

Quebec

FIERCE on this bastion beats the noonday sun,
The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey,
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.
No breeze comes from the northern hills which run
Circling the blue mist of the Summer's day;
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

What storm of battle swept these crags of yore!
What fateful thunders shook them to their base!
What strife of worlds in pregnant agony!
Now, all is hush'd; yet, here, in dreams, once more,
We catch the echoes, ringing back from space,
Of God's strokes forging human history.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT