

his men, which, *I hope*, was at the spot we now call "Wolfe's Cove," he stood in the bow of one of the boats, gloomy and anxious, as we may well imagine a man of Wolfe's temperament would be, and that he repeated those elegantly polished lines from Gray's *Elegy*:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

And then, it is said, pointing to the heights above, the hero added, "I would rather be the author of those lines, than victor on those heights to-morrow."

It is such a pretty picture that I blush for the iconoclastic hand which shatters it.

The counsel of a celebrated cynic was to the effect that we should believe nothing that we hear and only half of what we see, and there certainly are many reasons against implicit acceptance of the proverb that "seeing is believing." The worst of it is that history has such a woefully short memory, or that the fogs of error begin so soon to gather about active or spoken things, that we are often puzzled to find out the rights or wrongs of a matter that happened so late as the day before yesterday. "There's nothing new, and there's nothing true; and it don't much signify," said another cynical critic, but he was wrong, for literal accuracy in history is a matter always of the very highest importance. The great trouble is that a scrupulous attention to the minor details is unhappily either thought unworthy the pursuit or is beyond the capacity of most historians.

Canadian history, it seems, is full of similar doubts and queries, which we should, each of us, regard as a sacred duty to remove by careful study and research.

I assure you, I am very little disposed to put on airs and