

coming conflict! How intently must every eye have contemplated the dark outline, as it lay pencilled upon the midnight sky, and as every moment it grew closer and clearer, of the hostile heights! Not a word was spoken — not a sound heard beyond the rippling of the stream. Wolfe alone — thus tradition has told us — repeated in a low tone to the other officers in his boat those beautiful stanzas with which a country churchyard inspired the muse of Gray. One noble line, —

‘The paths of glory lead but to the grave,’ —

must have seemed at such a moment fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added, ‘Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.’”

The whole “Elegy” is a casket of gems, and difficult is the task amid such riches to select the **Some** passages of rare beauty. Surely the **Passages of** following stanzas are true to the atmosphere of their setting! Surely, too, their music and verbal lustre must touch and charm both eye and heart:

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock’s shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

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