

timents of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the delapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war—a bomb shell.† The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me, Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts DeRamesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence.

A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender.\*

The skull of the Marquis of Montcalm, exhumed in the presence of the Rev. abbé Maguire, almoner, in 1833, many here present, I am sure, have seen in a casket, reverently exposed in the room of the present almoner of the Ursulines Convent.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall close this brief summary of the final struggle of French arms, with the beautiful sentiments uttered by a United States writer, endeared to us by several graphic sketches of Canadian Life, W. D. Howells, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* :

“ That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which, Quebec was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother country was in-

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† See Appendix.

\* Glimpses of the Ursulines Monastery.