

Is not our history also lighted up with the sweet, thoughtful faces of heroic women—noble exemplars to their sex—beacons from on high, illumining the rugged paths of struggling humanity: Madame de Champlain, the Lady Latour, Madeleine de Verchères, Laura Secord; nor is the race extinct.

I have striven to reveal to you Canadian history in its rude beginnings. You have also had occasion to note its austere and patriotic teachings.

Has your heart not also thrilled at its wild, seductive graces, when touched by the wand of that enchanter, Francis Parkman, our late lamented colleague?

With the wealth of material already garnered in our archives and daily added to, may we not count on it, at no distant future, as a stately fabric? Shall we compare it to an antique Grecian temple, with graceful portico and many ornate columns, on which posterity will inscribe among other respected names, those of Baron Masères, Wm. Smith, Robert Christie, Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland, Faillon, Turcotte, Sulte, Casgrain, Bourinot, Withrow, Hannay, Miles, Murdock, Watson, Dent, Brymner, Kingsford, Begg, Scadding, Ganong?