

Quebec.

PUBLISHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE MEETING OF THE MONTREAL CONFERENCE, MAY, 29, 1886.

QUAINT old Quebec, the tourists say, troading thy tortuous ways;
Quaint old Quebec we hear full oft through summer holidays.
And quaint thou art, old city, with thine antiquated halls,
Thy winding streets and stairways and thy battlemented walls.
But thou hast other moods than this thou ancient Capital;
When down Cape Diamond's rugged breast the sulph'rus vapours fall;
And when from off thy lofty brow peal vollied thunders forth,
How grandly towers thy war-crowned head, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the calm of peace was on thy war-worn breast,
When snowy cloud and azure heaven canopied thy crest;
The meteor flag of England was on thy turret furled,
And round thy foot confiding lay the commerce of the world.
Oh! then we felt the charm and power of thy majestic grace,
For the sunlight lay upon thee like the smile on a warrior's face;
And only from thy dizzy peak the noon-day gun pealed forth
To warn us of thy slumbering might, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen him when the gathering tempest darkened earth and sky,
And like the marshalled ranks of war the thunder clouds rolled high;
While boomed above his lowering head the artillery of heaven;
And with the lurid lightning flash the frowning sky was riven;
Silent and stern the war-king sat upon his mountain throne
And seemed another storm-cloud charged with thunders of his own;
Shouldst thou unlook thy stor'd might and hurl thy lightnings forth
T'would quell the raging elements, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the wearied sun in grandeur sank to rest,
And filled the heavens with golden light around thy soaring crest,
When England's banner caught and waved the passing gleam on high
As the fading lines of evening glanced across the western sky;
From Levis heights we've seen the red sun pour its radiance forth
Till glory crowned thy towering head, thou Monarch of the North.

We love to view thee when the moon assumes her gentle sway,
When far and wide on mount and plain the silvery moonbeams lay;
From the slopes of Montmorency to the green hills of Vermont,
From the gleaming spires of Beauport to the pine woods of Plarpenat,
From the "Blue Laurentian Mountains" to the rugged peaks of Maine,
Let eye and fancy wander freely over the moonlit plain.
How grandly downward from the west rolls on the glorious river,
And how upon his heaving breast the dancing moonbeams quiver.
Save where the gloomy shadow falls from bold Cape Diamond's brow,
And where the thousand masts of trade are gathered thickly now,
Mark how the city walls are gleaming in the pale moonlight,
How wondrously stand the city spires against the shades of night,
High over all the frowning fortress loom upon the eye,
Turret and bastion standing bold against the star lit sky;
And—boom, from out thy battlements the night gun flashes forth
To warn us thou art mighty still, thou Monarch of the North.

I feel my spirit stirred within me, * * *
Upon the neighbouring heights to view the portals of our land
My soul on wings of fancy wanders far through coming years,
And through the mists of future thy majestic form up rears,
Methinks the hour of danger dawns once more upon our land,
The wild war demon reaches forth his desolating hand

And boldly up the broad St. Lawrence sails a hostile fleet,
Until around thy rocky throne the gathering forces meet;
I hear from all thy reeling spires the wild alarm clash,
And see from each embrasure the awakened lightnings flash;
At once around thy frowning brow the fiery war cloud lowers
And swift upon the assailing fleet the iron tempest pours.

Back from thy rugged shoulders the blood red mantle curls,
And high above the shrouding smoke thy battle flag unfurls;
Dimly through sulph'rous canopy I see thy warrior sons
Swift leaping at the soldiers toll training the death fraught guns.
No sign of doubt or weakness, of wavering or of fear,
But flash on flash, and peal on peal—anon—the English cheer.
How loud and clear above the strife rings out the war-like yell,
Telling of dauntless British hearts doing their duty well,
Careless of death's wild havoc, heedless of shattered wreck,
For the honour of Old England, for the glory of Quebec.
Aye, sing thy banner to the breeze and peal thy thunders forth,
Proudly defy a world in arms, thou Monarch of the North.

—Sidney C. Kendall.

The Model Character—A. Sunday-school Recitation.

BY WM. HARRISON, RICHMOND HILL.

Teacher. I suggest that we spend the evening in the selection of such characters as we would like to imitate, and that we confine ourselves to the Bible, as that is the best biographical history in the world. Are you all agreed?

All. Agreed! agreed!

Teacher. Well, Richard, I will begin with you. Of all the excellent characters in the Bible, which would you like to take as an example?

Richard. You have not given me much time to think, but, in my opinion, Abraham, who is styled the father of the faithful and the friend of God, has left behind him the history of a life which might be safely imitated by us all.

Teacher. Just so; you have had the advantage of the first choice and have made a good selection. Now, Randolph, we will call on you next.

Randolph. I would be like Jabez.

Henry. Jabez! who in the world was he?

Randolph. He lived about 3000 years ago. His name is only mentioned once in the Bible, and then it says that "he was more honourable than his brethren." I think that is an excellent character.

Teacher. What is your mind, Harry?

Harry. My fancy is for Moses, who was the meekest man on earth, although the world's historian, the Jewish Law-giver, and the leader of the hosts of Israel. He was the man whom God buried, for

"No man dug the sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

Teacher. Yes; from his cradle to his grave, the life of Moses has a remarkable interest. Well, Lizzie, suppose we listen to your opinion.

Lizzie. I'll take Miriam, the faithful sister, as my model. How carefully she watched the ark of bulrushes in which her baby brother lay as it floated on the river Nile. How thoughtful too, when Pharaoh's daughter wanted a nurse for the little one, for her to fetch its own mother. Surely she must have

been a model sister, and a model daughter!

Joseph. I think I would like to be Goliath, the giant of Gath. There is something majestic in being a man 10 feet 4 1/2 inches high, and strong in proportion, with a helmet of brass on his head, a spear like a weaver's beam, a huge sword by his side, and—

Charles. And be taken down with a pebble by a lad about half your size! I would rather be David and have all the honour of that exploit. But, above all, I would rather be David as the sweet singer of Israel, or as he was when God declared that he was a man after His own heart.

Teacher. Will you give us the benefit of your opinion, Sarah?

Sarah. Yes, willingly! I go in for Women's Rights; I would be Deborah. Would it not be splendid to sit under a palm tree and listen to the people as they come up for judgment—urge on the army to battle, and head a procession singing the songs of victory.

Teacher. Your choice may suit you. Sarah, but it is very different to Lizzie's. Who are you thinking of, Thomas?

Thomas. For my part I like an easy life; I would be Mahershalhazbah, the son of Isaiah the prophet. You see he belonged to an excellent family, had the longest name in the Bible, and the least to do.

Teacher. I do not envy your choice. You evidently think that there is a great deal in a great name, and you want to live on your father's fame. The less there are of your stamp, either in the Church or in the State, the better. Christianity is always in want of active agents, and our New Dominion, like England, expects every man to do his duty.

John. Yes! that's my opinion, a "useful life" is my motto, and to try and leave the world better than I found it is my determination. I would rather be St. Paul, whose maiden speech after his conversion was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and the result was a noble life, a triumphant death, and a glorious reward.

Alfred. My inclination is toward Samson. I am fond of the exciting and the marvelous. Wasn't it wonderful how he killed a lion by the wayside how he carried the gates of Gaza on his back, and slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass?

Teacher. Your choice, Alfred, is a very singular one. Samson was as weak in mind as he was strong in body, and there is but little to praise in his character. Who would you copy, Jennie?

Jennie. As far as our sex is concerned, we have but few to select from, from Genesis to Revelations, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that nearly all who do take part in Bible history set us good examples.

Joseph. Yes; J. zebel, Herodias, and Lot's wife for instances.

Jennie. Oh, well; they are the exceptions; the majority are good, and there is one character I have often admired; her name was Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, whose heart the Lord opened and into whose house the disciples were received. I think she was an amiable and pious woman.

Alexis. I'll give you my model now, if you have no objections. I would be like Elisha, he who called down fire from heaven, raised the widow's son to life, and went to heaven in a chariot of fire.

Teacher. Why, Alexis! what a mistake you have made, you mean Elijah; Elisha did none of those things.

George. Yes, that is just the one I have chosen; Elijah is just my idea of a good man. How nobly he spent his life, how boldly he stood up before Ahab and the priests of Baal, how ably he vindicated the cause of his God, and how gloriously he ascended to heaven.

Teacher. There, Alexis through your want of proper attention in reading the Bible you have lost your chance. Now, Jerry, if your mind is made up, we would like to have the benefit of knowing your model.

Jerry. I think it is Judas.

Jennie. What! he who betrayed his Master.

Jerry. No, Jennie, not so fast; I mean Judas the brother of James, the looser half brother to our Lord. He wrote one of the Epistles and exhorted the Christian Jews to fight manfully for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Will. Solomon is my choice, the wisest man in history—the man of Proverbs, and the man of song. He who built that magnificent temple, the glory of the Jewish nation.

Teacher. That was indeed a great work, and it is a good thing to be wise, but Solomon with all his wisdom fell into idolatry. Well, Toby.

Toby. Rather than be Solomon, and be bothered with his three hundred wives, I would be like Agar, who prayed "Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny Thee, or lest I be poor and steal."

Teacher. Well, Bessie! Surely there are no little models in the Bible suitable for you to imitate.

Bessie. Oh yes; there are lots! Don't you recollect when Jesus went into the Temple and cast out the buyers and the sellers, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, how the children, just such as me, shouted "Hosanna, hosanna to the Son of David." They are the ones that I would imitate and that's the way that I would welcome Jesus.

Teacher. I did not think of them, Bessie, and I do not think that Jesus ever met with a heartier welcome. Now, Harriet, I see you are ready.

Harriet. Yes, and I will set my model pretty high. Nothing lower than a queen, the Queen of Sheba. What a magnificent retinue she had. What splendid gifts she gave to the King; and she was so wise that it required the wisdom of Solomon to answer her questions.

Ellis. I would be a queen too, but Es her, whose very name means a star, is my model. How beautiful she shines as she does her duty to her people, her king, and her God. In my humble opinion she was a model of piety, a model wife, a model queen.

John. Let us hear Mat's opinion.

Mat. I'll soon give it. Alfred says that he would like to be a strong man like Samson, and Joe a big man like Goliath, but I would like to be the little man Zacharias, who climbed up into a sycamore tree.

Abigail. You mean Zachaeus, I suppose! Zacharias was the father of John the Baptist.

Mat. Oh, yes; I beg your pardon. I knew it was Zack—something, but I had forgotten.

Abigail. I think when the Scriptures are so correct in their descriptions, the least we can do is to be correct in our quotations, but suppose I give you mine now. It is Tabitha.