

Plains of Abraham by the blood of Wolfe a fresh page in the history of Canada was opened; with the expiring breath of Montcalm another name was added to the beadroll of French chivalry and heroism; while beneath the beetling cliffs on which the tragedy of an expiring regime of one hundred and fifty years of Colonial government was taking place, the placid St. Lawrence flowed as in the days of Cartier and Champlain, and the autumn sun shimmered from Cape Diamond as cheerily as if the reign of Universal Brotherhood had prevailed upon the earth.

But let us turn aside from this field of battle with all its memories of daring and achievement; let us turn aside from the streets of the old city (old even then) as they echo to the tramp of armed men, where every home is filled with terror and alarm and every heart with emotions which no language can describe; let us turn aside from the pale faces of the two heroes whose memory it would be more than treason to forget, to the City of Quebec as it appeared on the 10th of October 1864.

It is the same city, the St. Lawrence still flows as placidly as it did one hundred years ago, no sounds of battle on the Plains of Abraham, no soldiers on the streets, no roll of musketry, no faces haunted with terror, no conflict of races, no dread of plunder or personal violence. Saxon and Gaul are about to meet again, not to take up the challenge of Sovereignty, not to dispute the ownership of a Continent, but to counsel, each with the other, how in the bonds of a common nationality and brotherhood the vast inheritance which changed its title deeds on the Plains of Abraham, but not its aspirations, can be made more prosperous and happy. How significant the words of Milton "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war".

Who compose this Conference to which so much significance is attached is now the natural inquiry. Whence do they come? What is their origin? Who compose it? Picked men, the sifted wheat, the leaders (33 in number) in their respective provinces. Their nationality? Do not ask me,—this is not the time for distinguishing in minute detail the invidious distinctions of nationality or pedigree. They are no longer Saxon and Gaul, they are Canadians, and that is pedigree enough for the present purpose, indeed, no better pedigree in Burke's Nobility.

But the members are now assembling. Their faces are turned towards the Parliament Buildings near the citadel (historical ground still) the very Building in which Papineau thundered against the tyranny of Downing Street, where Lord Durham held Court with a view to the conciliation of a troubled people, where Baldwin and Lafontaine discussed the great principles of responsible government. It is not Westminster so sacred to the memory of England's greatest statesmen. But Canada is yet young, her Westminster will be found in due season.