

on which you are gazing are not seeking for prey; they bear no message of death; on the contrary their guns ring out as joy-bells ring at Christmastide. But stop. Is that the fleur-de-lis of France that I see moving so gracefully to take its place abreast of the royal flag of England? Well done. That flag fluttered in these waters 300 years ago when this proud city of Quebec was born. Welcome dear old fleur-de-lis, welcome the flag of France. But what is that new flag that looms upon the horizon apangled with stars and fluttering in all the vigour of its young life? Unknown to Wolfe, unknown to Montcalm, what is it doing here? Ah! We know it well, it is the flag of the United States. Why should it not be here? To the day we celebrate it owes its origin.

What a procession! Steel-clad, atately, terrible.. Your thoughts go back involuntarily one hundred and fifty years when another procession, sea-winged, silently threaded its way in the same direction; upon its decks the hope of England's great war minister, and in its cabin, weakened with fever and apparently overcome with his responsibility, the hero of the hour lay murmuring to himself, as if anticipating his fate, "the path of glory leads hut to the grave." But these thoughts pass away in a moment. The cannon is booming. Boom! Boom! till the very earth beneath your feet is trembling as if in fear. How these sea-monsters exult in their power and with what delight they proclaim their message of good-will to Canada. Was there ever such congratulations from adamant lips—was there ever such salutations from three nations to the spirits of the mighty dead—was there ever such a trilogy on land or sea?

Young scion of the northern zone in whose veins are intermingled Saxon and Norman blood, these salutations are for you. France, under whose lovely eyes you first saw the light, England, who folded you in her strong arms and lavished upon you her choicest gifts, America, who claims with you a common birthplace rejoice to-day in the vigour of your early manhood and the gilded sky of your rising expectations. And their prayer to the God of nations is, that the heroism which has made the names of Montcalm and Wolfe so dear to the whole world may characterize your sons to remotest generations and that the partnership of two races first made on the Plains of Abraham and since confirmed by Treaties and Acts of Parliament, may contribute to the stability of your institutions and the prosperity of your people "while circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.