of the Château

Saint-Louis, surrounded by his staff, but surveying with suppressed feeling the unwelcome Massachusetts fleet mooring in the offing below. Among the restless group of officers, one might readily have recognised by their prominence, as well, possibly, as by their family likeness, Charles LeMoynes's four dauntless sons: de Longueuil—de Sainte-Hélène, *le brave des braves*, destined to an early grave—de Bienville and de Maricourt. There stands, silent, next to the Count, Frontenac's trusty adviser and lieutenant, town major François Prevost, and close to him Villebon, Valrenne, Clermont, and Frontenac's clever secretary, Charles de Monseignat; in the background and conversing in whispers may be noticed some of the high civil officials: Intendant de Champigny, René Chartier de Lotbinière, Ruelle d'Auteuil, the King's attorney-general, and others; they exchange with bated breath their views, without daring to advise the impatient, impetuous Governor.

'Tis a cool, bright October morning; a hoar frost whitens the dropping roofs of the dwellings and warehouses of the Lower Town; the sun is just piercing through a veil of autumnal vapour, hanging like a pall over the foaming cataract of Montmorency; the fir, oak, and maple groves sitting like a diadem on the western point of Orleans, opposite Quebec, are all aglow with the gorgeous hues of the closing season, prior to the fall of the leaf. An indistinct white spot in the purple distance—the first snow—soon however to melt away—crowns the lofty peak of Cape Tourmente, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

One by one the hated black hulls of the frigates emerge, a hideous reality, from the rising fog: thirty-four Boston men-of-war, flaunting defiantly at their mast-heads the dreaded flag of the mistress of the sea, old England. The damp, dripping sails, frosted over, are being stowed away; the ships have all swung with the tide; a vague, an ominous silence pervades the public squares and usually noisy market place.

"How is *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to defend the city?" one asks; some few have faith in the sturdy, able old warrior, to whom fear is unknown. The majority incline to take the gloomiest view of the future. "Let us pray to the Virgin!" repeats, with upturned face and trembling lips, the lady-superior of a monastery, just returned from visiting the bishop for advice.